Catch that Catch can:

OR THE

Musical Companion.

CONTAINING

CATCHES and ROUNDS for Three and Four Voyces.

To which is now added a Second Book

CONTAINING

DIALOGUES, GLEES, AYRES, & *BALLADS,* &c.

Some for { *Two* / *Three* / *Foure* } *VOYCES.*

London, Printed by *W. Godbid* for *J. Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple.* 1667.

H2039

To his endeared Friends of the late Musick-Society *and* Meeting, *in the* Old-Jury, London.

Charles Pigon *Esq*;
Mr. Tho. Tempest *Gent.*
Mr. Herbert Pelham *Gent.*
Mr. John Pelling *Citizen.*
Mr. Benjamin Walington *Citizen*
Mr. George Piggot *Gent.*
Mr. Francis Piggot *Citizen*
Mr. John Rogers *Gent.*

SIRS,

Having taken the pains to bring this Musical-Companion *into the World, I knew not where it would find better Entertainment then under your protection, having already given very great Testimony thereof, by your Excellent Musical performances, when it was thrown before you in loose Papers; which makes me not to question the Welcome it will now receive coming to your hand so entire in one Volume with all its Parts. And I doubt not but as most of you have ingenuously acknowledged, that you have gained much benefit by my former labours in this admired Science of Musick; so you and others will now by this so well stored* Companion of Musick *reap both Pleasure and Delight, which is the sole end and desire of*

Your Servant and Well-wisher

John Playford

Philo-Musicæ.

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Italian

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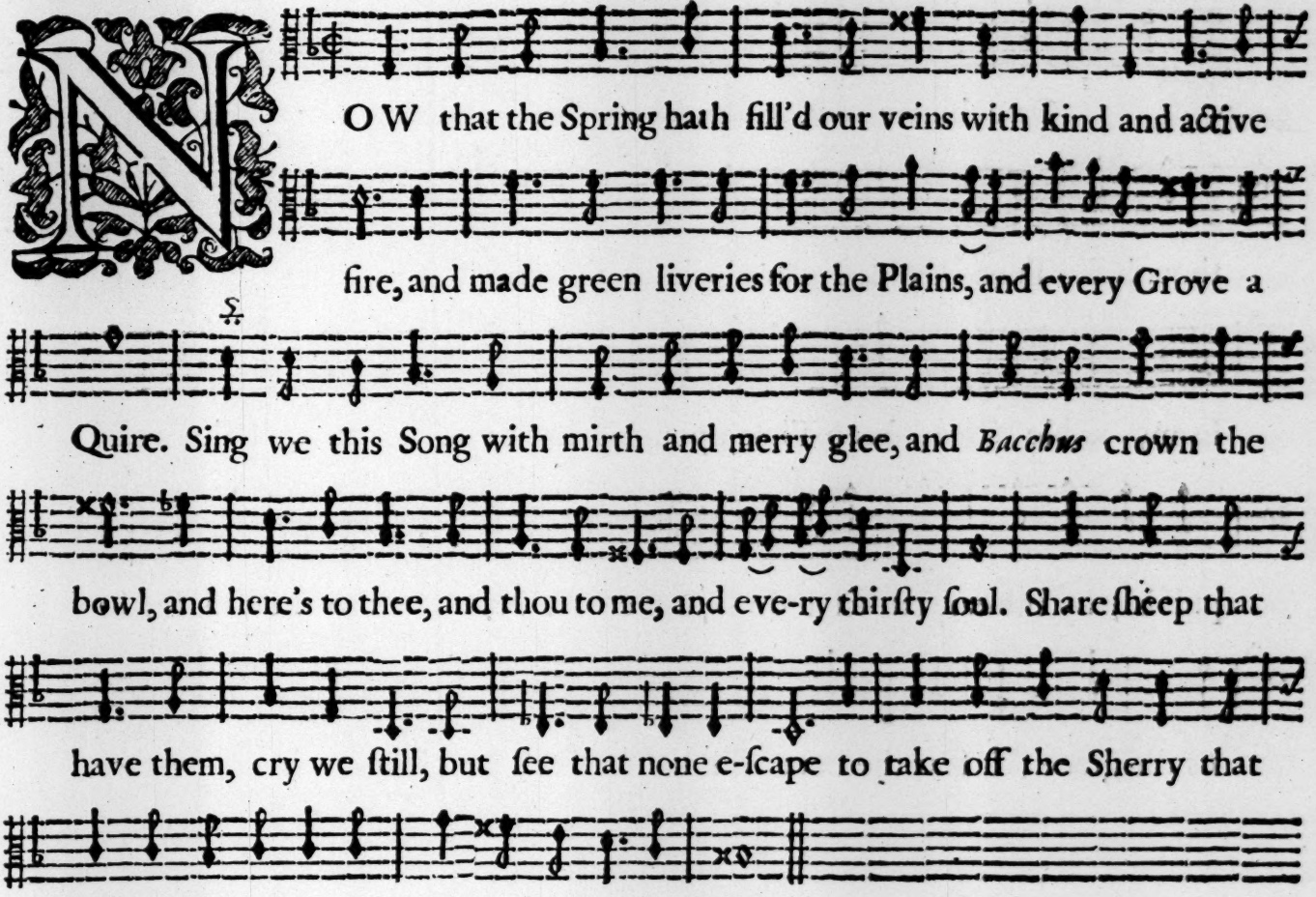
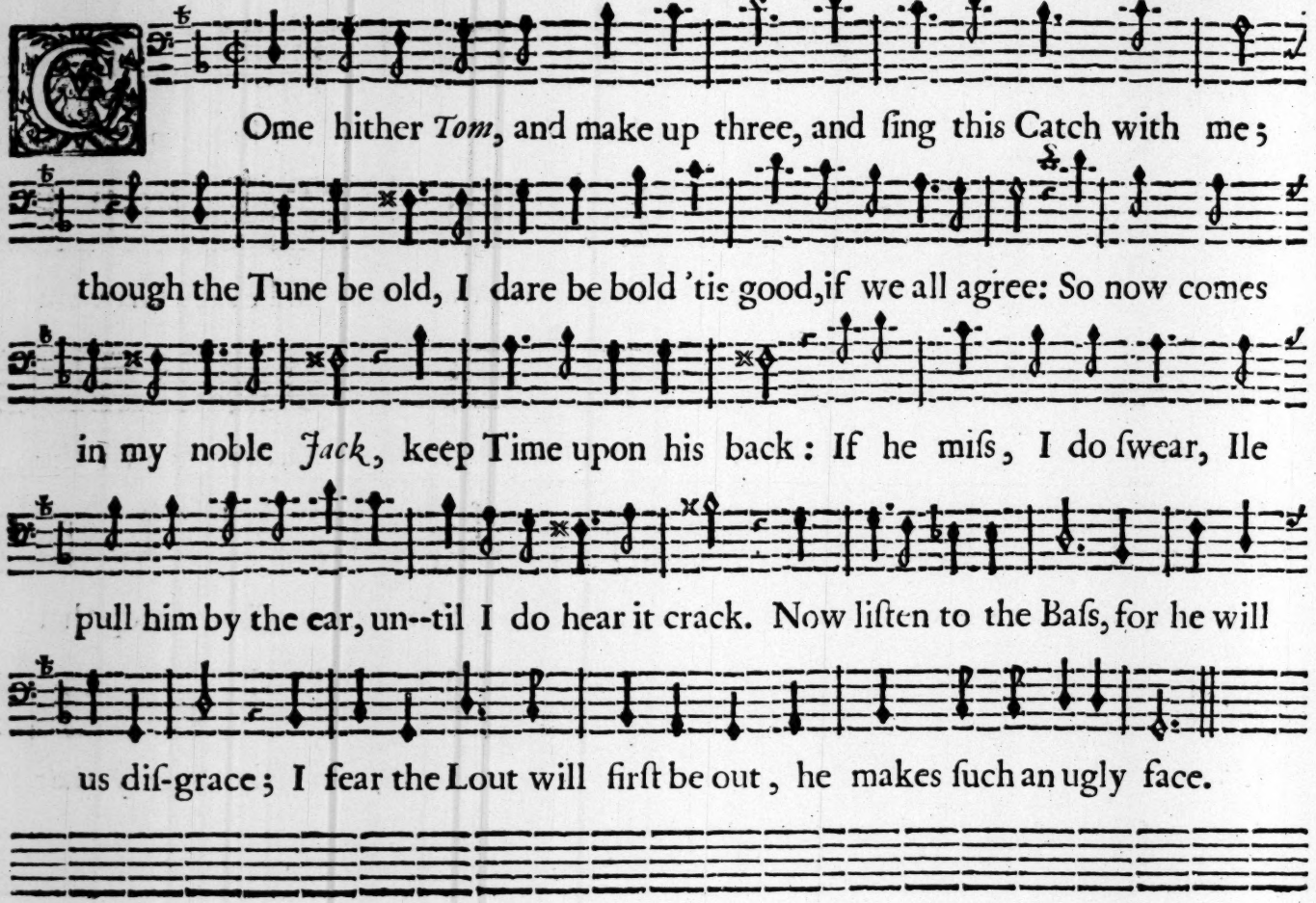
Advertiſement.

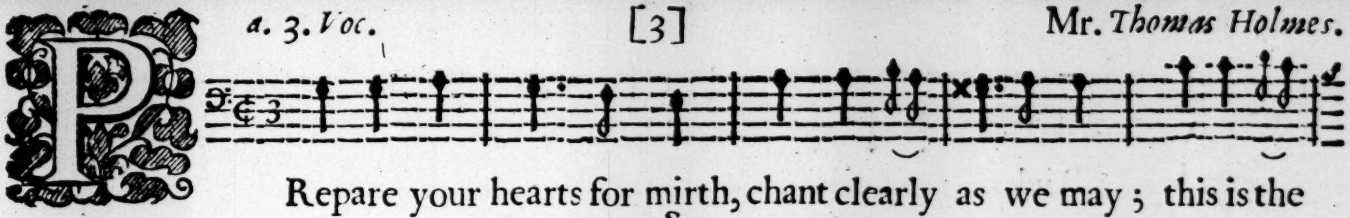
THIS Book had been much ſooner abroad, had not the late ſad Calamities retarded both the Printer and Publiſher. The firſt part is all what was printed before, with Addition of ſome few new Rounds and Catches. The ſecond Part conſiſts moſt of choice Peeces of Muſick for 2,3, and 4 Voices of new Compoſitions by the Eminent Compoſers of this Nation. The ſeveral Parts are here ſo printed, as in Songs of 3 or 4 Voyces two Books may ſerve 4 Men, each chooſing his Part beſt ſuiting his Voce; And to thoſe Songs which are for Verſe and Chorus, there the Baſſus-Part is Continued, if the Song be Sung to any Inſtrument. This Book as it is now finiſhed may be termed *Multum in parvo*; and my endevour hath been to have it exactly and true printed, but I fear (notwithſtanding my daily care) there are ſome faults paſſed in the Printing, but ſure I am, they are them ſo ſmall, that any Judicious Songſter may eaſily correct, with his Pen, which will merrit thanks both from Publiſher and Printer.

And I do declare, that (if Providence permit) my deſign is ſhortly to print a third Book in this form, which ſhall contain *Cannons*, *Gloria Patri's*, and other *Divine* Hymns for 3 and 4 Voyces.

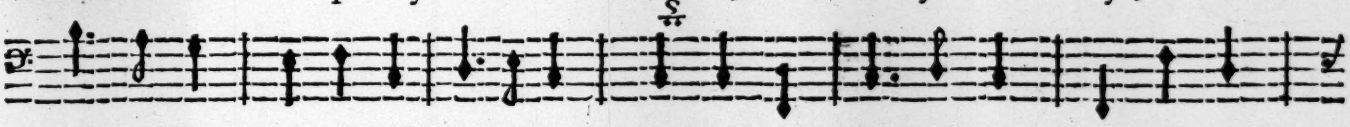
J. P.


NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active
fire, and made green liveries for the Plains, and every Grove a
Quire. Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee, and *Bacchus* crown the
bowl, and here's to thee, and thou to me, and eve-ry thirſty ſoul. Share ſheep that
have them, cry we ſtill, but ſee that none e-ſcape to take off the Sherry that
make us ſo merry, and plump as the luſty Grape.


Come hither *Tom*, and make up three, and ſing this Catch with me;
though the Tune be old, I dare be bold 'tis good, if we all agree: So now comes
in my noble *Jack*, keep Time upon his back: If he miſs, I do ſwear, Ile
pull him by the ear, un--til I do hear it crack. Now liſten to the Baſs, for he will
us diſ-grace; I fear the Lout will firſt be out, he makes ſuch an ugly face.



Repare your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may; this is the

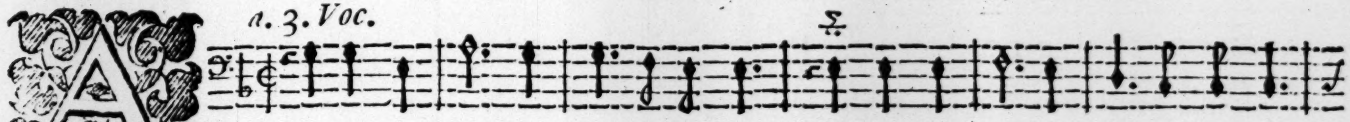


Muſes birth, let us make Holiday: See here they all are come, no man ſhews

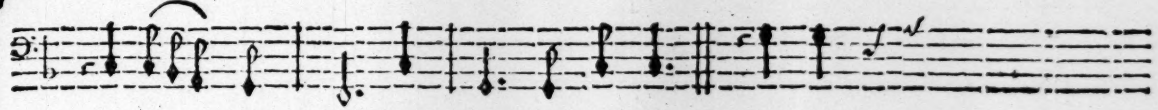
diſcontent, but lively fill the room with honeſt mer-ri-ment, that the ſweet Muſes nine

may know and plainly ſee, our offrings at the Shrine is Love and Harmonie.

a. 3. Voc.



Boat a Boat haſte to the Ferry, for wee'l go o-ver to be merry;



to laugh and ſing, and drink old Sherry. A Boat, *&c.*

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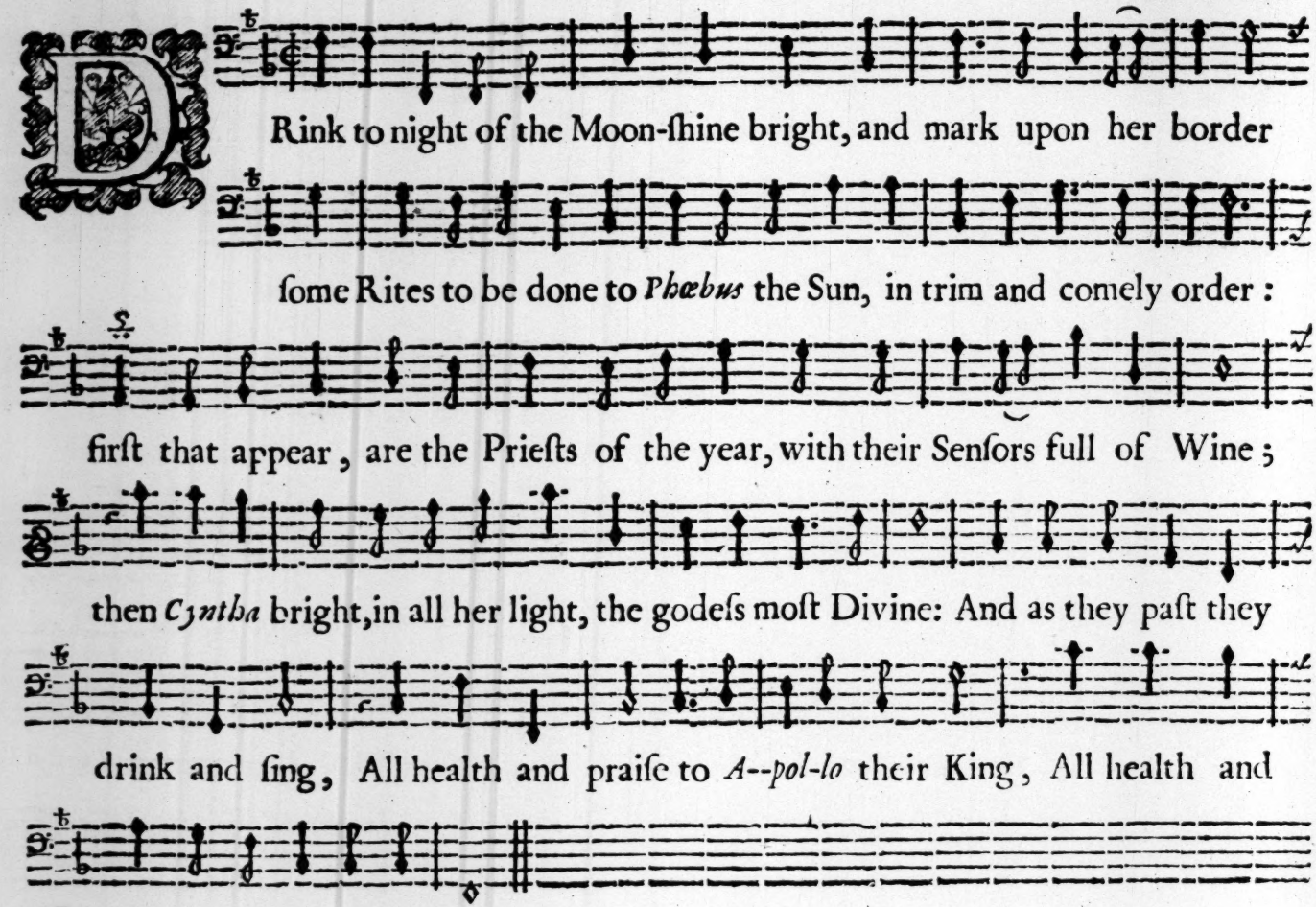
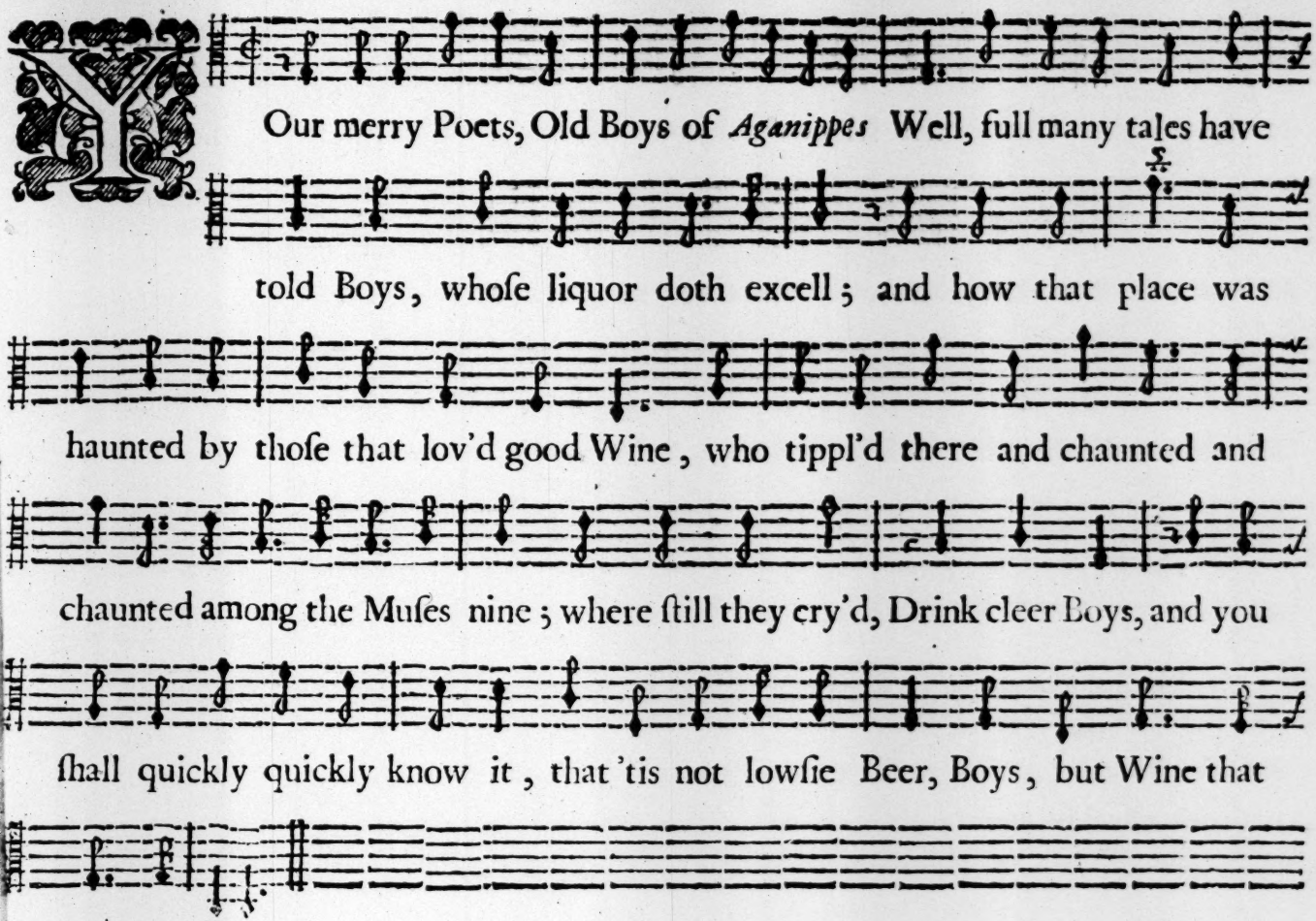

Rink to night of the Moon-ſhine bright, and mark upon her border
ſome Rites to be done to *Phœbus* the Sun, in trim and comely order :
firſt that appear, are the Prieſts of the year, with their Senſors full of Wine ;
then *Cynthia* bright, in all her light, the godeſs moſt Divine: And as they paſt they
drink and ſing, All health and praiſe to *A--pol-lo* their King, All health and
praiſe to *A-pol-lo* their King.


Our merry Poets, Old Boys of *Aganippes* Well, full many tales have
told Boys, whoſe liquor doth excell; and how that place was
haunted by thoſe that lov'd good Wine, who tippl'd there and chaunted and
chaunted among the Muſes nine; where ſtill they cry'd, Drink cleer Boys, and you
ſhall quickly quickly know it, that 'tis not lowſie Beer, Boys, but Wine that
makes a Poet.

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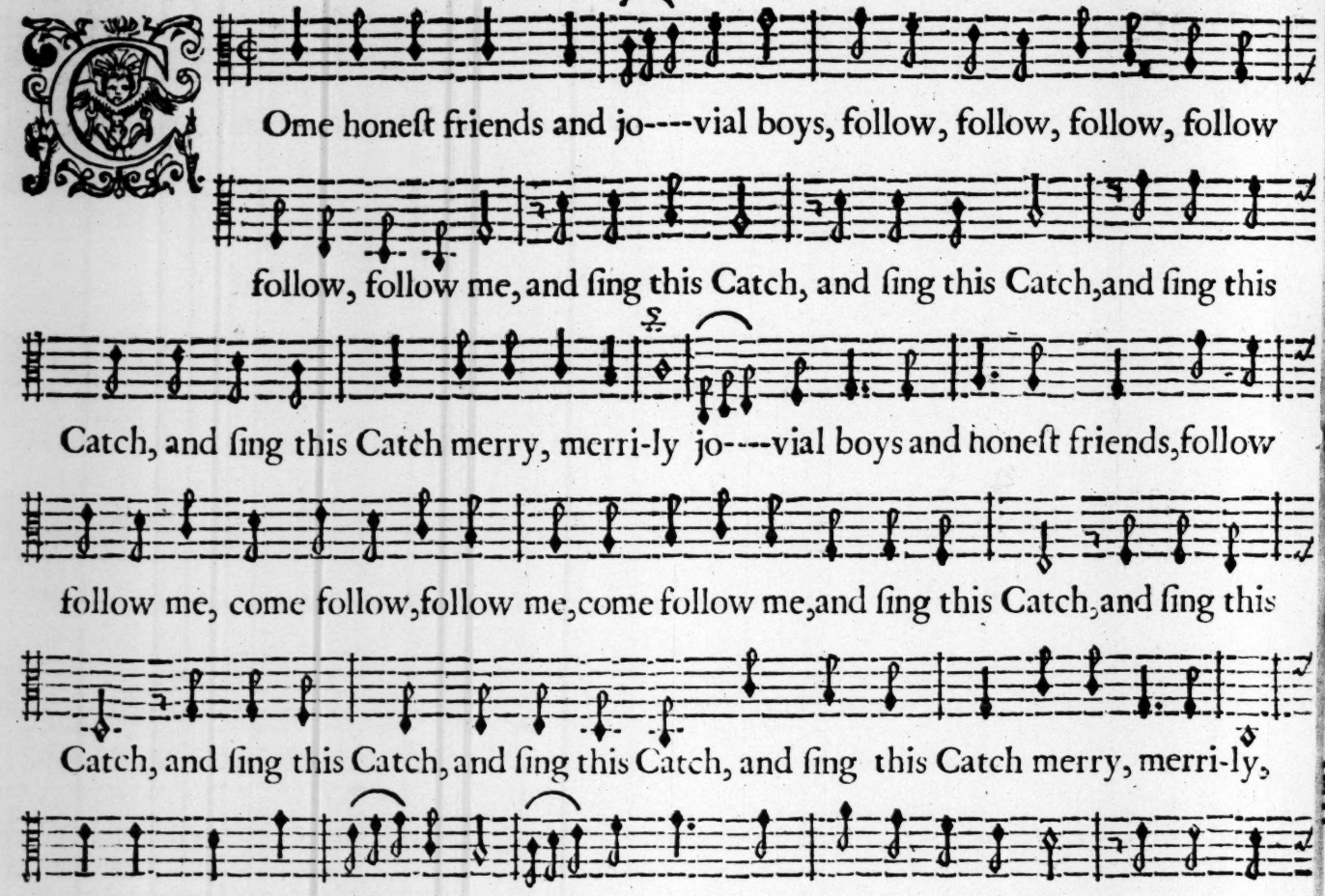
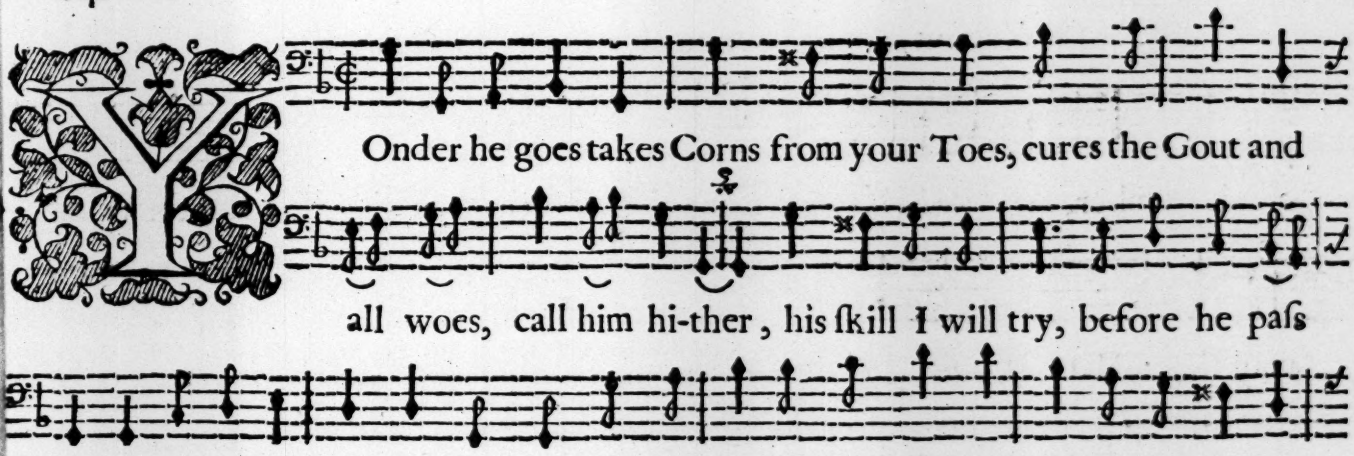

Come honeſt friends and jo----vial boys, follow, follow, follow, follow
follow, follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch merry, merri-ly jo----vial boys and honeſt friends, follow
follow me, come follow, follow me, come follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch merry, merri-ly,
honeſt friends come fol-low me, jo---vial boys, come follow, follow me, and ſing this

Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, ſing this Catch, merry, merri--ly.

a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



Onder he goes takes Corns from your Toes, cures the Gout and all woes, call him hi-ther, his ſkill I will try, before he paſs by, or ſure I ſhall dye this weather: The reports of your fame Sir, call you again Sir; ſhew your skill, or ſhame your face ever.

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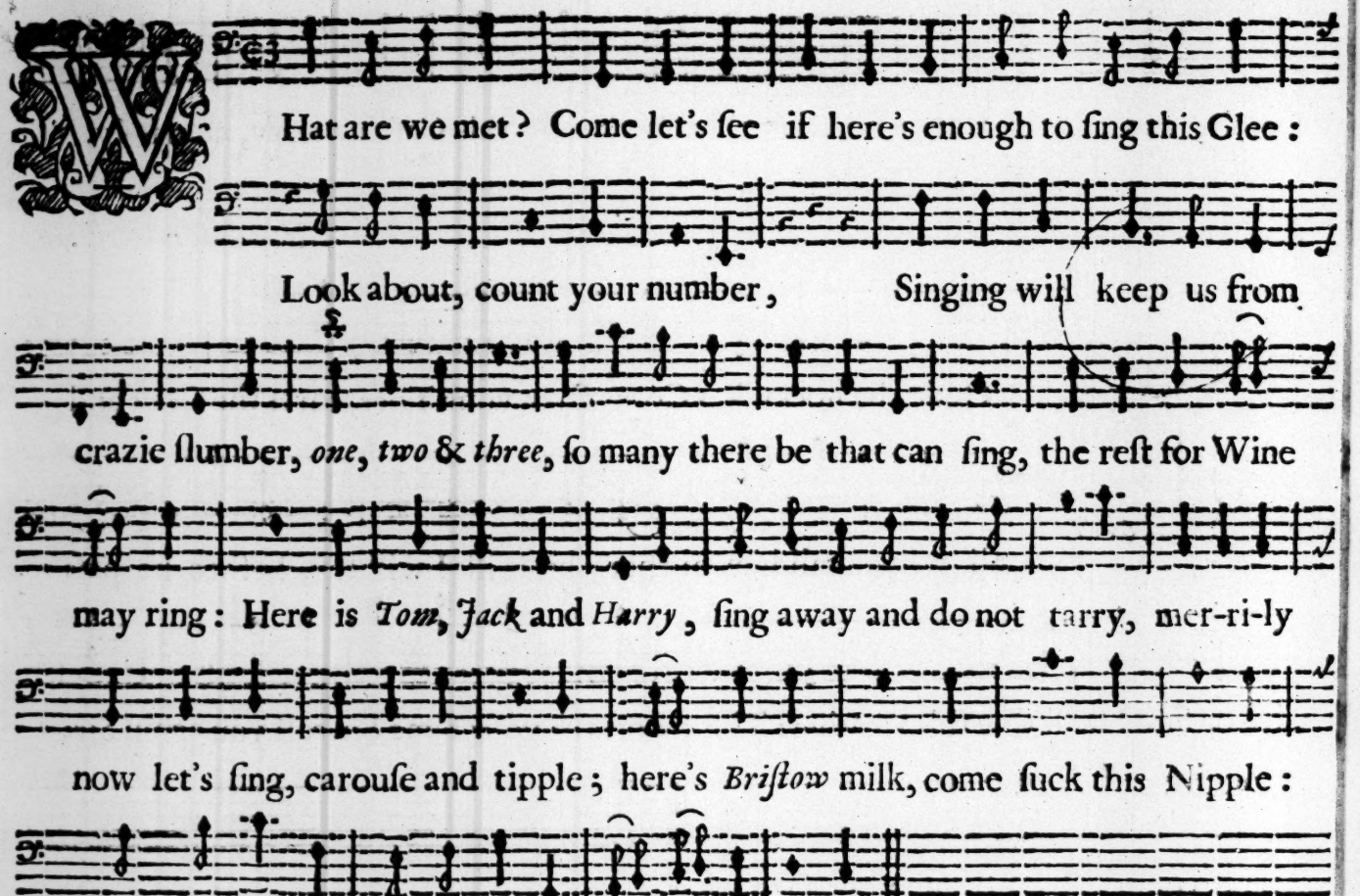
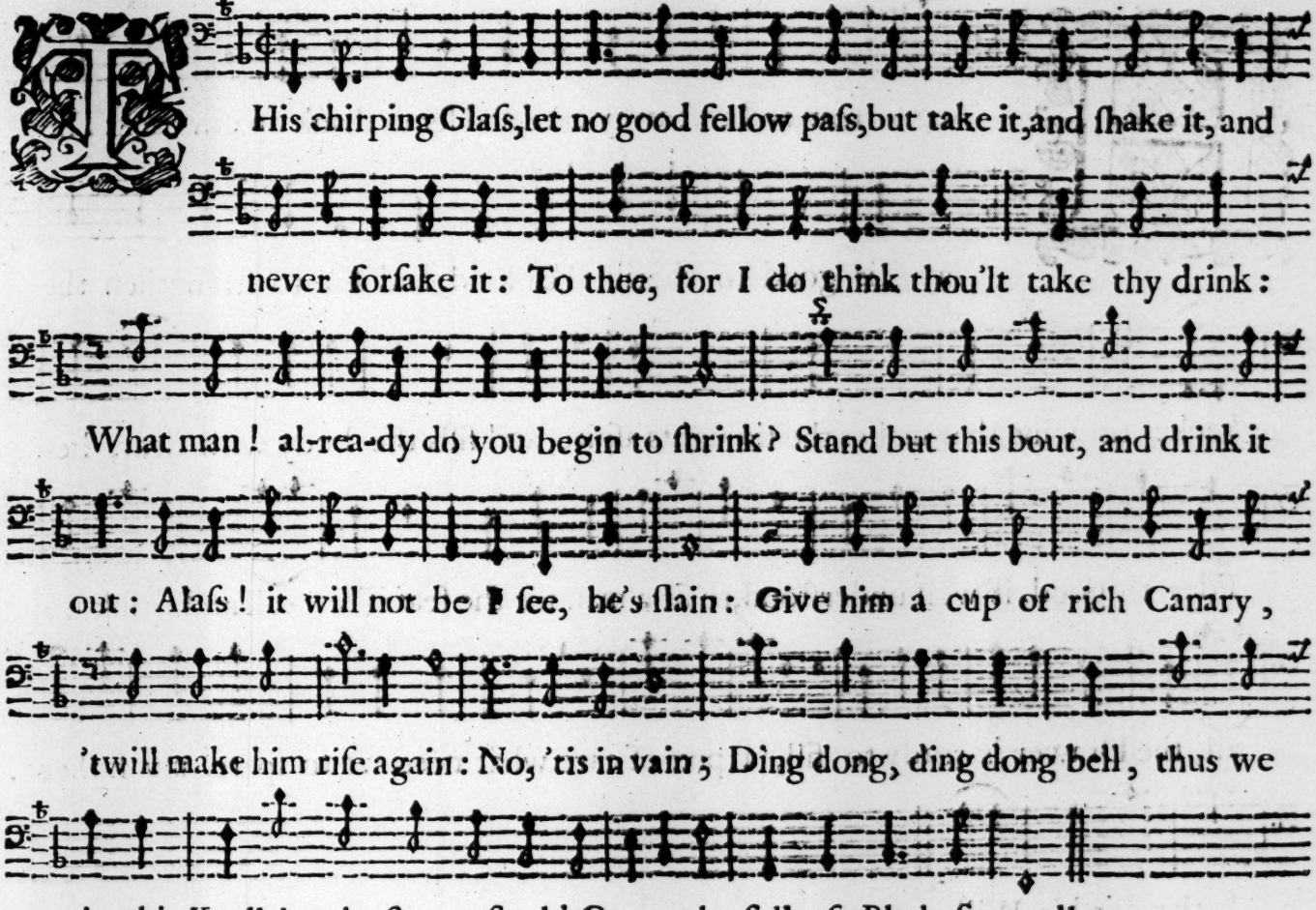

What are we met? Come let's ſee if here's enough to ſing this Glee:
Look about, count your number, Singing will keep us from
crazie ſlumber, *one*, *two* & *three*, ſo many there be that can ſing, the reſt for Wine
may ring: Here is *Tom*, *Jack* and *Harry*, ſing away and do not tarry, mer-ri-ly
now let's ſing, carouſe and tipple; here's *Briſtow* milk, come ſuck this Nipple:
There's a fault Sir, never halt Sir be-fore a Cripple.


His chirping Glaſs, let no good fellow paſs, but take it, and ſhake it, and
never forſake it: To thee, for I do think thou'lt take thy drink:
What man! al-rea-dy do you begin to ſhrink? Stand but this bout, and drink it
out: Alaſs! it will not be I ſee, he's ſlain: Give him a cup of rich Canary,
'twill make him riſe again: No, 'tis in vain; Ding dong, ding dong bell, thus we
ring his Knell, by the force of old Canary he fell, ſo Blade farewell.

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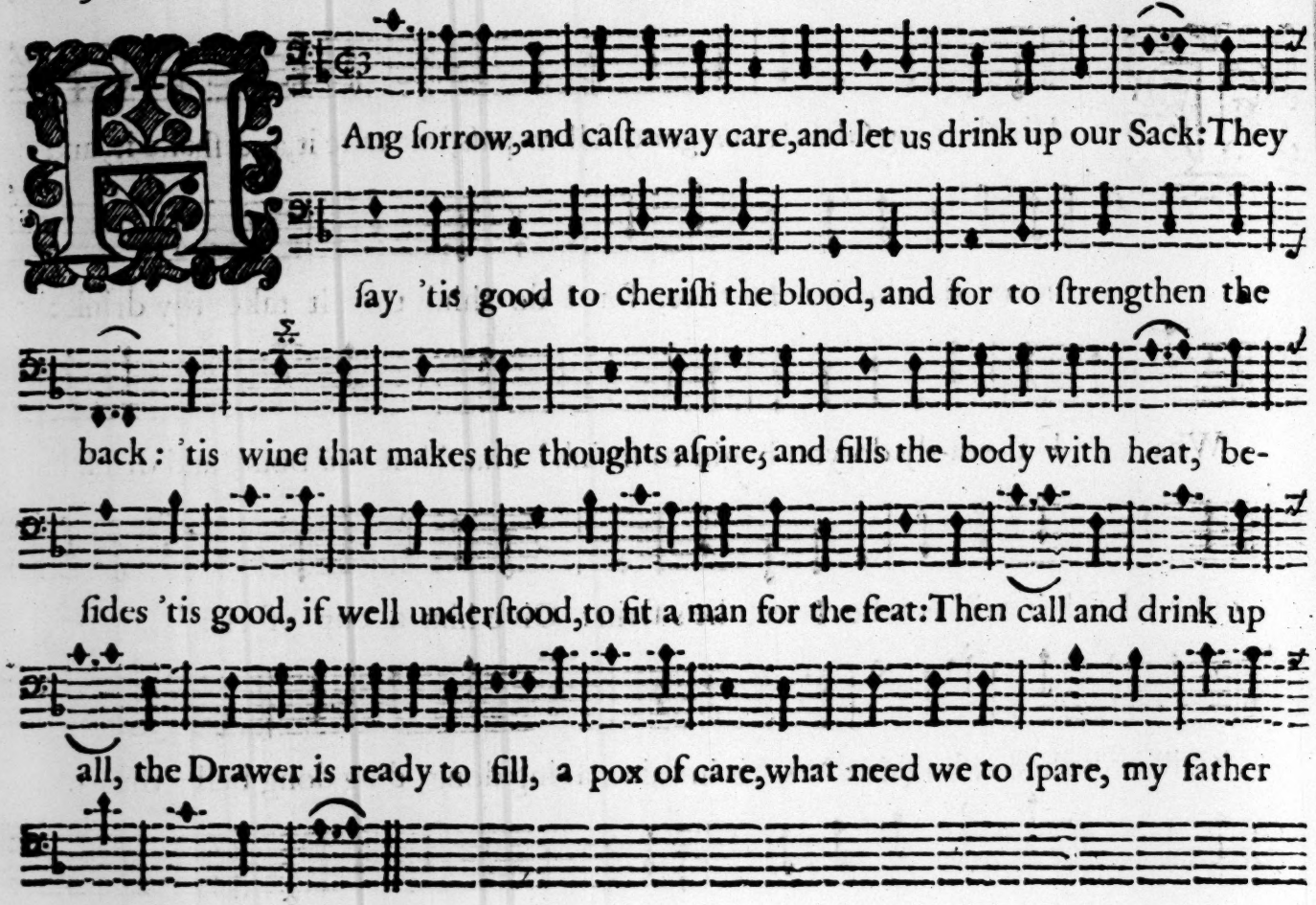
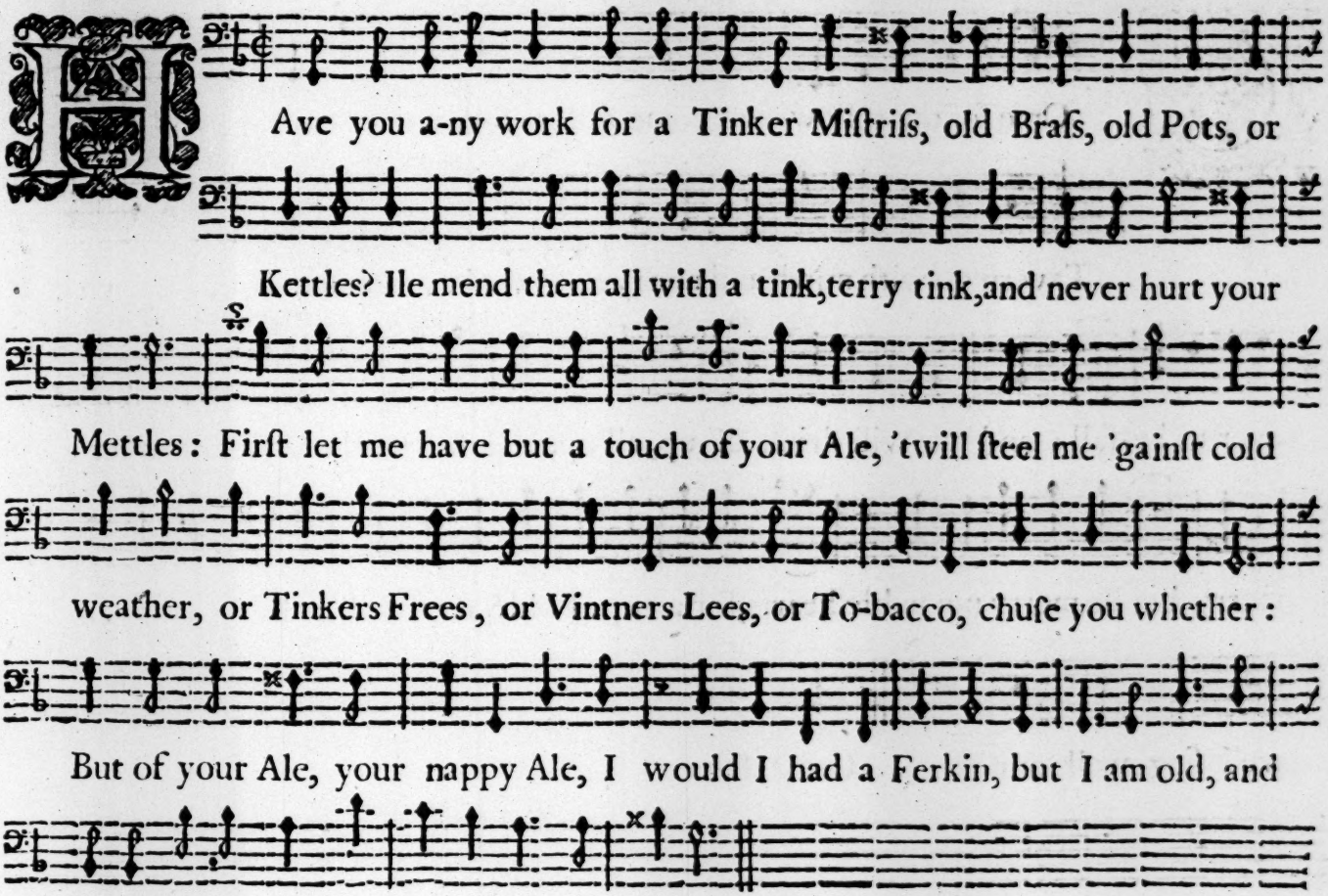

Hang ſorrow, and caſt away care, and let us drink up our Sack: They
ſay 'tis good to cheriſh the blood, and for to ſtrengthen the
back: 'tis wine that makes the thoughts aſpire, and fills the body with heat, be-
ſides 'tis good, if well underſtood, to fit a man for the feat: Then call and drink up
all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of care, what need we to ſpare, my father
hath made his Will.


Have you a-ny work for a Tinker Miſtriſs, old Braſs, old Pots, or
Kettles? Ile mend them all with a tink,terry tink,and never hurt your
Mettles: Firſt let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill ſteel me 'gainſt cold
weather, or Tinkers Frees, or Vintners Lees, or To-bacco, chuſe you whether:
But of your Ale, your nappy Ale, I would I had a Ferkin, but I am old, and
ve-ry ve-ry cold, and never wear a Jer-kin.

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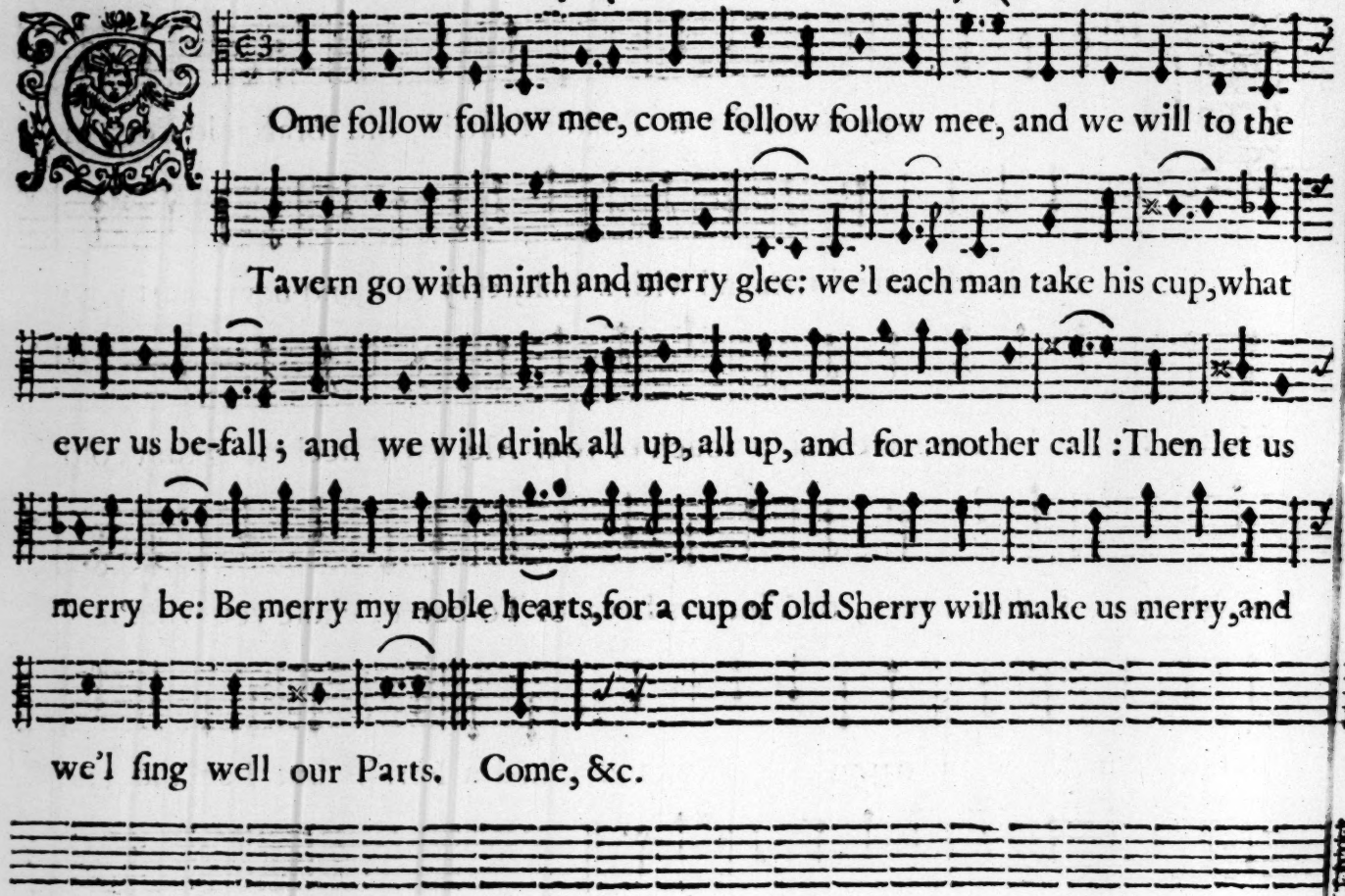
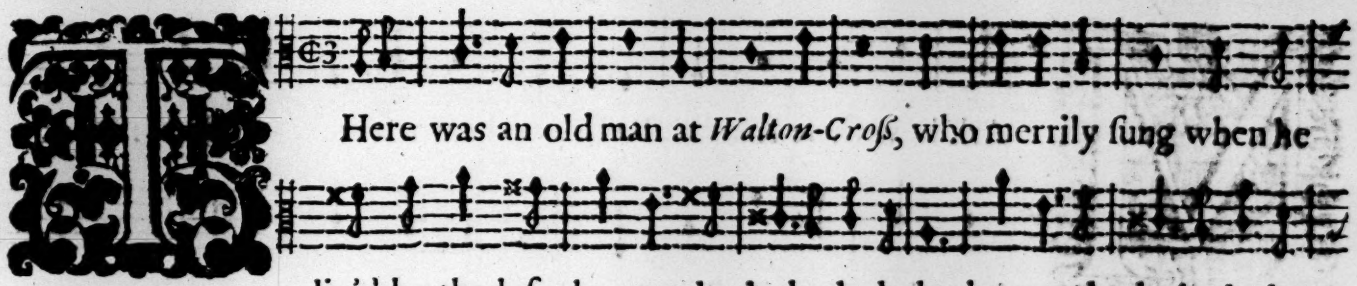

Come follow follow mee, come follow follow mee, and we will to the
Tavern go with mirth and merry glee: we'l each man take his cup, what
ever us be-fall; and we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: Then let us
merry be: Be merry my noble hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry, and
we'l sing well our Parts. Come, &c.


There was an old man at Walton-Croſs, who merrily ſung when he
liv'd by the loſs, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly lo; hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly,
lo: He never was heard to ſigh a hey ho, but ſent it out with a hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly,
lo, hey tro-ly lo-ly, lo-ly, lo. He chear'd up his heart when his goods went
to wrack with a hem, boys, hem, and a cup of old Sack, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly,
lo, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo.

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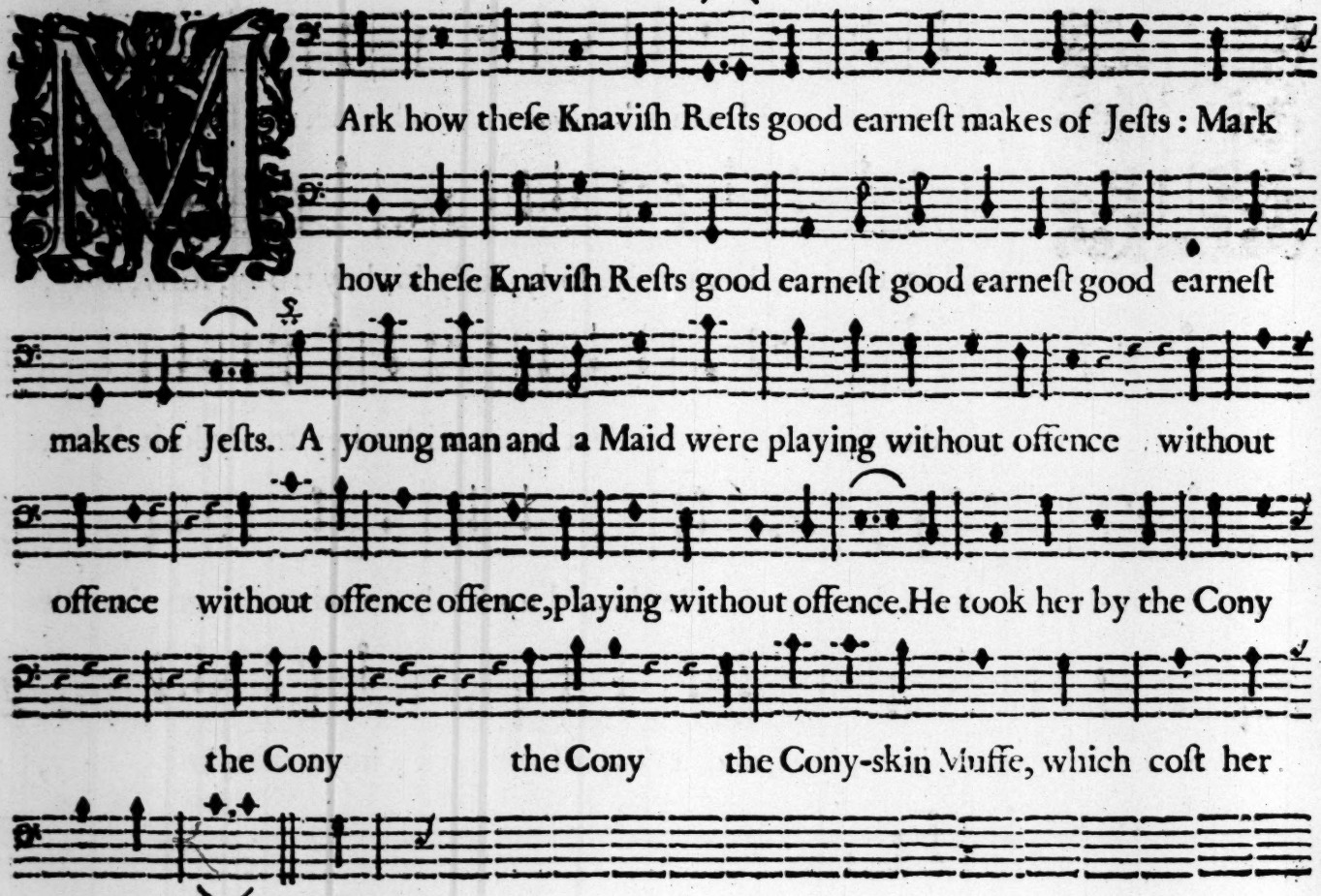
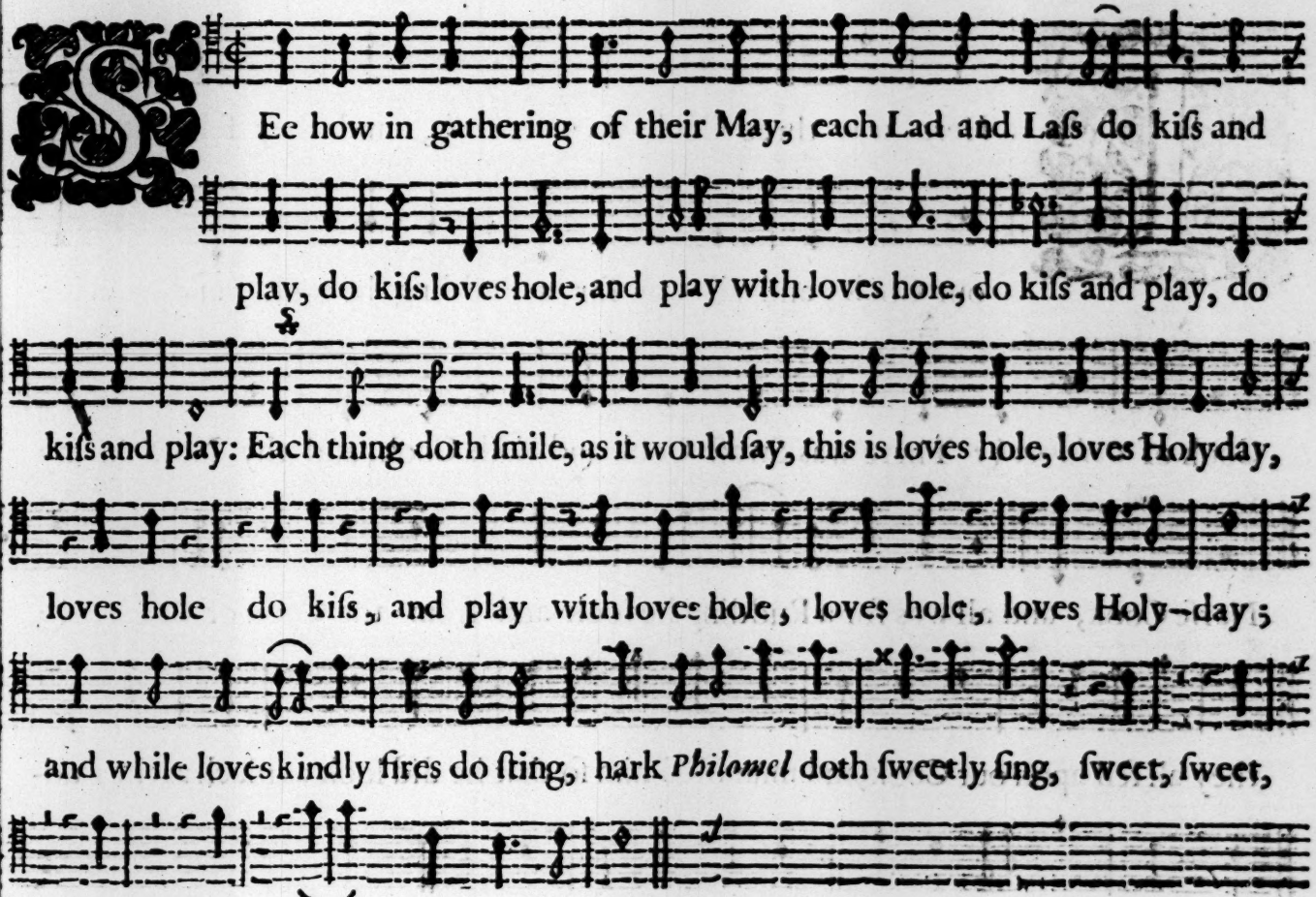
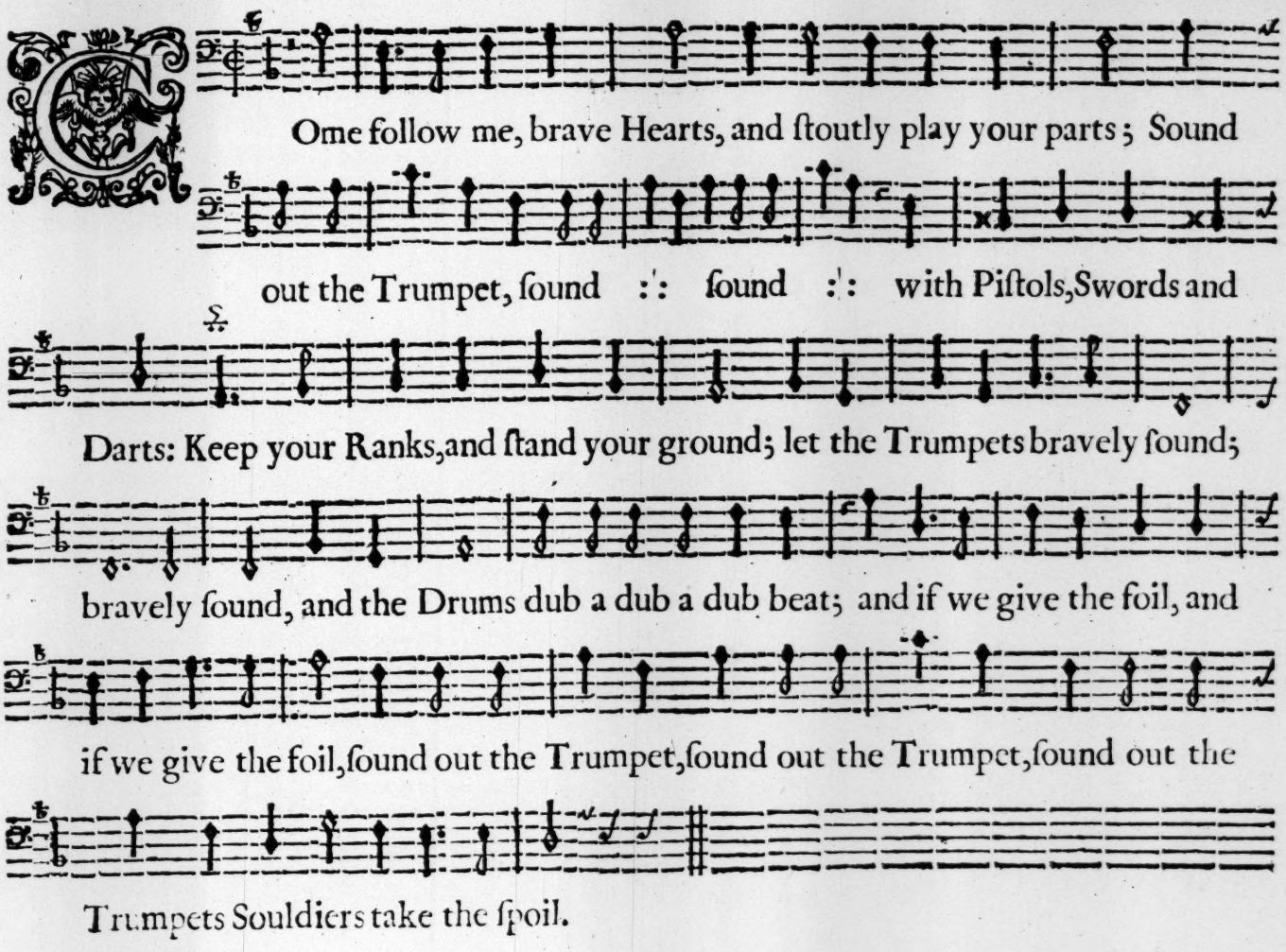

Mark how theſe Knaviſh Reſts good earneſt makes of Jeſts : Mark
how theſe Knaviſh Reſts good earneſt good earneſt good earneſt
makes of Jeſts. A young man and a Maid were playing without offence without
offence without offence offence, playing without offence. He took her by the Cony
the Cony the Cony the Cony-skin Muffe, which coſt her
eighteen pence. Mark, &c.


See how in gathering of their May, each Lad and Lass do kiss and
play, do kiss loves hole, and play with loves hole, do kiss and play, do
kiss and play: Each thing doth smile, as it would say, this is loves hole, loves Holyday,
loves hole do kiss, and play with loves hole, loves hole, loves Holy-day;
and while loves kindly fires do sting, hark Philomel doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet,
sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweetly sing. See, &c.

There was three Cooks in *Colebrook*, and they fell out with our Cook, and all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook*: There was Swash Cook and Slash Cook, and thy Nose in my Narse Cook, and all was for a Pudding he took and from the Cook of *Colebrook*; they all fell upon our Cook, and mumbled him so that he did look as black as the Pudding which that he took and from the Cook of *Colebrook*. There was, *&c.*


Come follow me, brave Hearts, and ſtoutly play your parts; Sound
out the Trumpet, ſound : : ſound : : with Piſtols, Swords and
Darts: Keep your Ranks, and ſtand your ground; let the Trumpets bravely ſound;
bravely ſound, and the Drums dub a dub a dub beat; and if we give the foil, and
if we give the foil, ſound out the Trumpet, ſound out the Trumpet, ſound out the
Trumpets Souldiers take the ſpoil.

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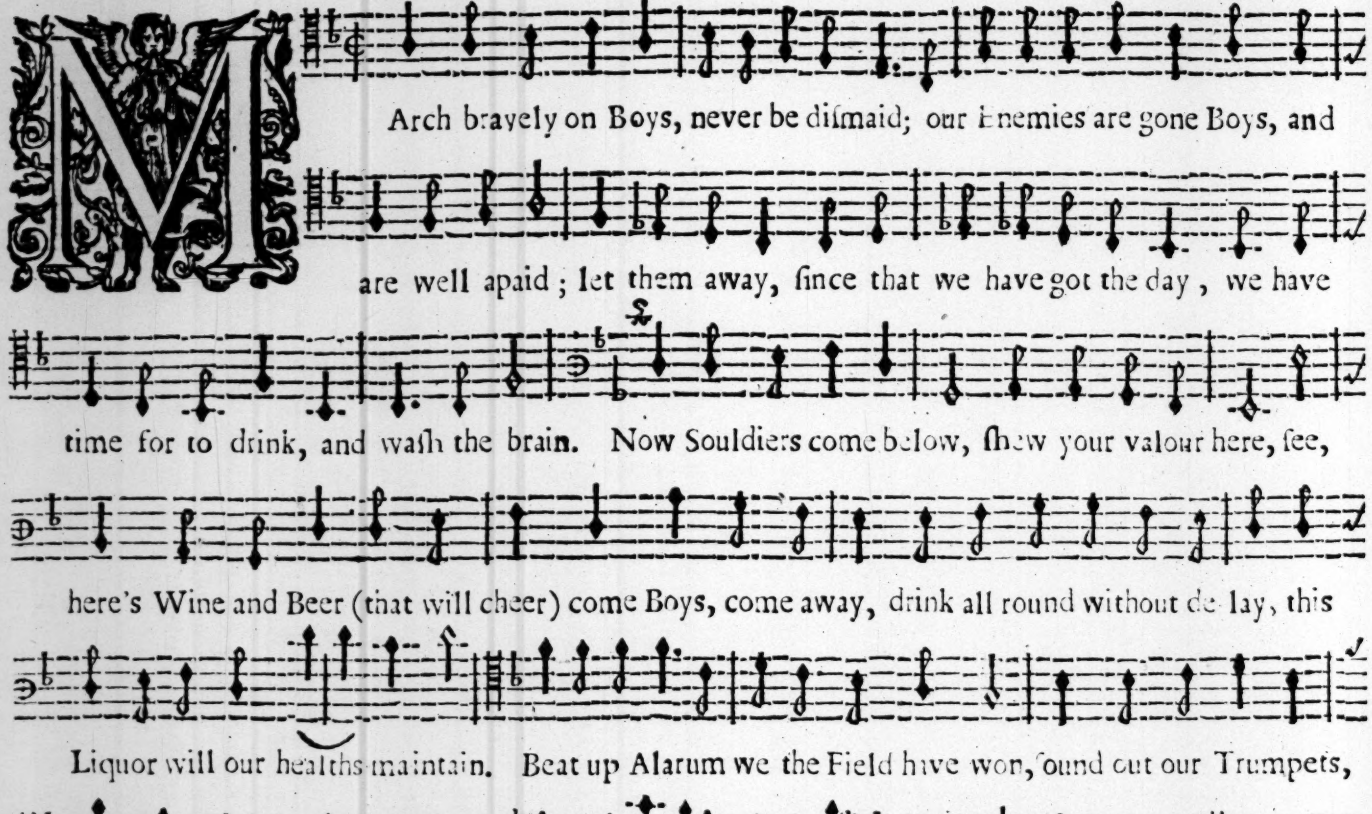
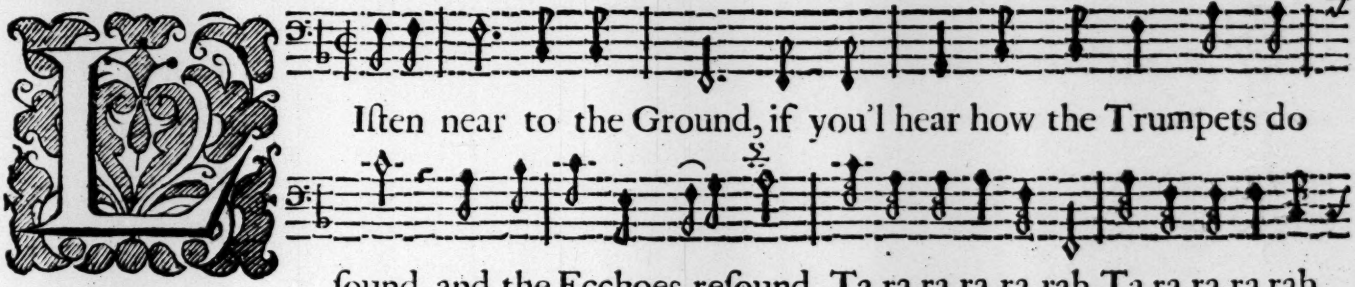
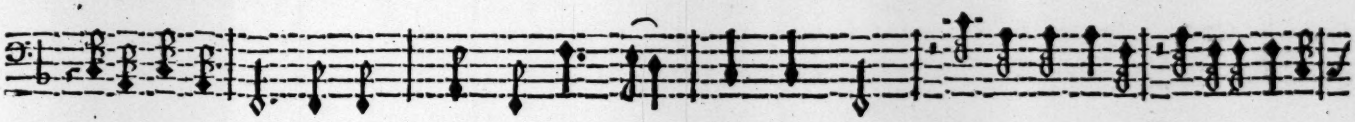

Arch bravely on Boys, never be diſmaid; our Enemies are gone Boys, and
are well apaid; let them away, ſince that we have got the day, we have
time for to drink, and waſh the brain. Now Souldiers come below, ſhew your valour here, ſee,
here's Wine and Beer (that will cheer) come Boys, come away, drink all round without de lay, this
Liquor will our healths maintain. Beat up Alarum we the Field have won, ſound out our Trumpets,
Oh bravely done! Now all our Foes are ſhot and ſlain, we'l never to the Wars again.



Liſten near to the Ground, if you'l hear how the Trumpets do

ſound, and the Ecchoes reſound, Ta ra ra ra ra rah, Ta ra ra ra rah

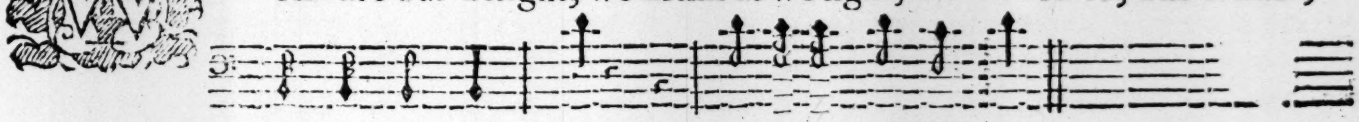


Ta ra ra ra rah: let him look to 't now that ſings this round, Ta ra ra ra Ta ra ra ra ra

how the Trumpets do ſound, and the Hills and the Hills the Hills reſound.

a. 6. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*

Wars are our delight, we drink as we fight, tarra ra ra ra, dub a dub,



dub a dub, dub bounce, tantarra, ran, tan, tan.

H2039

EE how Cawoods Dragon looks which frights from far the

Parliament Rooks, which like to fatal Ravens cry Pork, Pork,

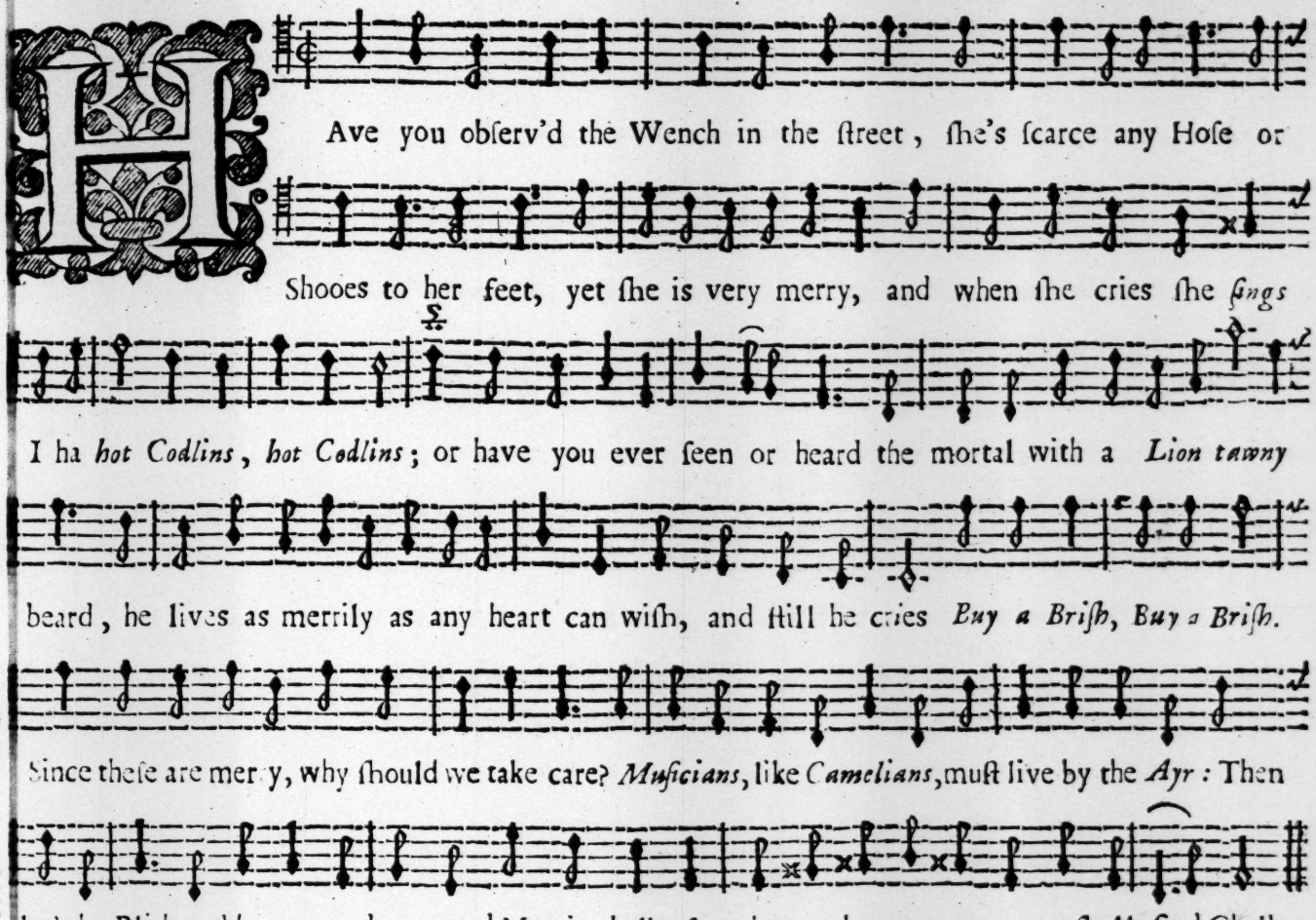
Pork to prey upon my Lord of *York*, but we have guns againſt their Plots, and

thoſe that cry Cawood Cawood Cawood fears you not.

a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *William Lawes.*

A we to the o--ther world, where 'tis thought they very merry be,

there the Man in the Moon drinks Claret, a Health to thee and mee.


Have you obſerv'd the Wench in the ſtreet, ſhe's ſcarce any Hoſe or
Shooes to her feet, yet ſhe is very merry, and when ſhe cries ſhe *ſings*
I ha *hot Codlins*, *hot Codlins*; or have you ever ſeen or heard the mortal with a *Lion tawny*
beard, he lives as merrily as any heart can wiſh, and ſtill he cries *Buy a Briſh*, *Buy a Briſh.*
Since theſe are merry, why ſhould we take care? *Muſicians*, like *Camelians*, muſt live by the *Ayr*: Then
let's be Blith and bonny, and no good Meeting balk; for when we have no mony, we ſhall find Chalk.

H2039

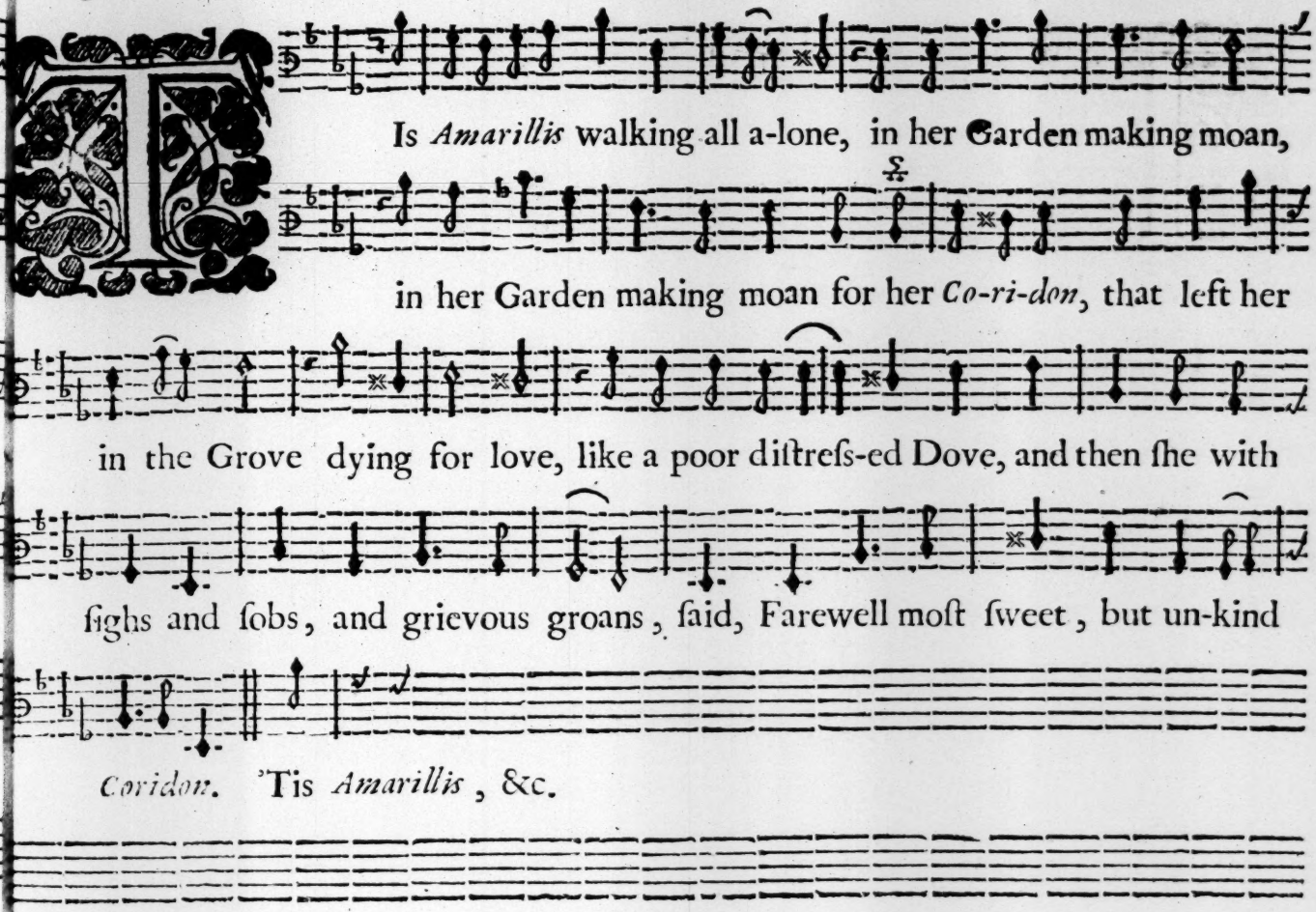
Oridon, thou Swain, I am thy lovely *Phyllis*; my love runs down a-

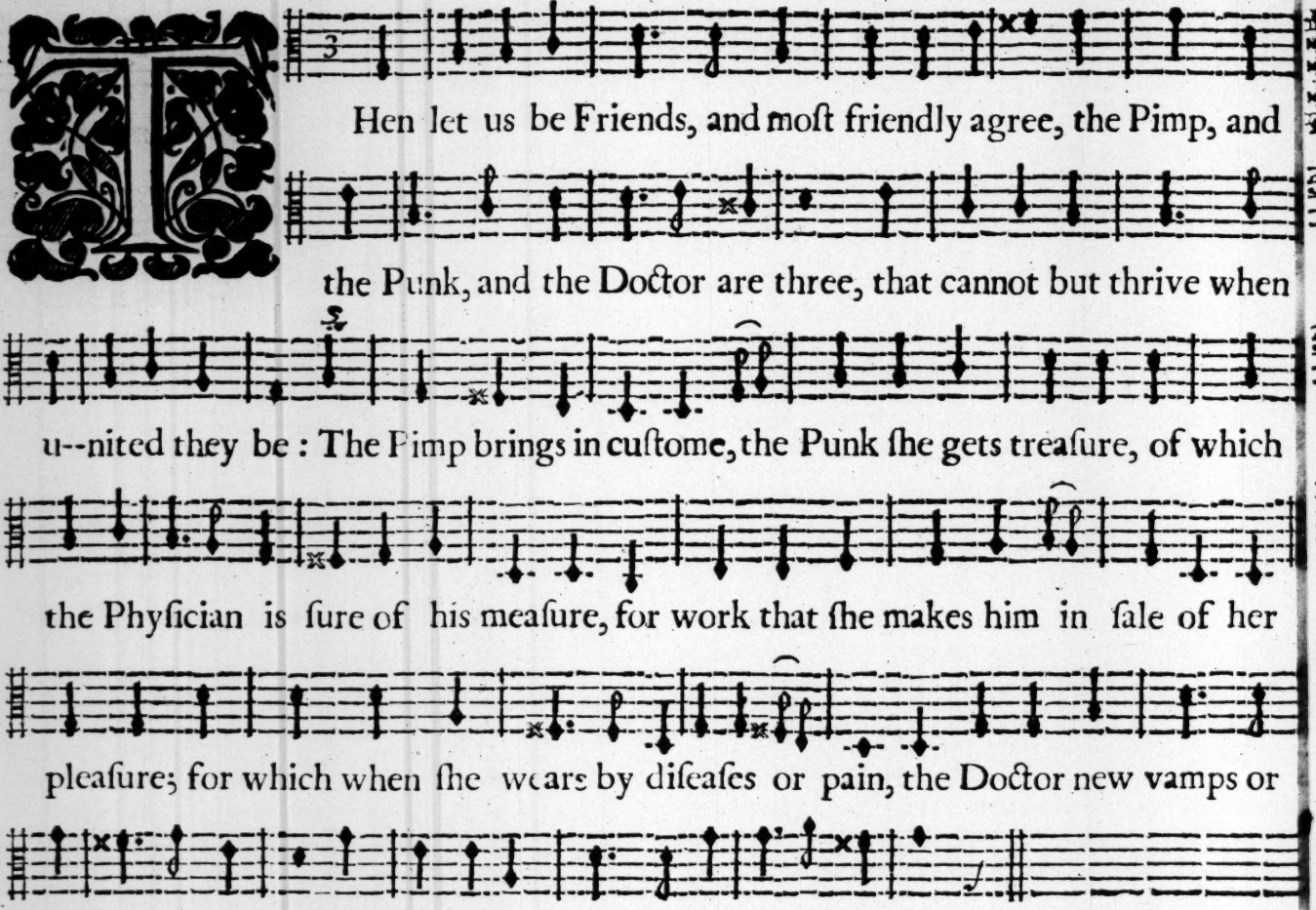
main, to drink to thee my will is: Once again fill's a quart of Sack

Boy, and let us be full merry, for now my very back Boy, with drinking of old

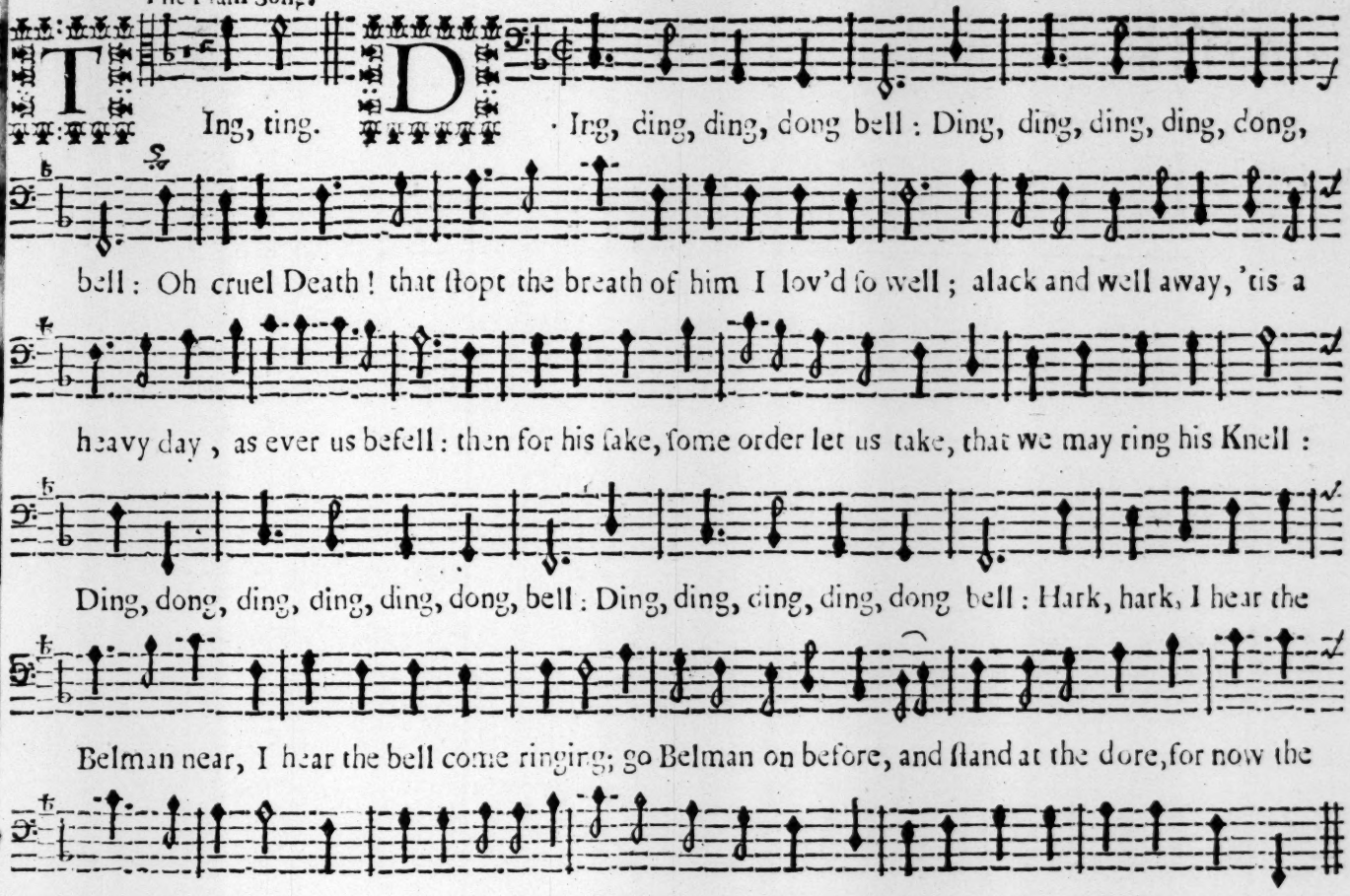
Sherry, begins to crack boy: ſo *Coridon*, my Love, thy *Phyllis* bids adue, till

Powers from above do grant thee a new kind Turtle dove.


Is *Amarillis* walking all a-lone, in her Garden making moan,
in her Garden making moan for her *Co-ri-don*, that left her
in the Grove dying for love, like a poor diſtreſs-ed Dove, and then ſhe with
ſighs and ſobs, and grievous groans, ſaid, Farewell moſt ſweet, but un-kind
Coridon. 'Tis *Amarillis*, &c.


Hen let us be Friends, and moſt friendly agree, the Pimp, and
the Punk, and the Doctor are three, that cannot but thrive when
u--nited they be : The Pimp brings in cuſtome, the Punk ſhe gets treaſure, of which
the Phyſician is ſure of his meaſure, for work that ſhe makes him in ſale of her
pleaſure; for which when ſhe weare by diſeaſes or pain, the Doctor new vamps or
upſets her again, the Doctor new vamps or upſets her a--gain.

The Plain Song.



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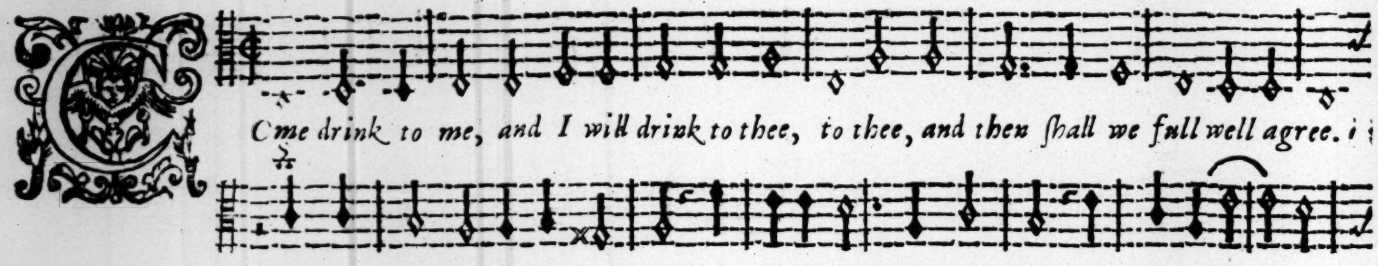
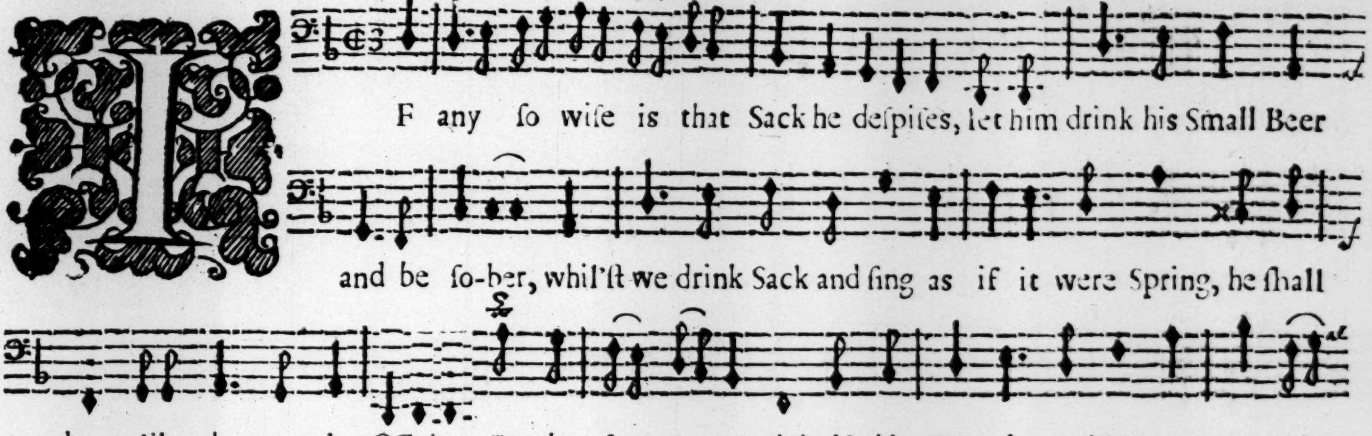
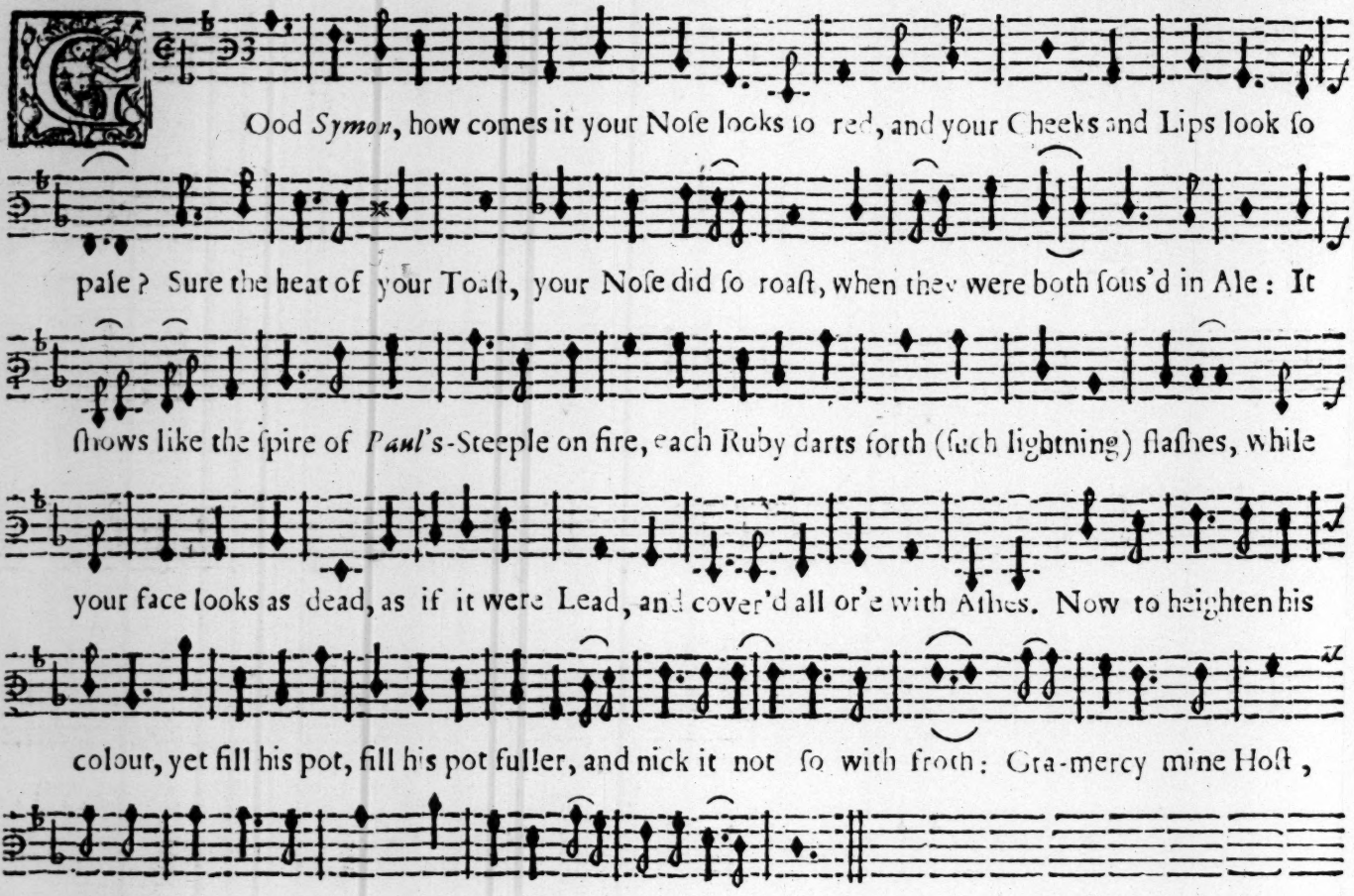
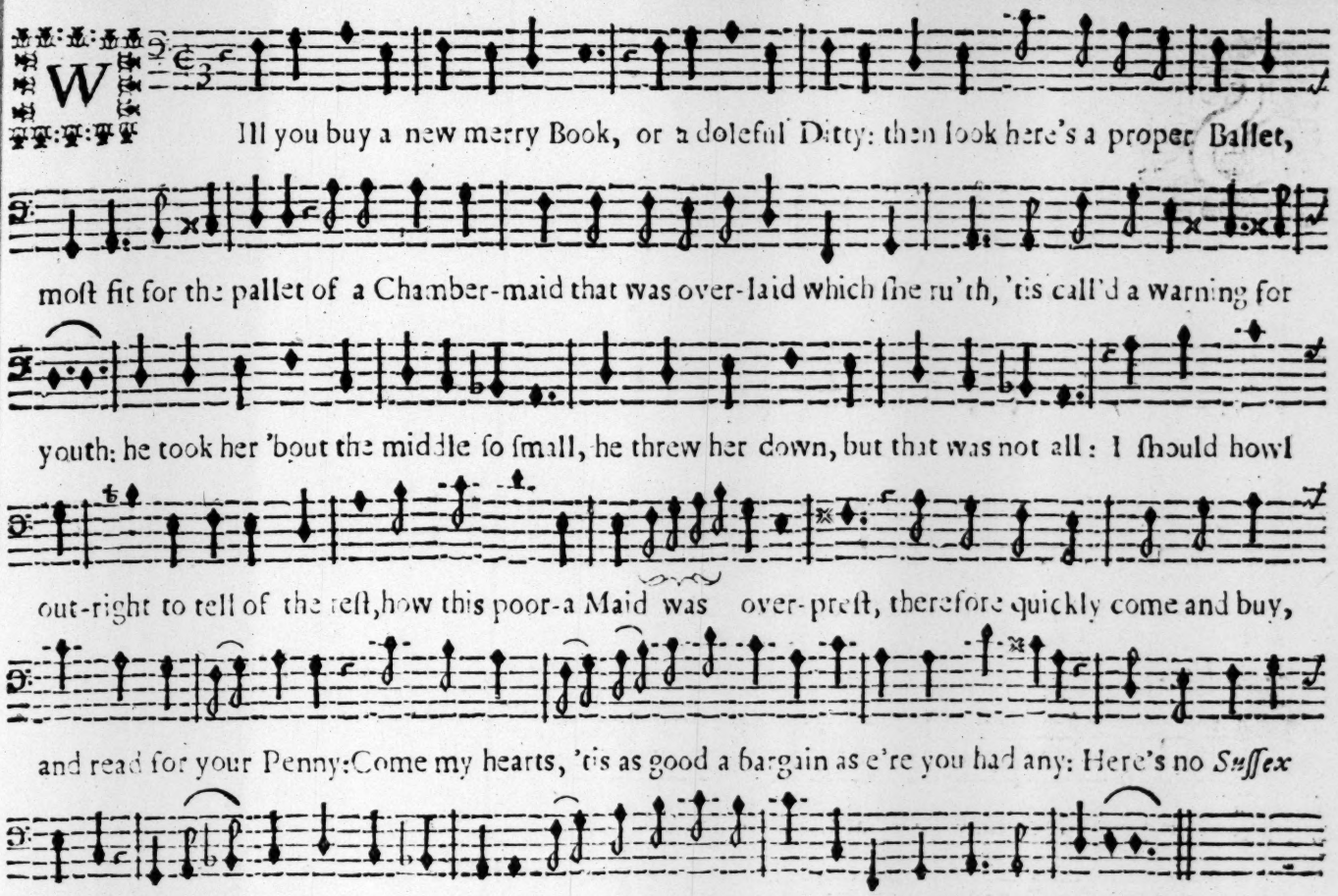

Come drink to me, and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then ſhall we full well agree.
I have lov'd the jolly Tankard full ſeven Winters and more, I lov'd it ſo long
till that I went up--on the ſcore. He that loves not the Tankard is no honeſt man, no honeſt
man: And he is no right Souldier that loves not the Can. Tap the Canikin, toſs the Canikin,
trole the Canikin, turn the Canikin. Hold, good Son, and fill us a freſh Can, that we may quaff it
round about from man to man. Come, &c.

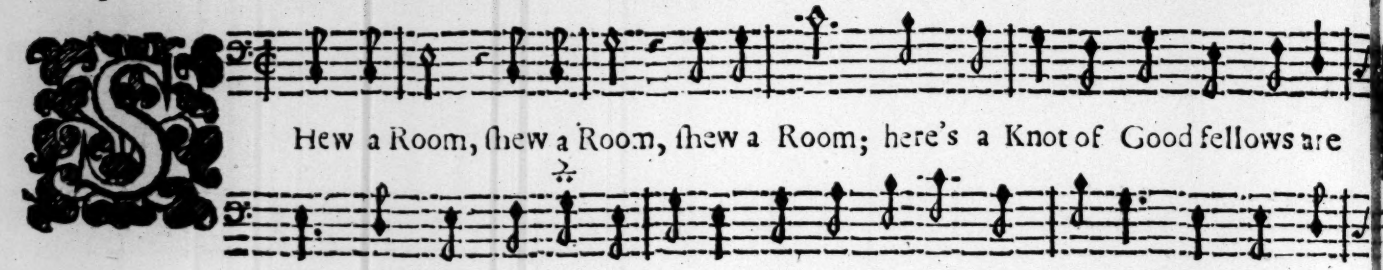

If any so wise is that Sack he despises, let him drink his Small Beer
and be so-ber, whil'st we drink Sack and sing as if it were Spring, he shall
droop like the trees in *October.* But be sure o--ver night if this Dog do you bite, you take it
henceforth for a warning, soon as out of your bed, to settle your head, take a hair of his tail
in the morn-ing: And be not so silly to follow old *Lilly*, for there's nothing but Sack that can
tune us; let his *Ne-assueseas* be put in his Cap-case, and sing *Bi--bi-to vi-num je ju nus.*

H2039

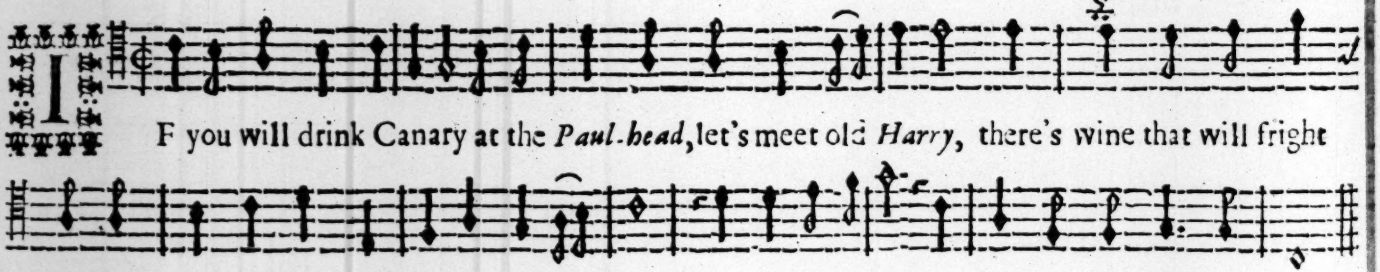

Good Symon, how comes it your Nose looks so red, and your Cheeks and Lips look so
pale? Sure the heat of your Toast, your Nose did so roast, when they were both sous'd in Ale: It
shows like the spire of Paul's-Steeple on fire, each Ruby darts forth (such lightning) flashes, while
your face looks as dead, as if it were Lead, and cover'd all o'e with Ashes. Now to heighten his
colour, yet fill his pot, fill his pot fuller, and nick it not so with froth: Gra-mercy mine Host,
it shall save thee a Toast: Sup Symon, for here is good Broth.

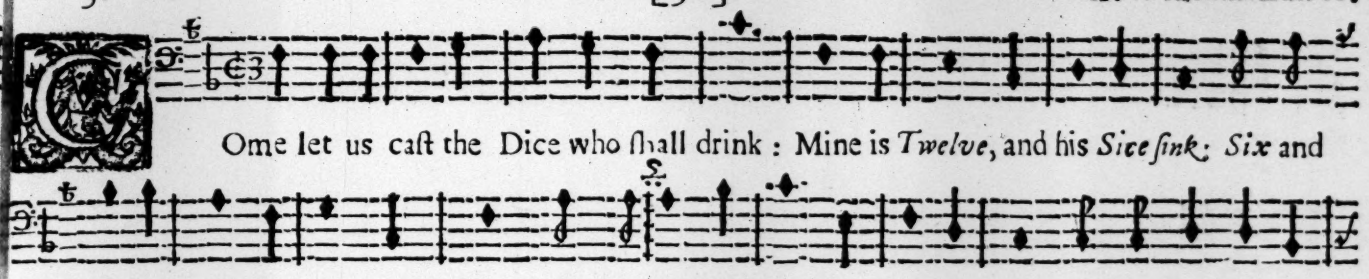

Will you buy a new merry Book, or a doleful Ditty: then look here's a proper Ballet,
most fit for the pallet of a Chamber-maid that was over-laid which she ru'th, 'tis call'd a warning for
youth: he took her 'bout the middle so small, he threw her down, but that was not all: I should howl
out-right to tell of the rest, how this poor-a Maid was over-prest, therefore quickly come and buy,
and read for your Penny: Come my hearts, 'tis as good a bargain as e're you had any: Here's no *Sussex*
Serpent to fright you here in my Bundle, nor was it e-ver Printed for the Widow *Trundle*.

H2039



a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *William Lawes.*





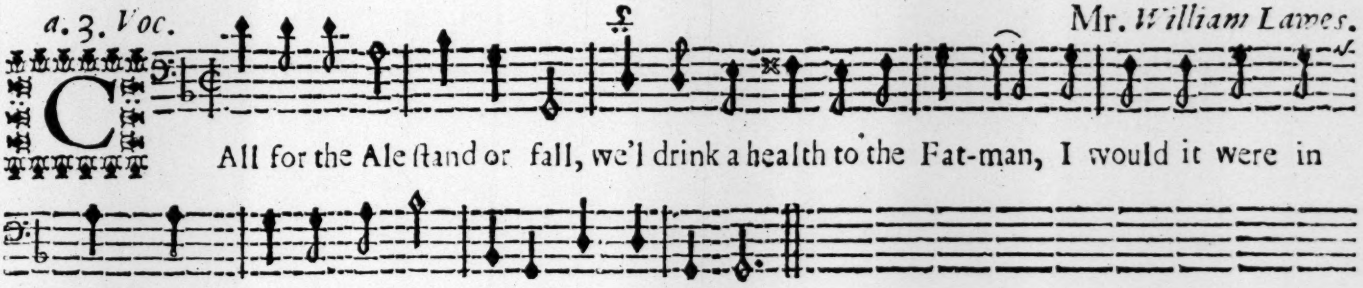
Come let us caſt the Dice who ſhall drink : Mine is *Twelve*, and his *Sice ſink*; *Six* and

Foure is thine, and he threw *Nine* : Come away *Sink tray*, *Sice ace* fair play, *Quator dewce* is your

throw Sir ; *Quator ace*, they run low Sir, two *Dewces* I ſee, *Dewce ace* is but three. Oh where is

the Wine? come fill up his Glaſs, for here is the man hath thrown *Ams ace*.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.



All for the Ale ſtand or fall, we'l drink a health to the Fat-man, I would it were in

Sack, thorgh money we lack , fill us t'other Pot-man.

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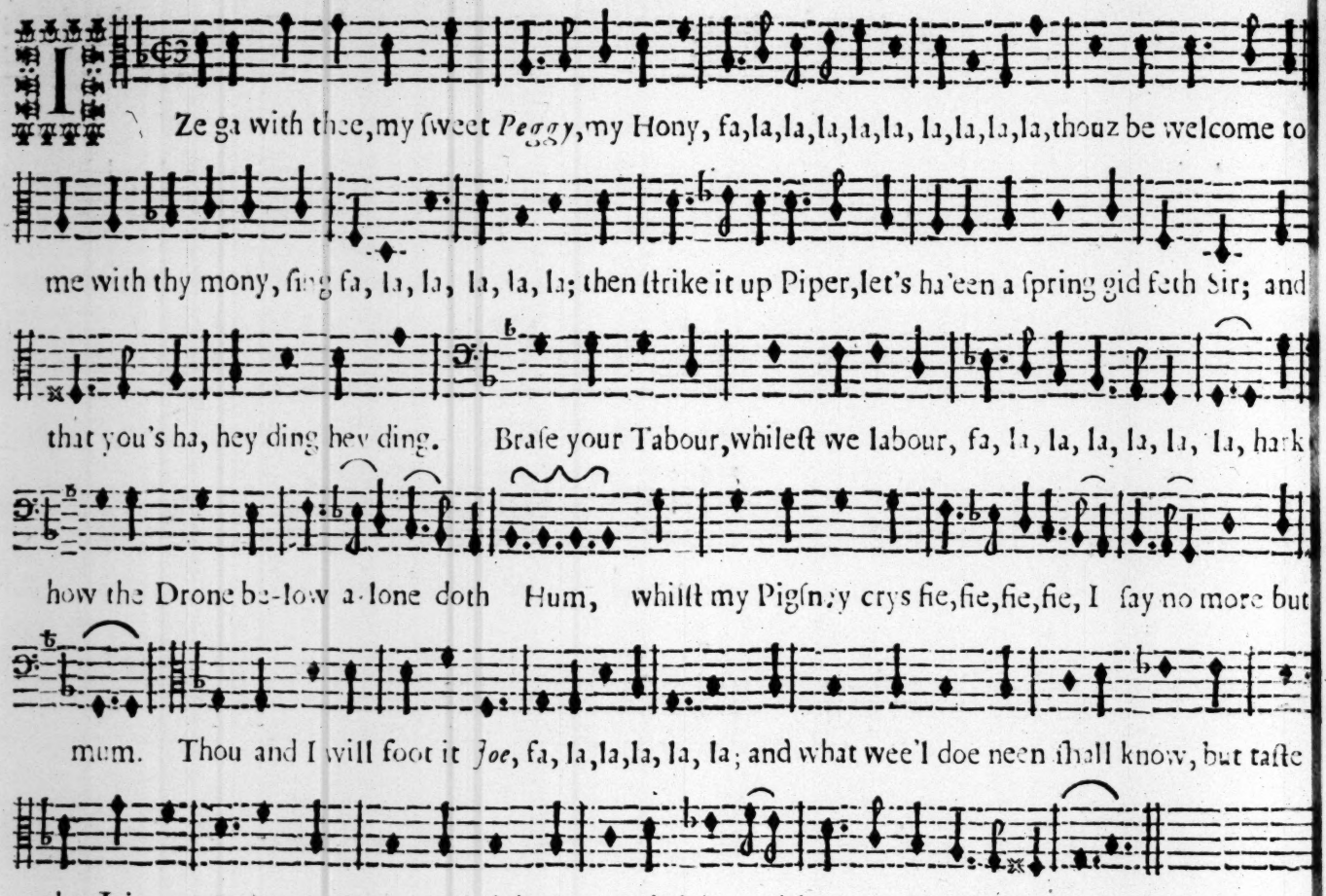
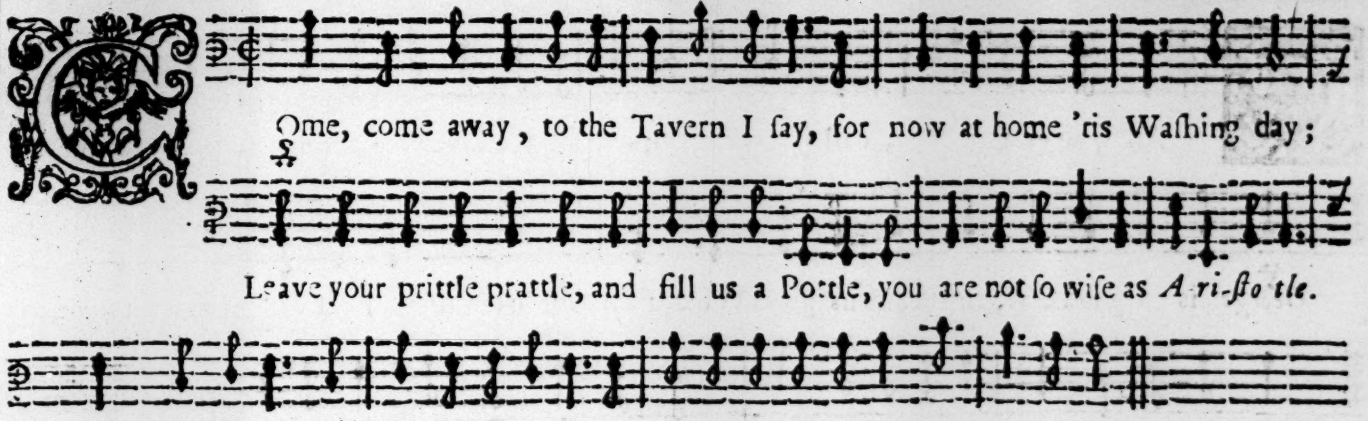
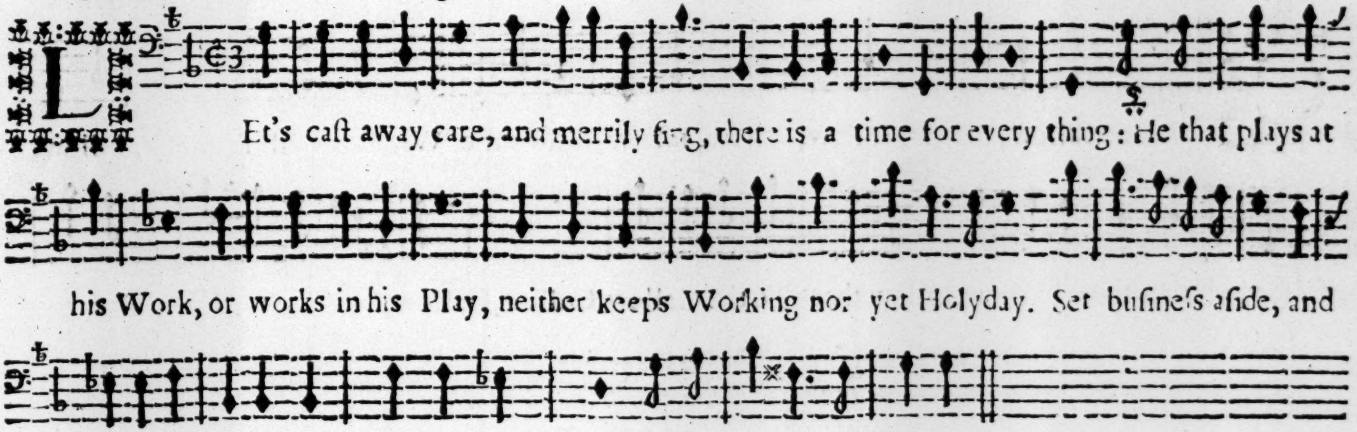

I Ze ga with thee, my ſweet *Peggy*, my Hony, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, thouz be welcome to
me with thy mony, ſing fa, la, la, la, la, la; then ſtrike it up Piper, let's ha'een a ſpring gid feth Sir; and
that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Braſe your Tabour, whileſt we labour, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hark
how the Drone be-low a-lone doth Hum, whilſt my Pigſny crys fie, fie, fie, fie, I ſay no more but
mum. Thou and I will foot it *Joe*, fa, la, la, la, la, la; and what wee'l doe neen ſhall know, but taſte
the Juice of Barly; we'l ſport all night for our delight, and home in the morning early.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*



H2039

All *George* again Boy, call *George* again; and for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again.

George is a good Boy, and draws us good Wine, then fill us more Claret our wits to refine.

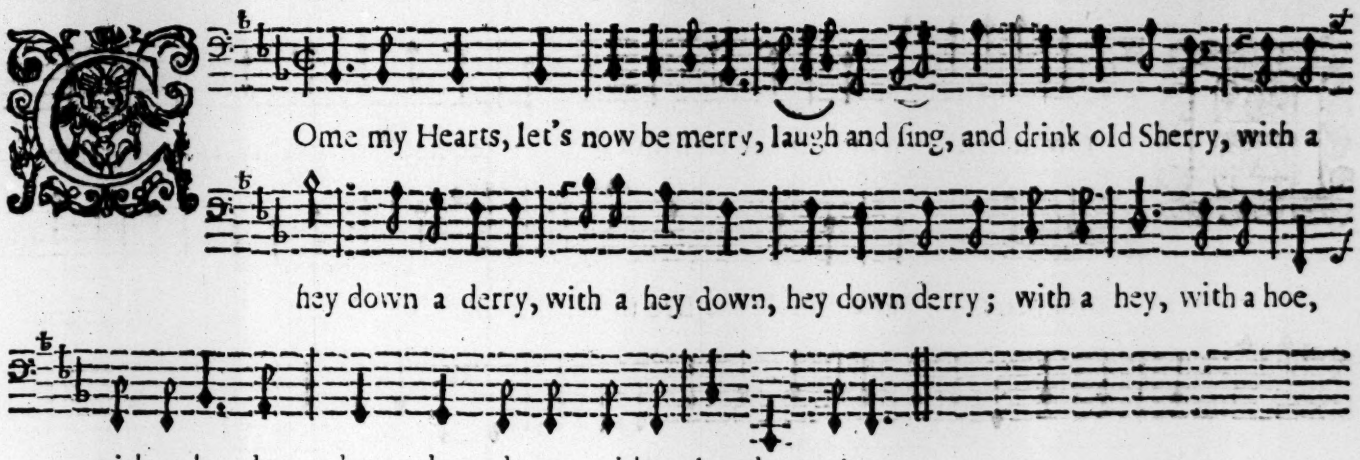
George is a brave Lad, and an honest man; if you will know him, he dwels at the *Swan*.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton*.

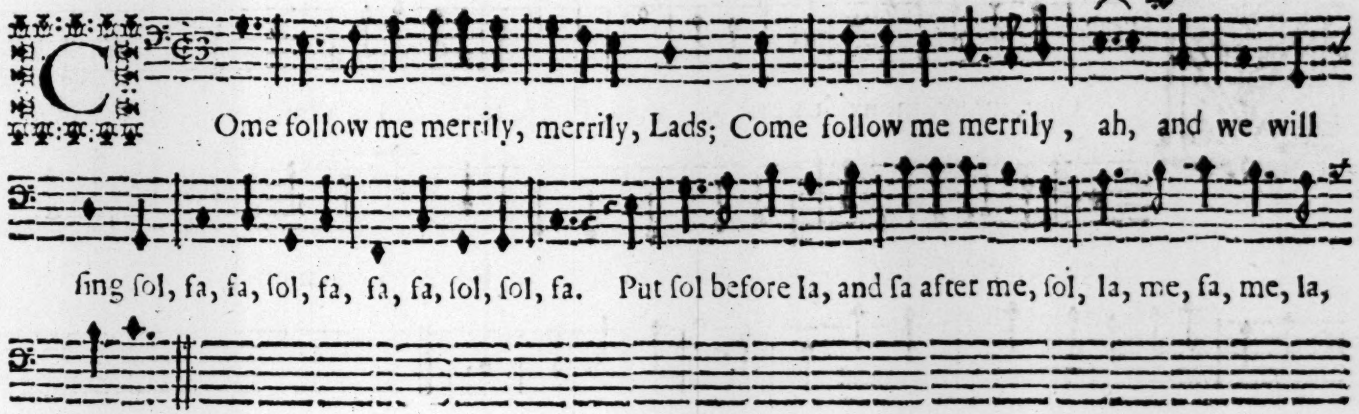
Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me. Whither shall I follow, follow,

follow, whither shall I follow, follow thee? To the Gallow, Gallow, Gallow, to the Gallow gallow tree.

We have oft been Rogues together,
Now we must hang 'twixt winde and weather:
We have oft time nipt a Jung boy
Neatly, neatly, in a throng boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a throng boy.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. Edmund Nelham.



H2039

Ow merrily looks the man that hath Gold; he ſeemeth but twenty, though three-

ſcore years old? How nimble the Bee that flyeth about, and gathereth honey within and

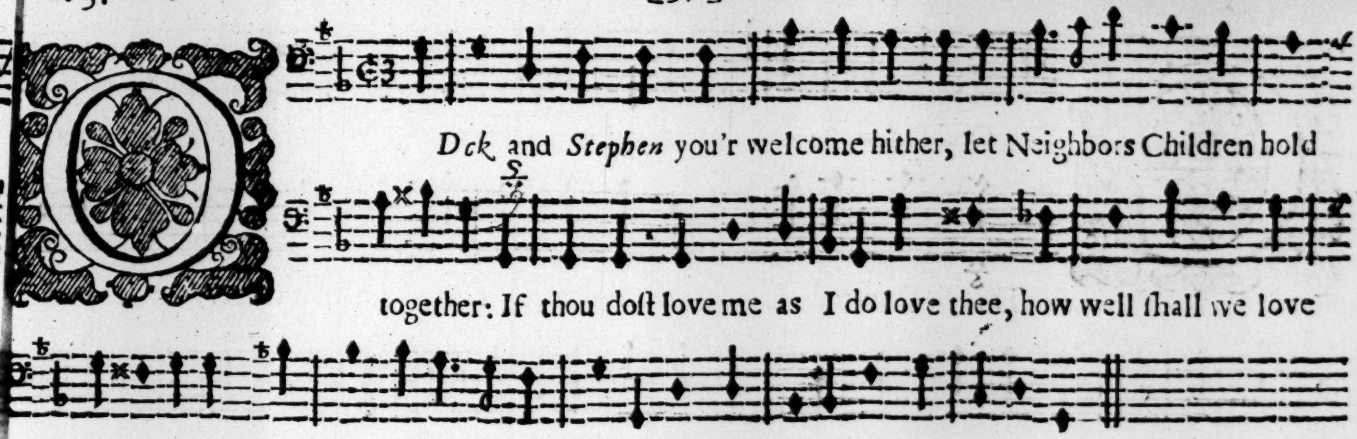
without: But men without mony, and Bees without hony, are nothing better than Drones, Drones.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

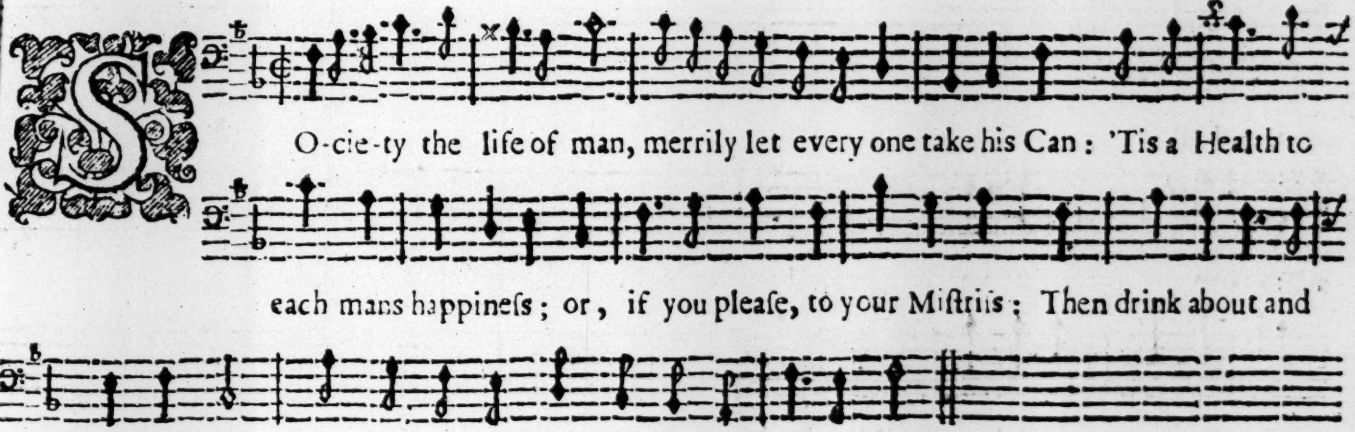
Ony, mony, mony; 'tis that only can give life to the ſoul of a man: what though ſome

men of vain belief do other ayd wiſh and implore? Mony, mony, mony, mony,

mony, mony, is the chief; Give me but that, I ask no more.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. Thomas Holmes.



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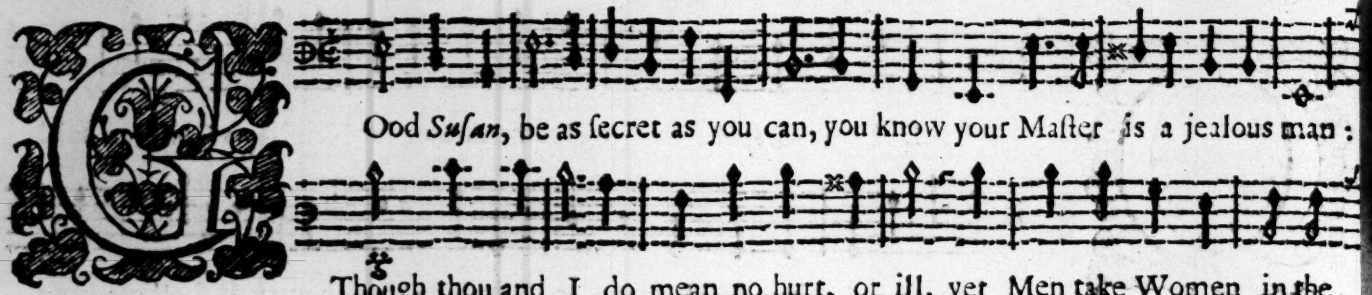
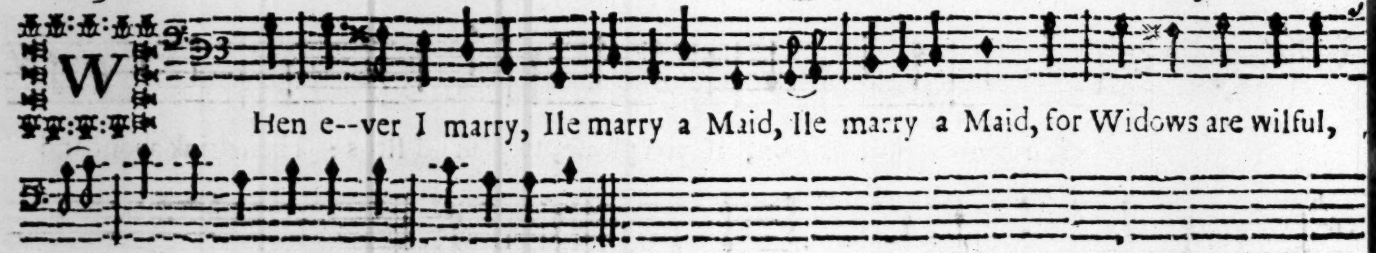
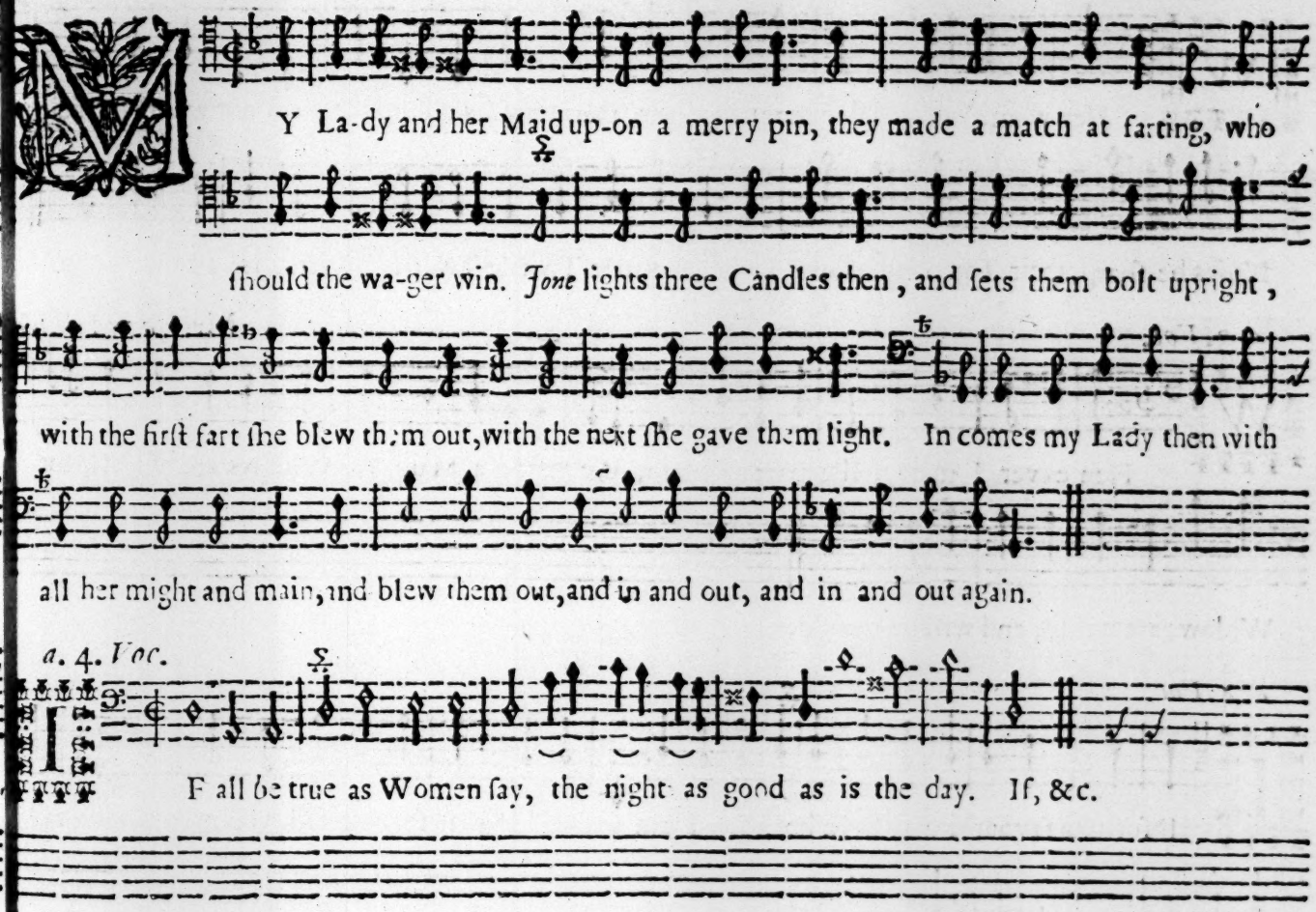
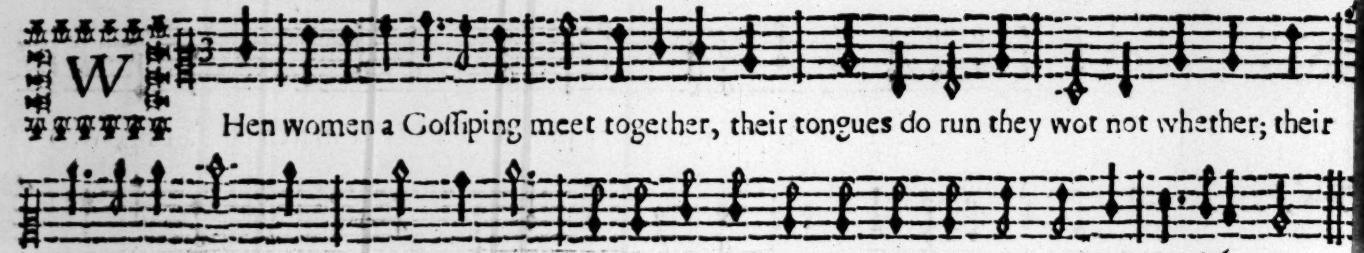


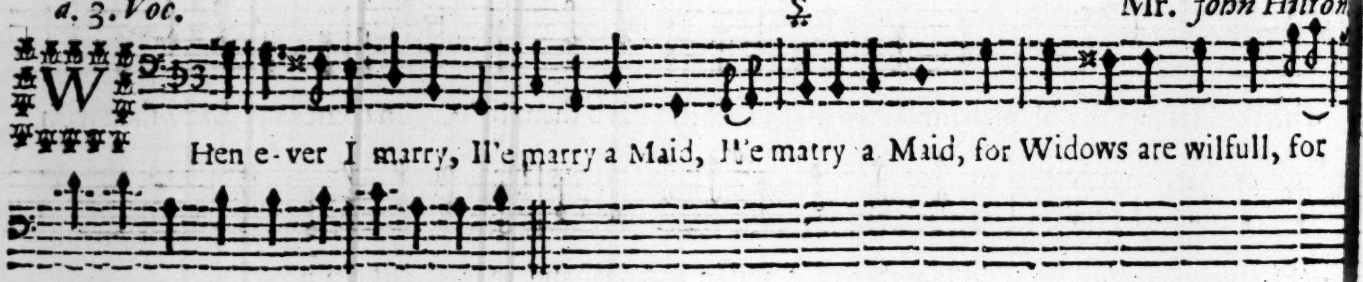
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*



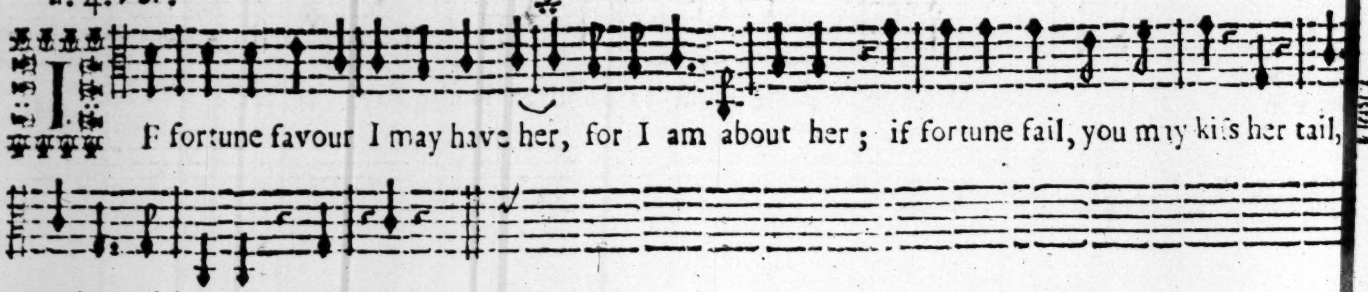

MY La-dy and her Maid up-on a merry pin, they made a match at farting, who
ſhould the wa-ger win. *Jone* lights three Candles then, and ſets them bolt upright,
with the firſt fart ſhe blew them out, with the next ſhe gave them light. In comes my Lady then with
all her might and main, and blew them out, and in and out, and in and out again.
a. 4. Voc.
IF all be true as Women ſay, the night as good as is the day. If, &c.

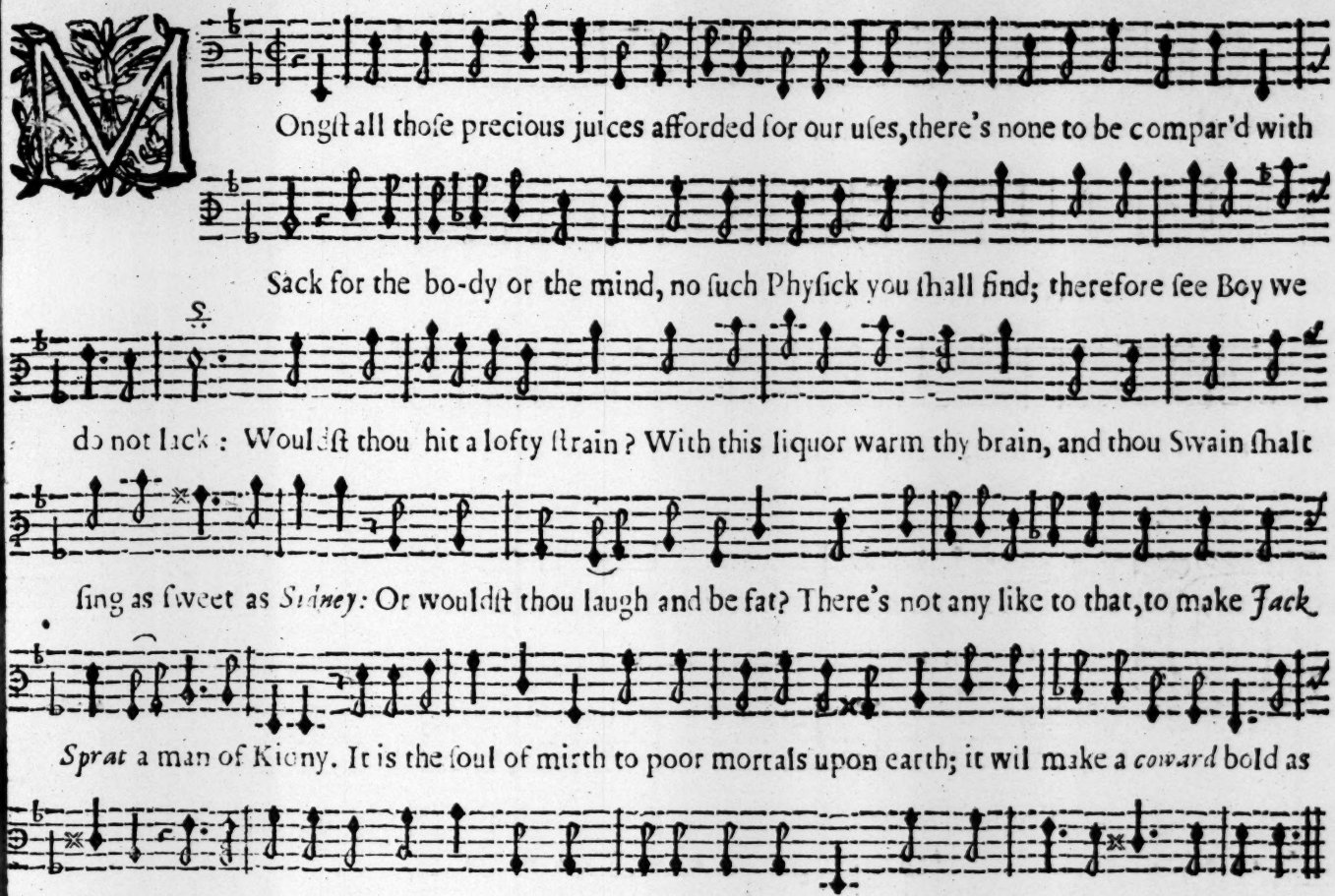


a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *John Hilton*

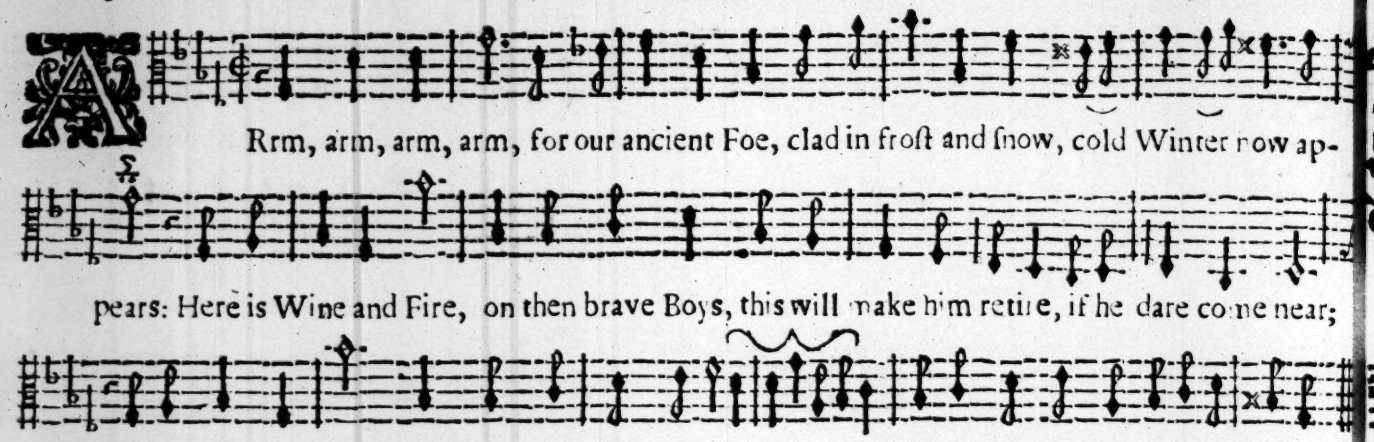


a. 4. *Voc.*

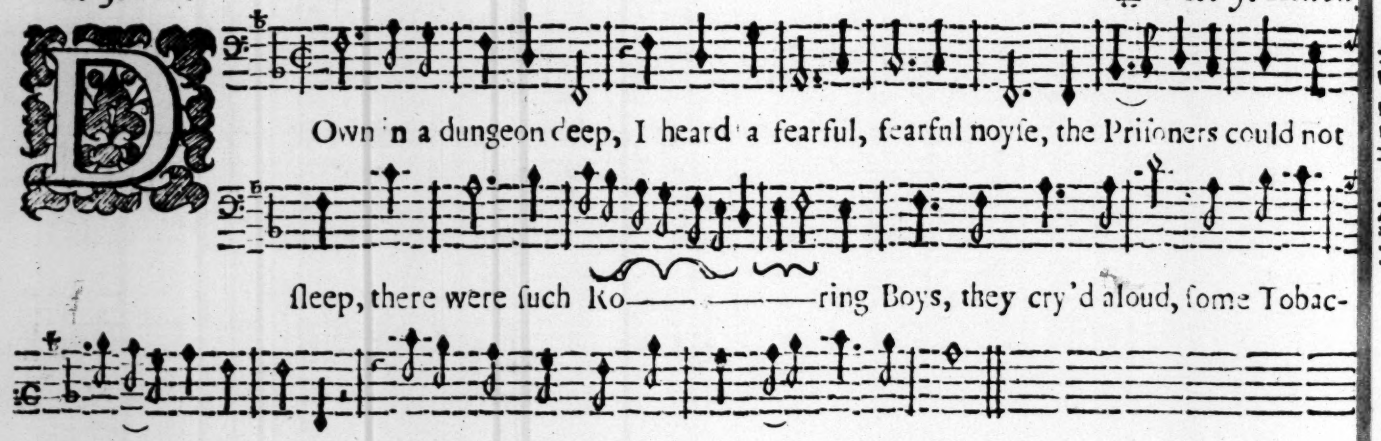


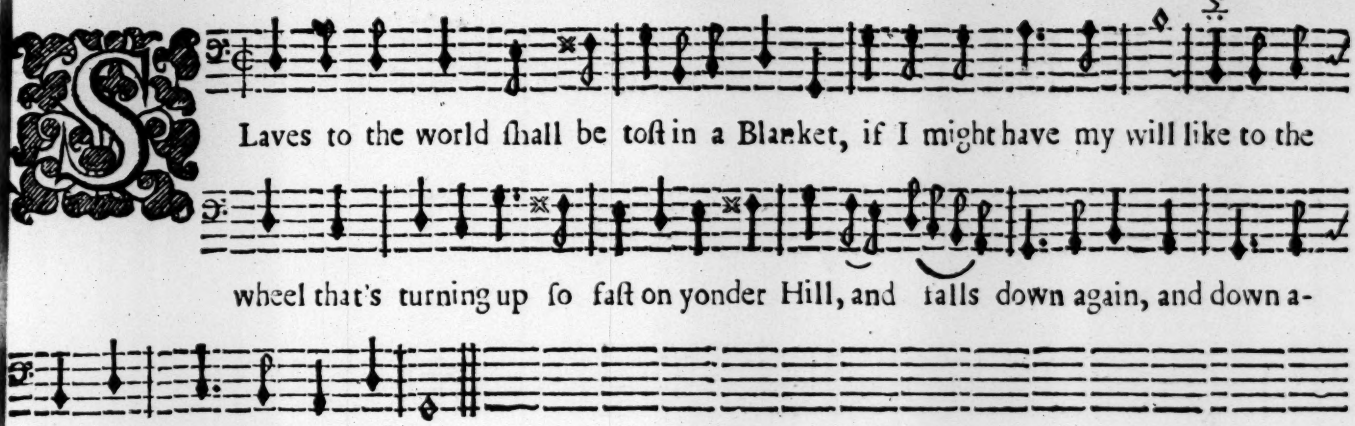

Ongſt all thoſe precious juices afforded for our uſes, there's none to be compar'd with
Sack for the bo-dy or the mind, no ſuch Phyſick you ſhall find; therefore ſee Boy we
do not lack: Would'ſt thou hit a lofty ſtrain? With this liquor warm thy brain, and thou Swain ſhalt
ſing as ſweet as Sidney: Or would'ſt thou laugh and be fat? There's not any like to that, to make Jack
Sprat a man of Kiony. It is the ſoul of mirth to poor mortals upon earth; it wil make a coward bold as
Hector: Nay, I wager durſt a Peece, that thoſe merry gods of Greece drank old Sack, & call'd it Nectar.

H2039

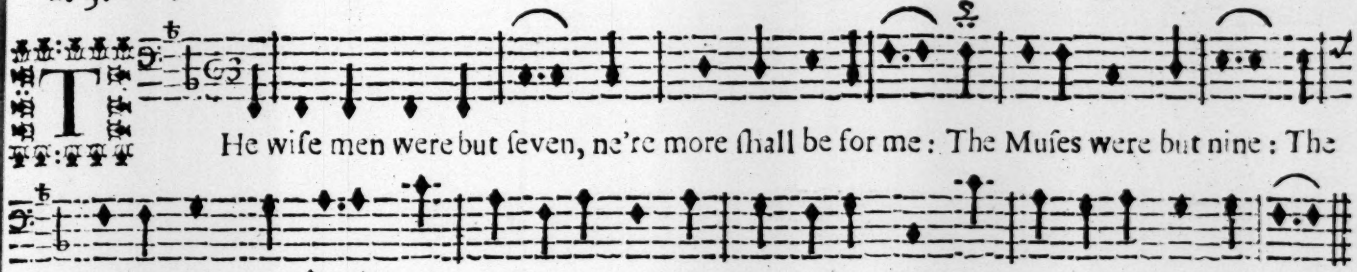


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *J. Hilton*





a. 3. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*



The Vertues they were ſeven, and three the greater be;
Th: *Caſars* they were twelve, and the fatal Siſters three:
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls are wee.

H2039

N old houſe end, An old houſe end, and many a good fellow wants money to

ſpend: If thou wilt borrow, come hither to morrow, I dare not part ſo ſoon with

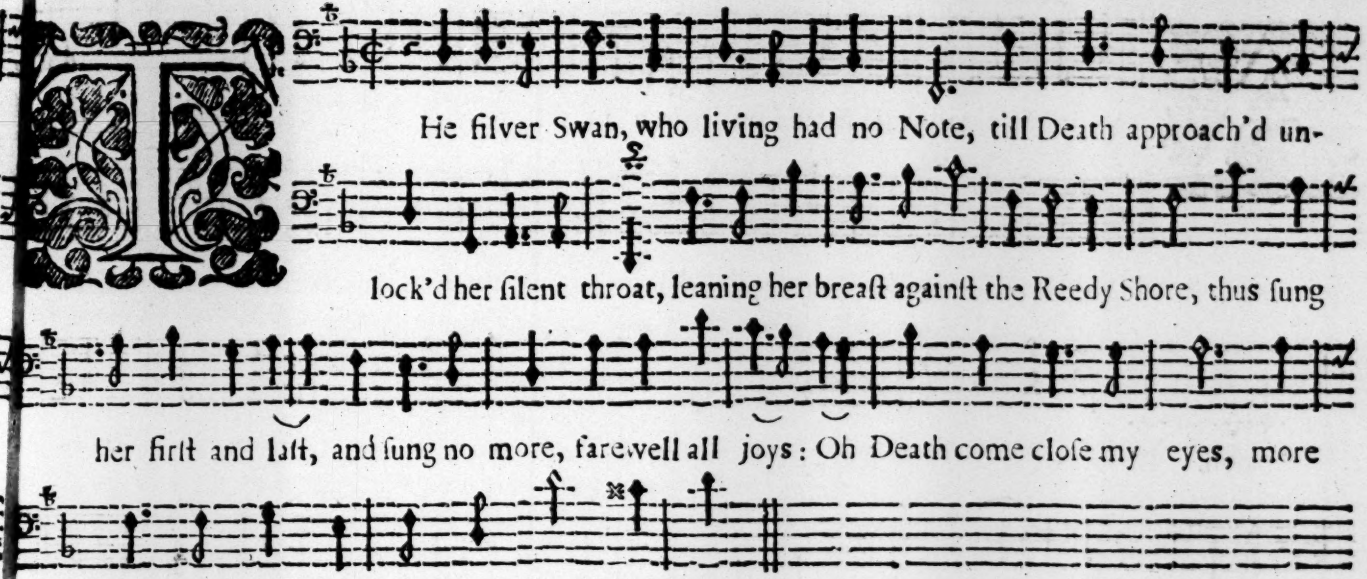
my friend: But let us be merry and drink off our Sherry, but to part with my money I do not in-

tend: Then a Turd in thy Teeth and an old houſe end.

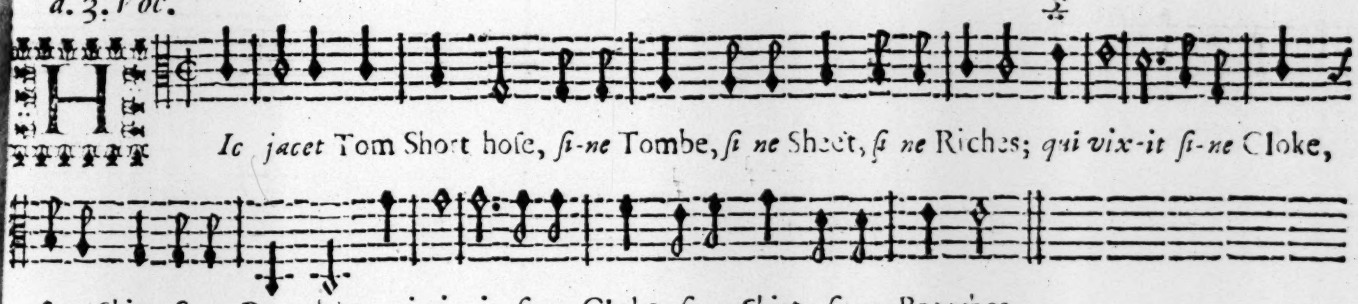
a. 4. *Voc.*

I C U B A K, and evermore will be, though *John Cocke* he ſaith Nay; O

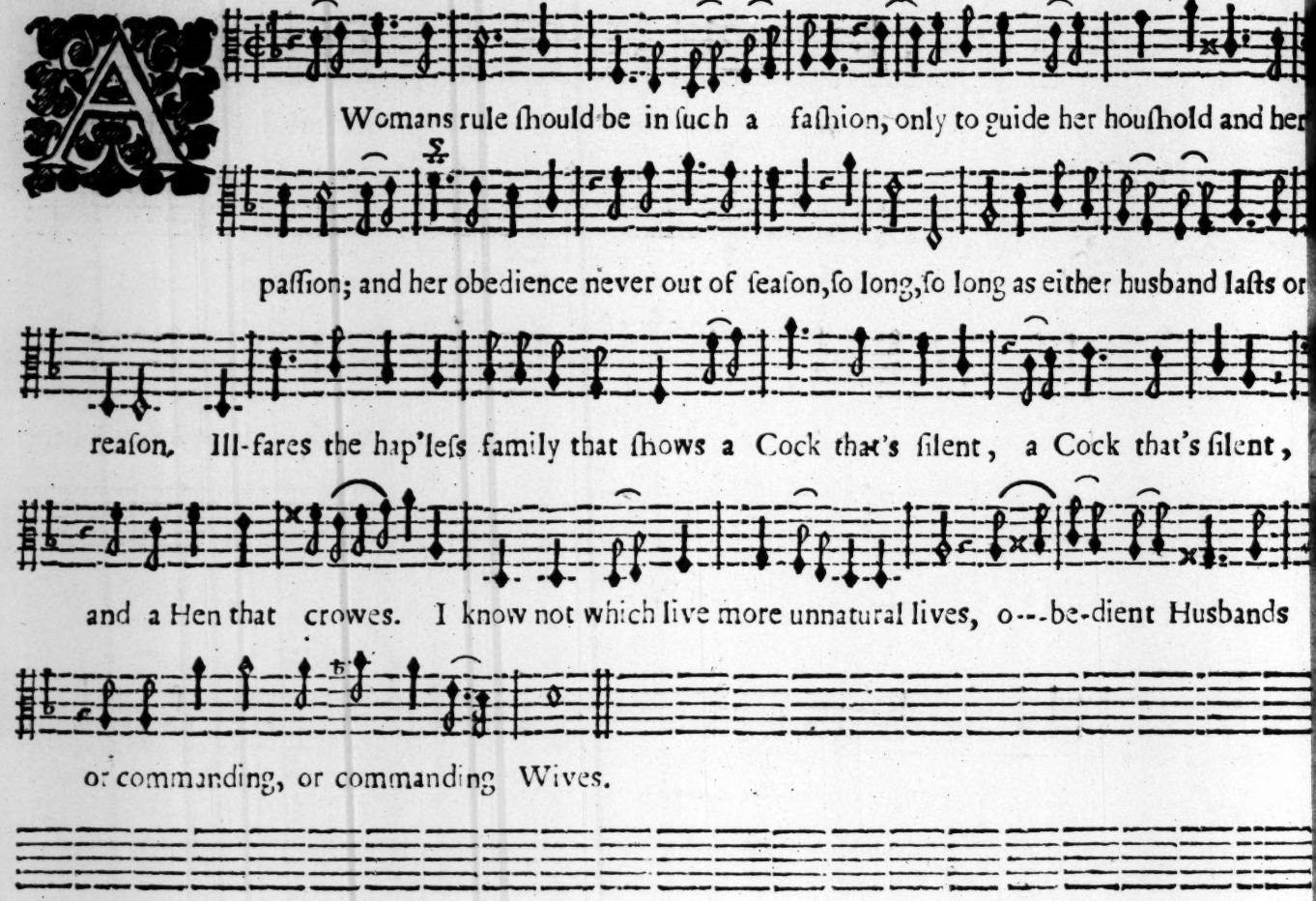
what a Knave is he!

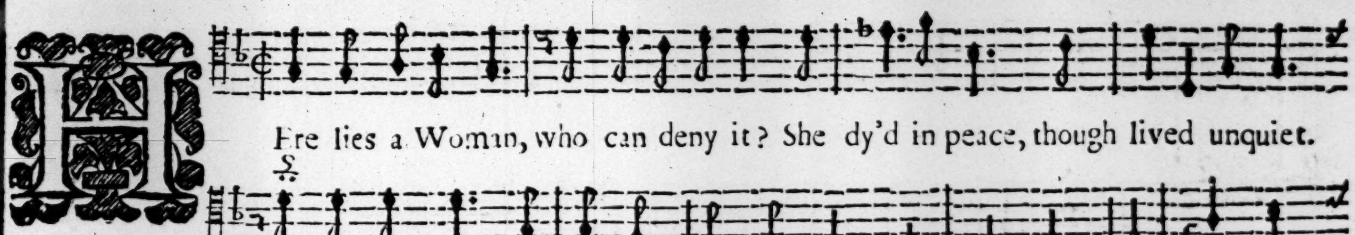

THe ſilver Swan, who living had no Note, till Death approach'd un-
lock'd her ſilent throat, leaning her breaſt againſt the Reedy Shore, thus ſung
her firſt and laſt, and ſung no more, farewell all joys: Oh Death come cloſe my eyes, more
Geeſe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wiſe.

a. 3. Voc.

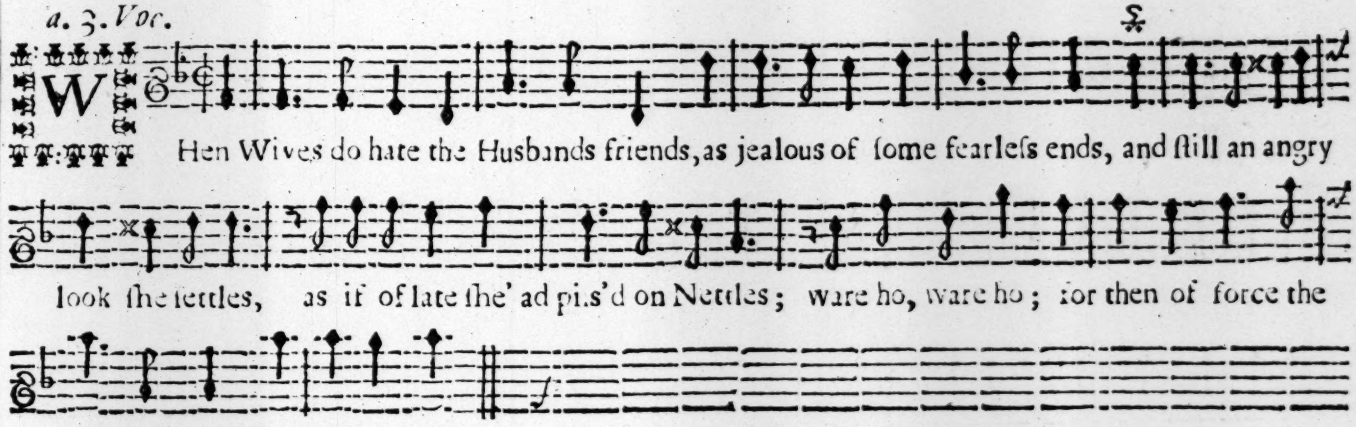

HIc jacet Tom Short hoſe, ſi-ne Tombe, ſi ne Sheet, ſi ne Riches; qui vix-it ſi-ne Cloke,
ſi ne Shirt, ſi-ne Breeches, qui vix-it ſi-ne Cloke, ſi-ne Shirt, ſi-ne Breeches.

H2039


A Womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a faſhion, only to guide her houſhold and her
paſſion; and her obedience never out of ſeaſon, ſo long, ſo long as either husband laſts or
reaſon. Ill-fares the hap'leſs family that ſhows a Cock that's ſilent, a Cock that's ſilent,
and a Hen that crowes. I know not which live more unnatural lives, o---be-dient Husbands
or commanding, or commanding Wives.

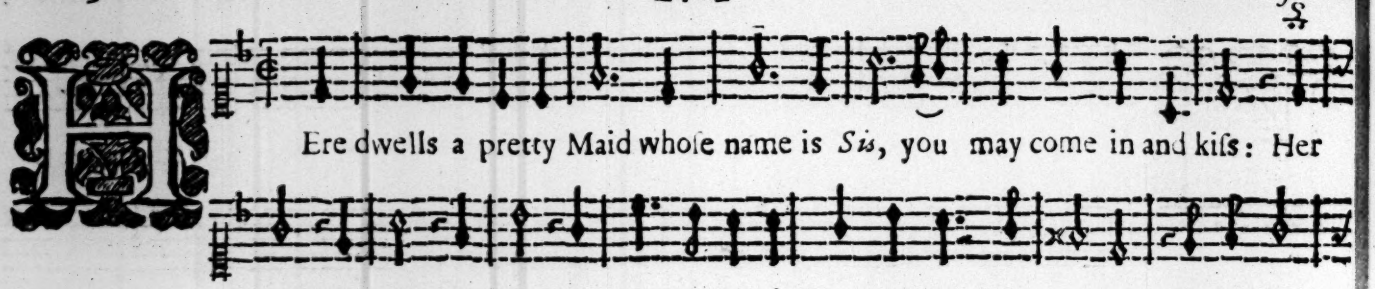


a. 3. Voc.

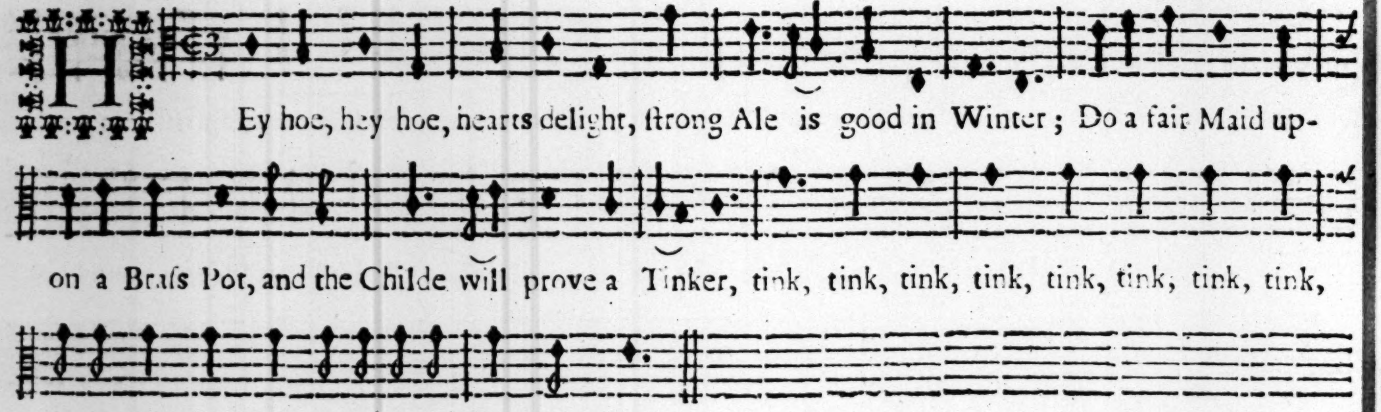


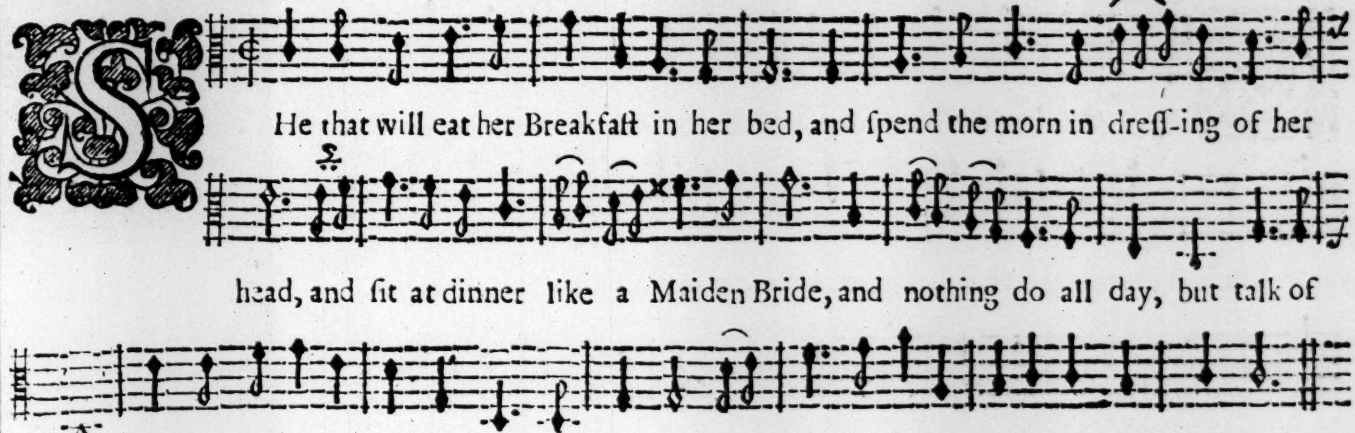
When Women will ever be nice,
Foolish, Proud, and Manly wife,
And their wanton Humour itches
To wear their Husbands wideſt Breeches:
Ware ho, ware-ho; for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horſe.

H2039

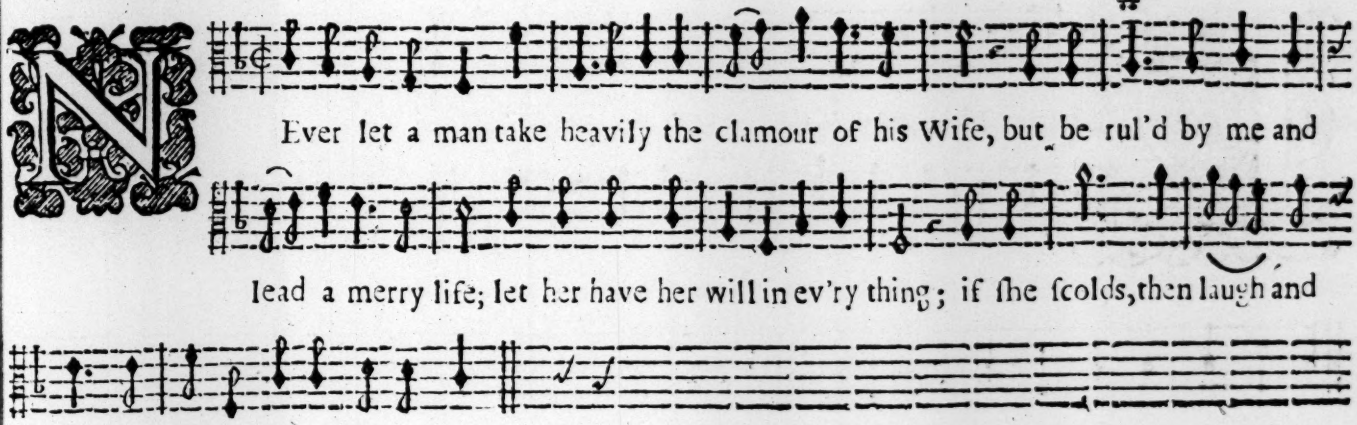


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Cobb.*





a. 3. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*



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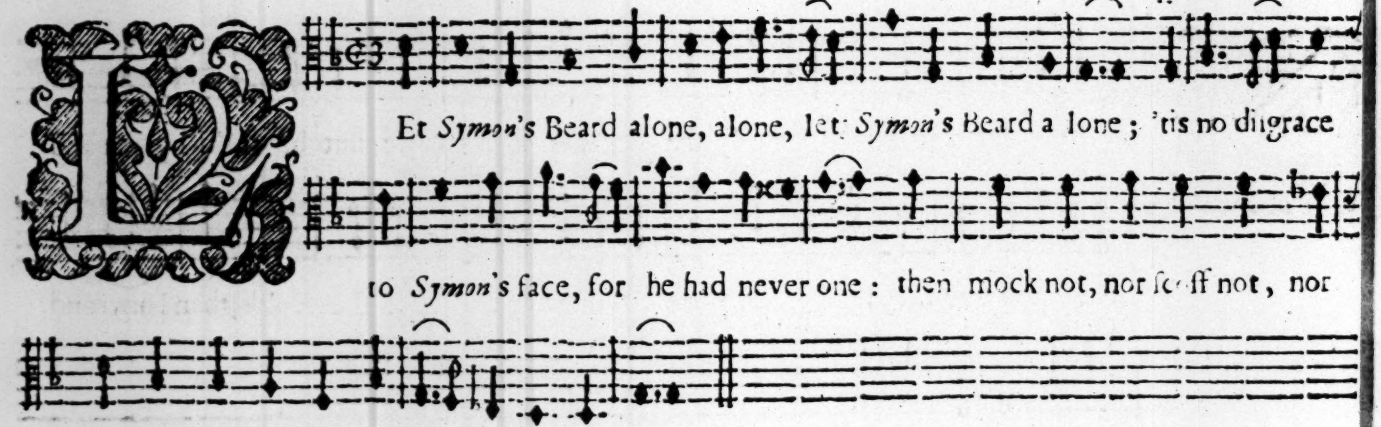
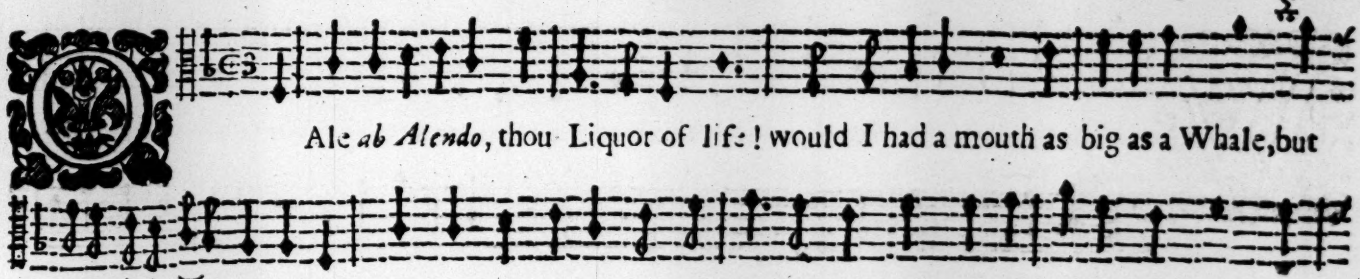
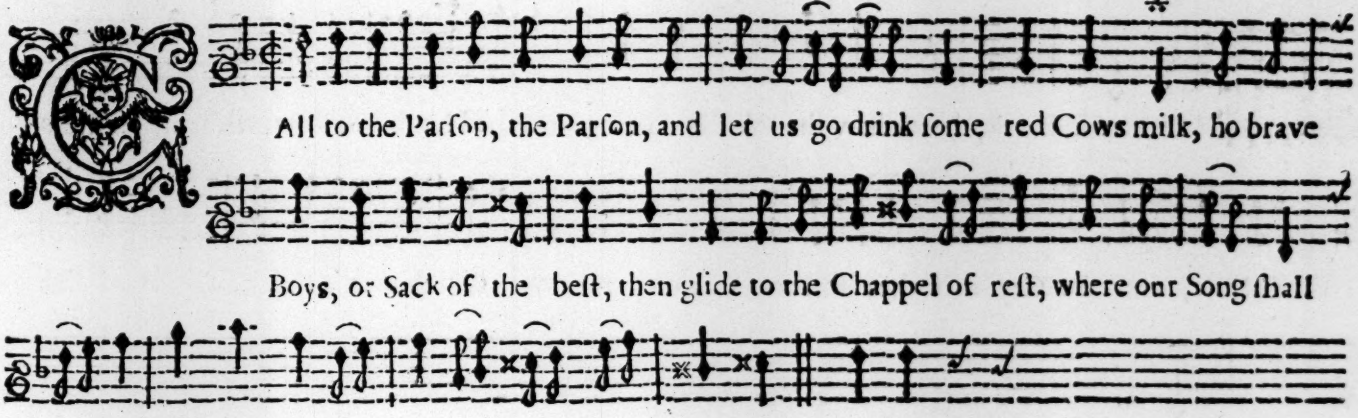
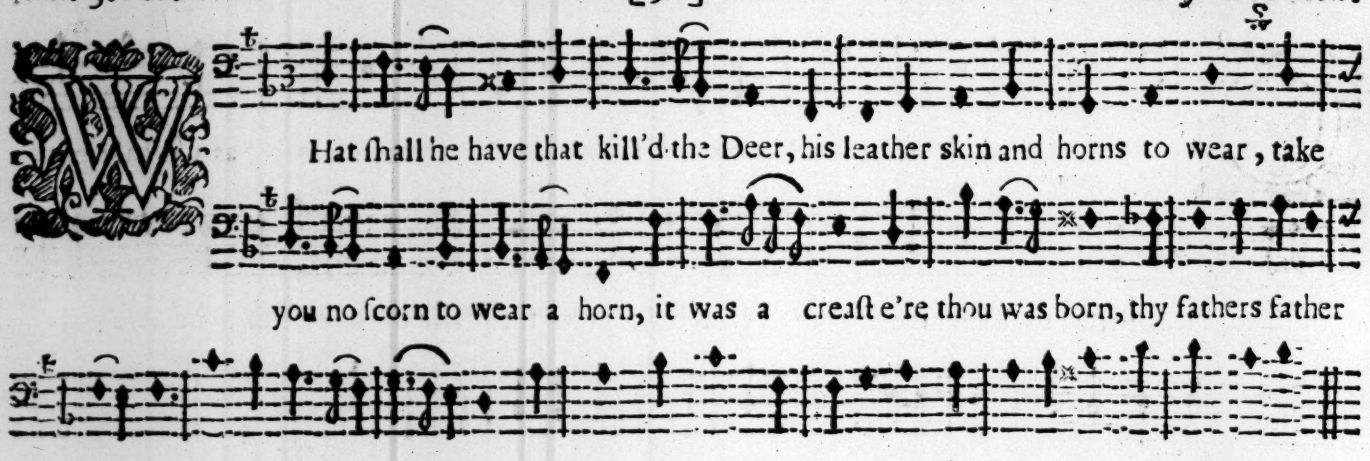
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *J. Hilton.*



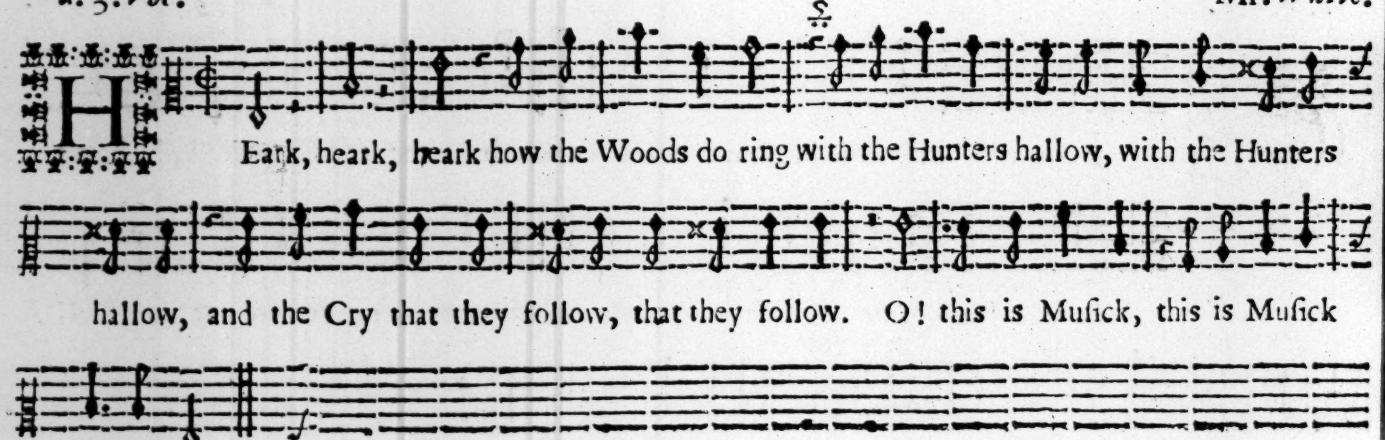


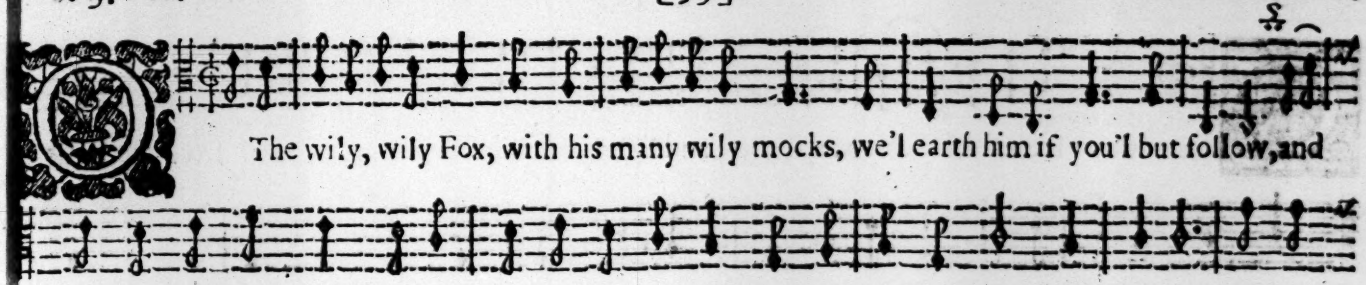
a. 3. Voc. Dr. *John Wilſon.*



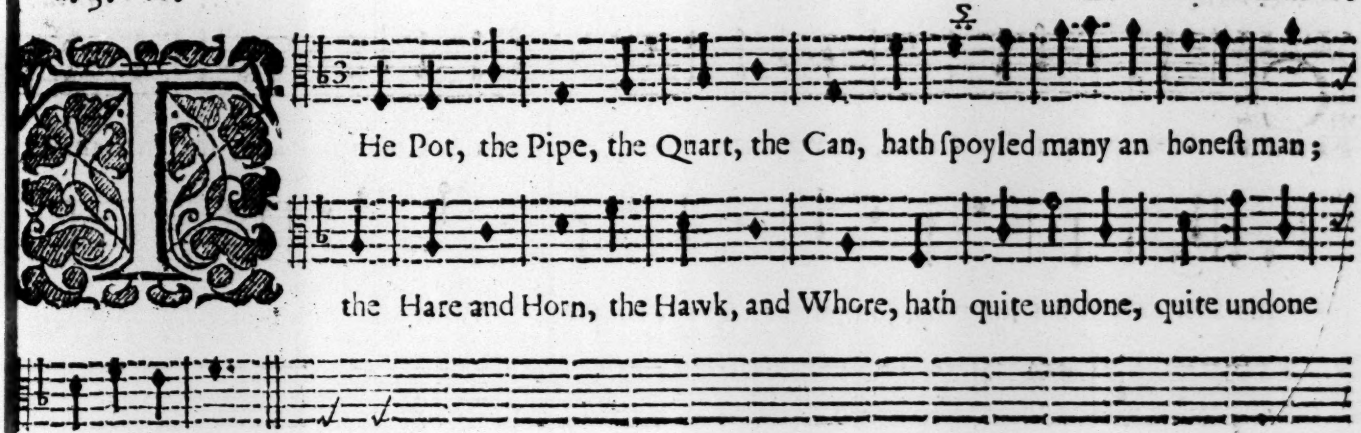


a. 3. Voc. Mr. White.

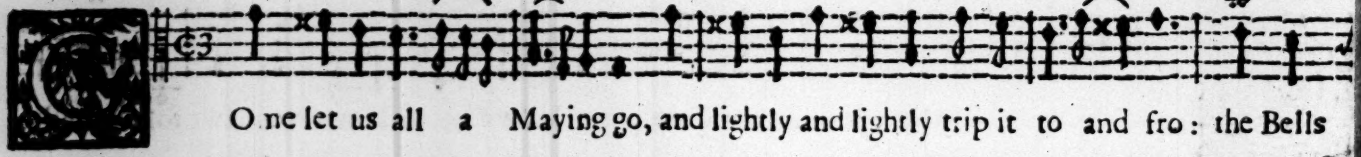




a. 3. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.



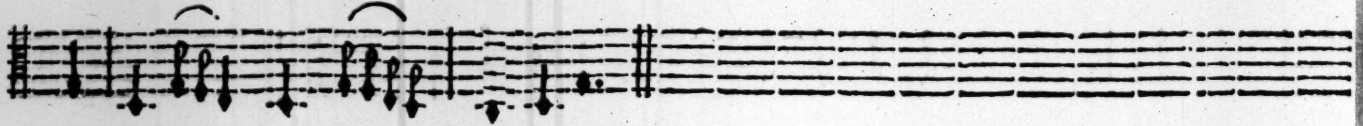
H2039



C3

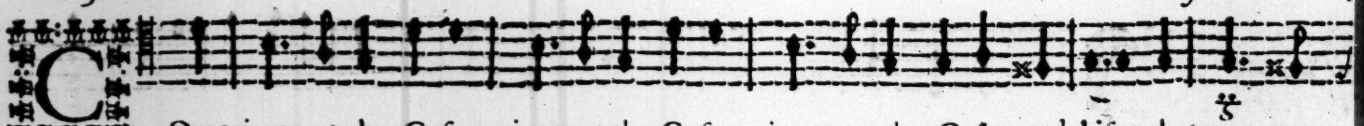
O ne let us all a Maying go, and lightly and lightly trip it to and fro: the Bells

ſhall ring, and the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo the Cuckoo ſing; the Drums ſhall beat, the Fife ſhall play,

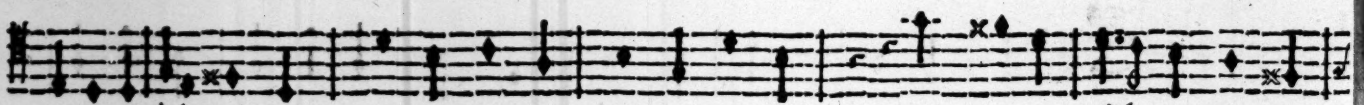


and ſo wee'l ſpend our time away.

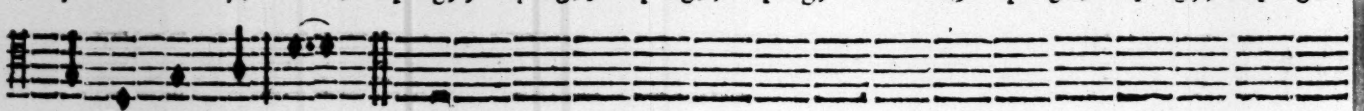
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*



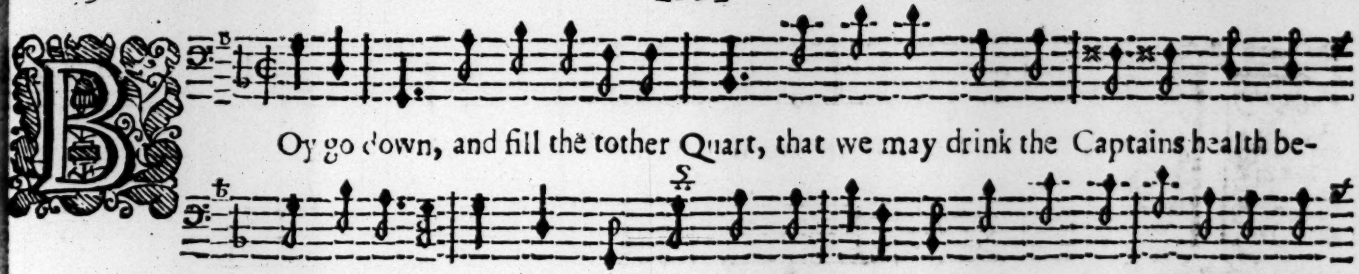
C Ome jump at thy Coſen, jump at thy Coſen, jump at thy Coſen and kiſs, that men may



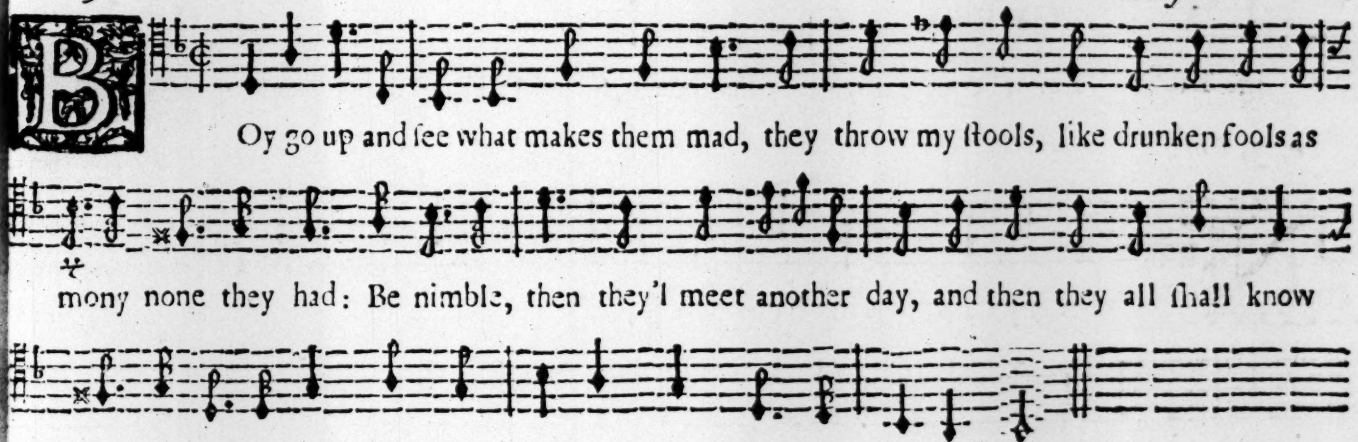
ſay ano-ther day, What jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping, What jumping, jumping, jumping,

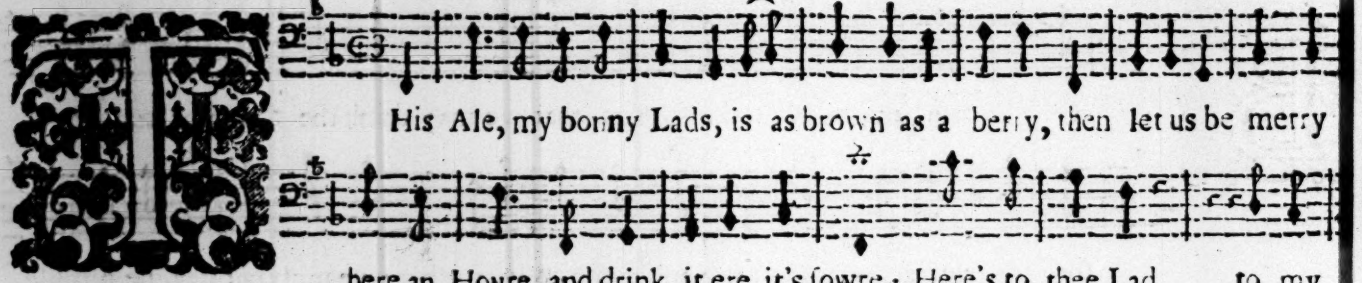


jumping call you this?

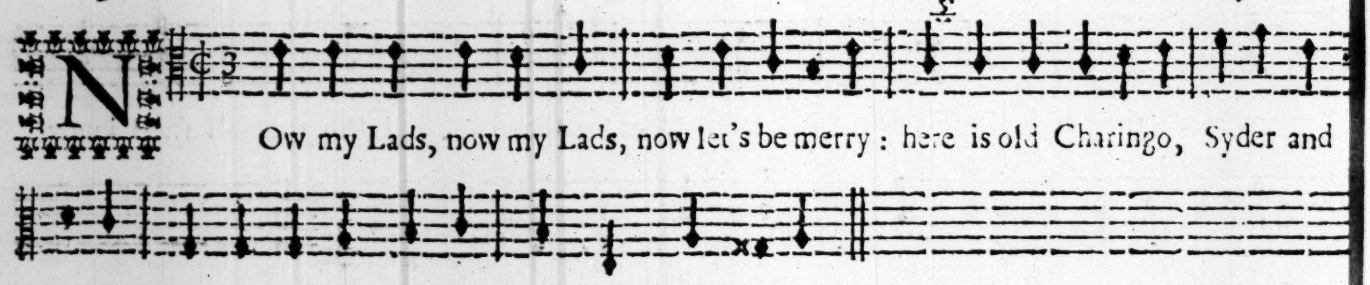


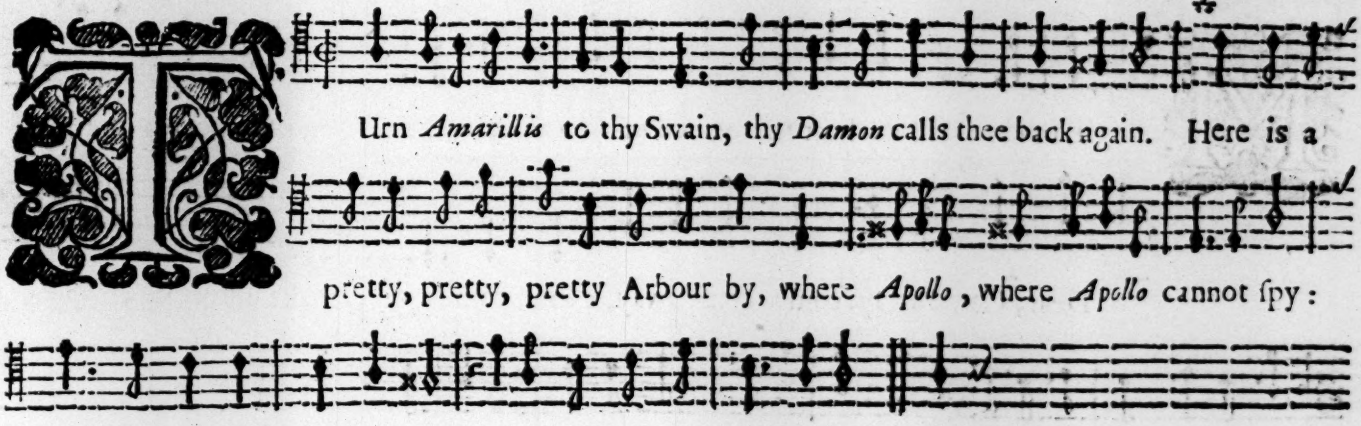
a. 3. Voc. Mr. John Hilton.



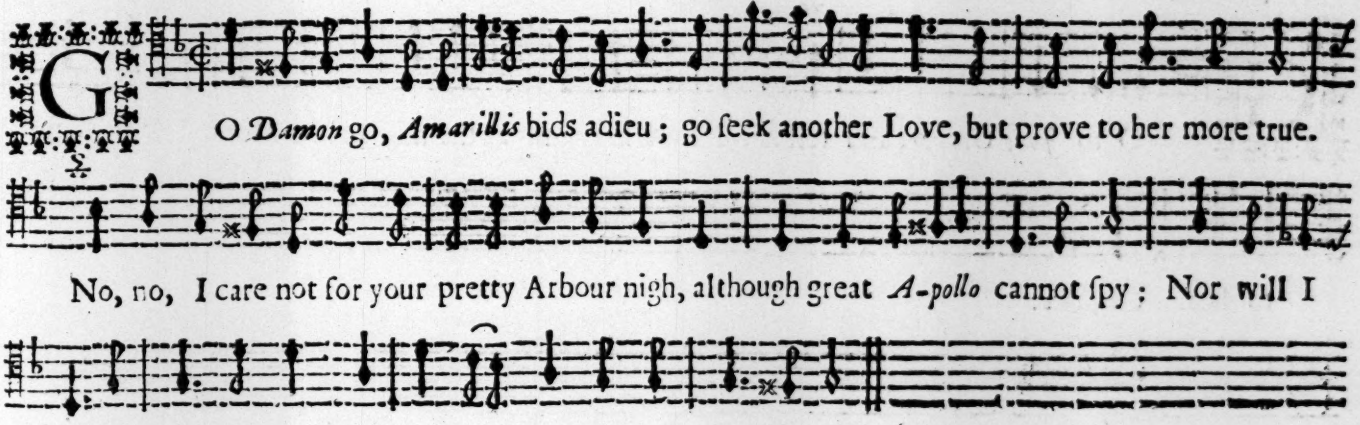


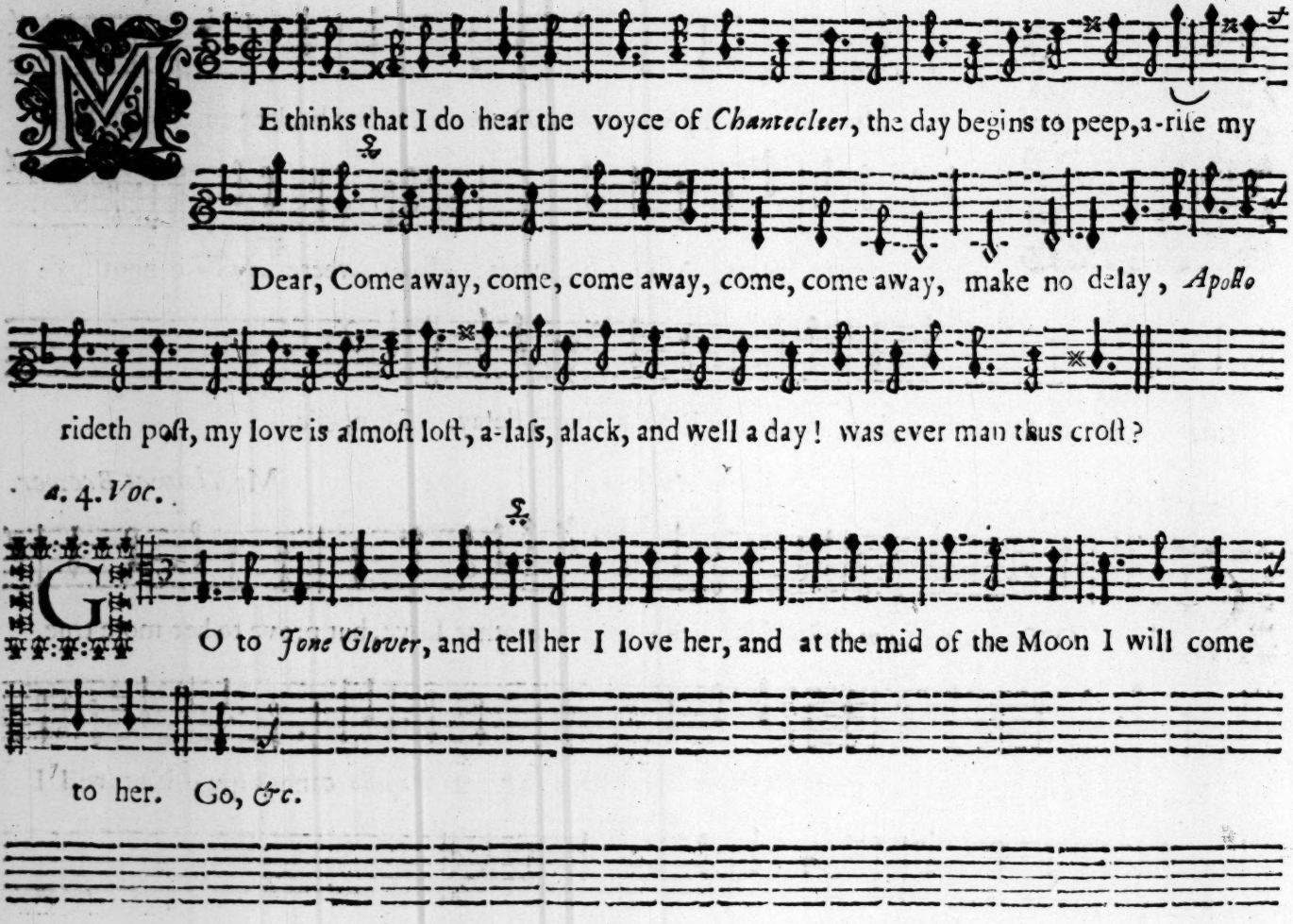
a. 3. Voc. Mr. Henry Lawes

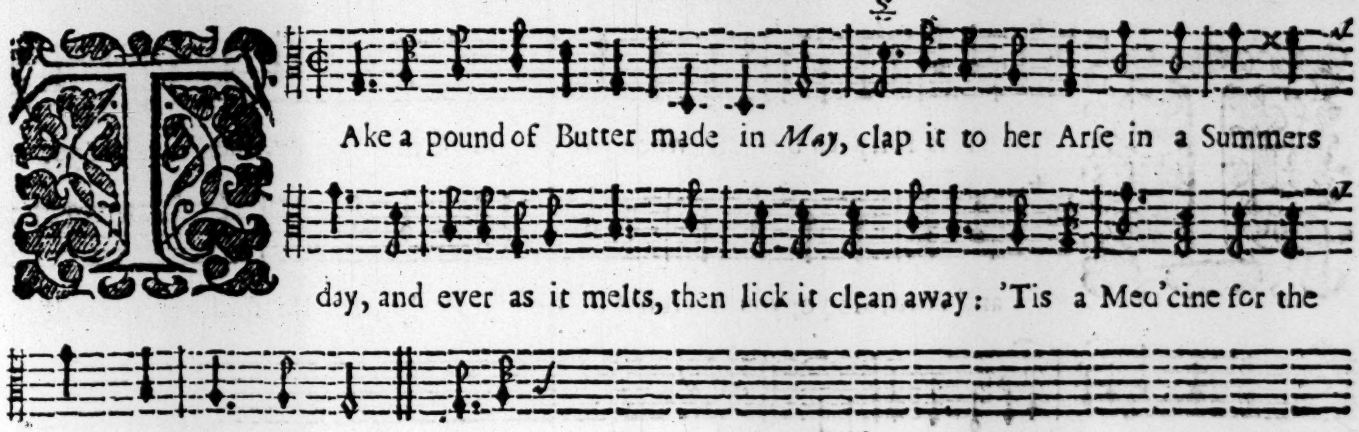




a. 3. Voc. [*The Anſwer.*] Mr. *Thomas Brewer.*

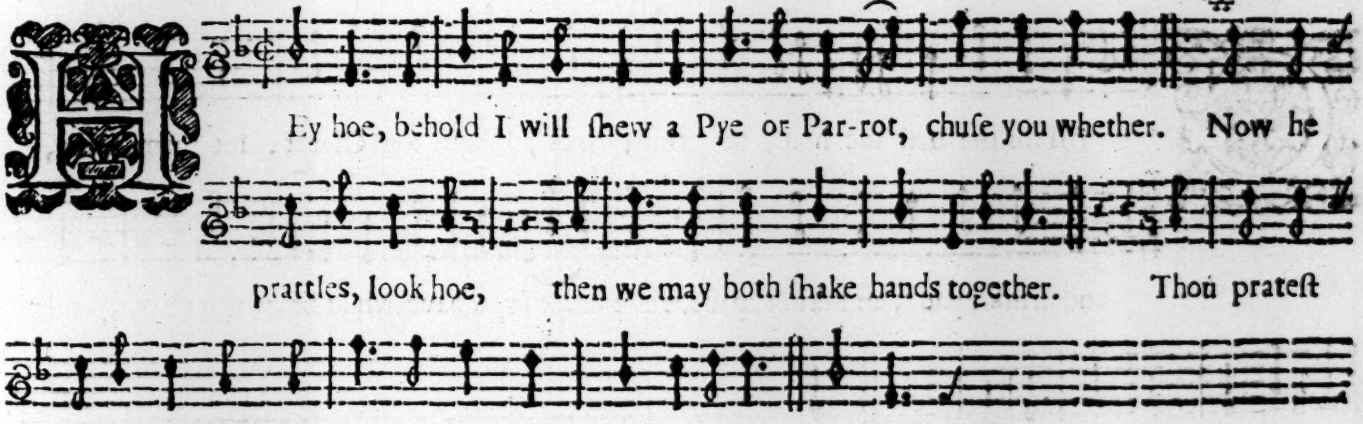



ME thinks that I do hear the voyce of *Chantecleer*, the day begins to peep, a-rise my
Dear, Come away, come, come away, come, come away, make no delay, *Apollo*
rideth post, my love is almost lost, a-lass, alack, and well a day! was ever man thus crost?
a. 4. Voc.
GO to *Jone Glover*, and tell her I love her, and at the mid of the Moon I will come
to her. Go, *&c.*

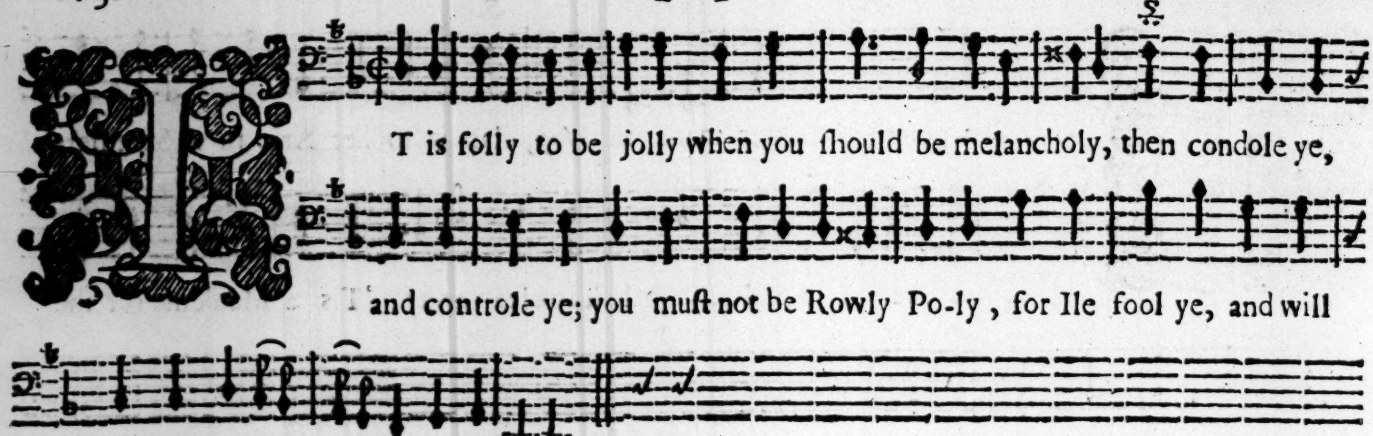


TAke a pound of Butter made in *May*, clap it to her Arſe in a Summers day, and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away: 'Tis a Meu'cine for the Tooth-ach, old Wives ſay. Take, *&c.*

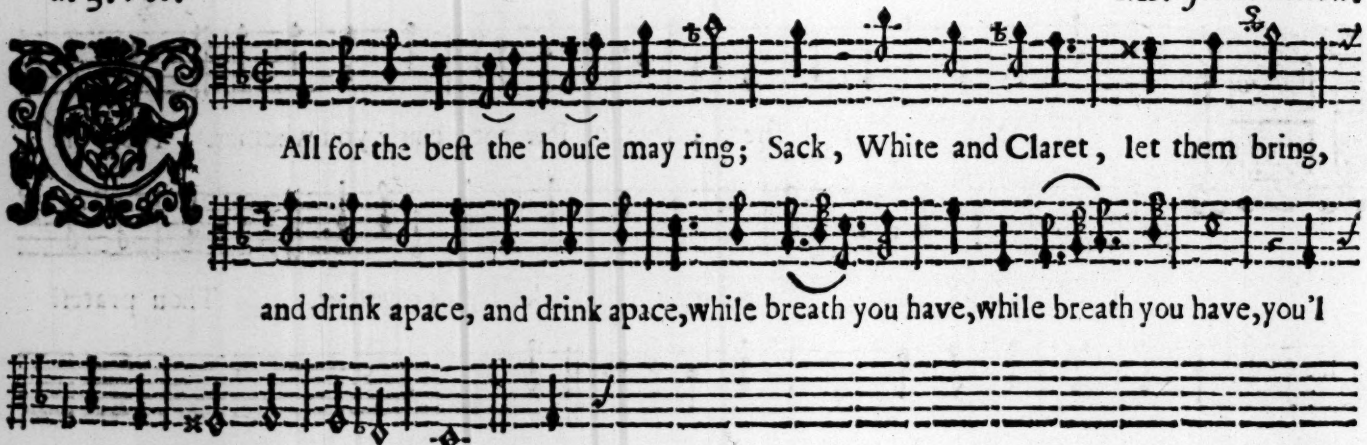
a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *Thomas Pierce.*

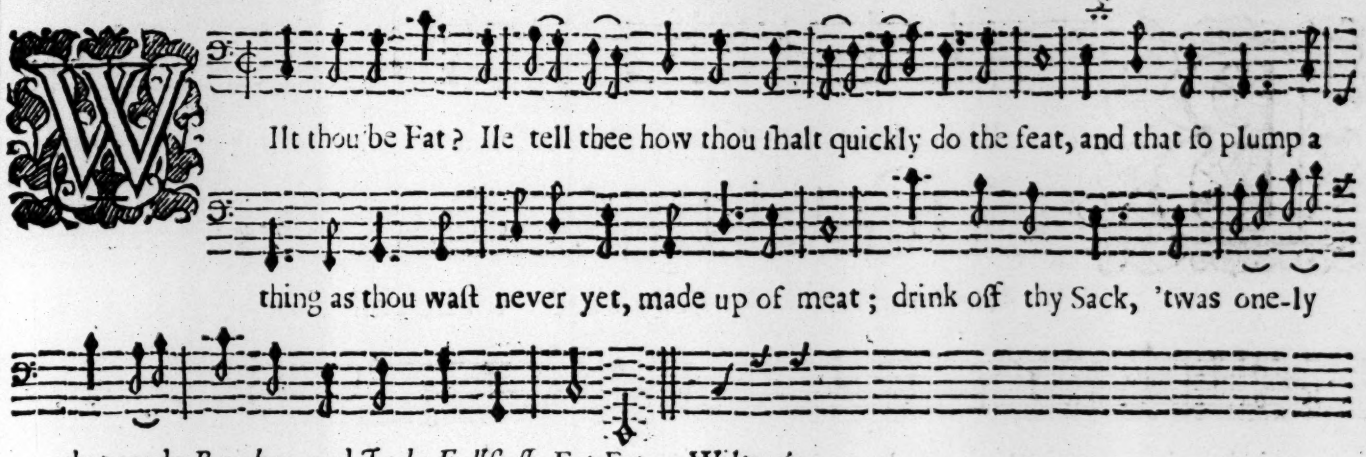


HEy hoe, behold I will ſhew a Pye or Par-rot, chuſe you whether. Now he prattles, look hoe, then we may both ſhake hands together. Thou prateſt like a Cuckoo, then we may both ſhake hands together. Hey hoe, *&c.*

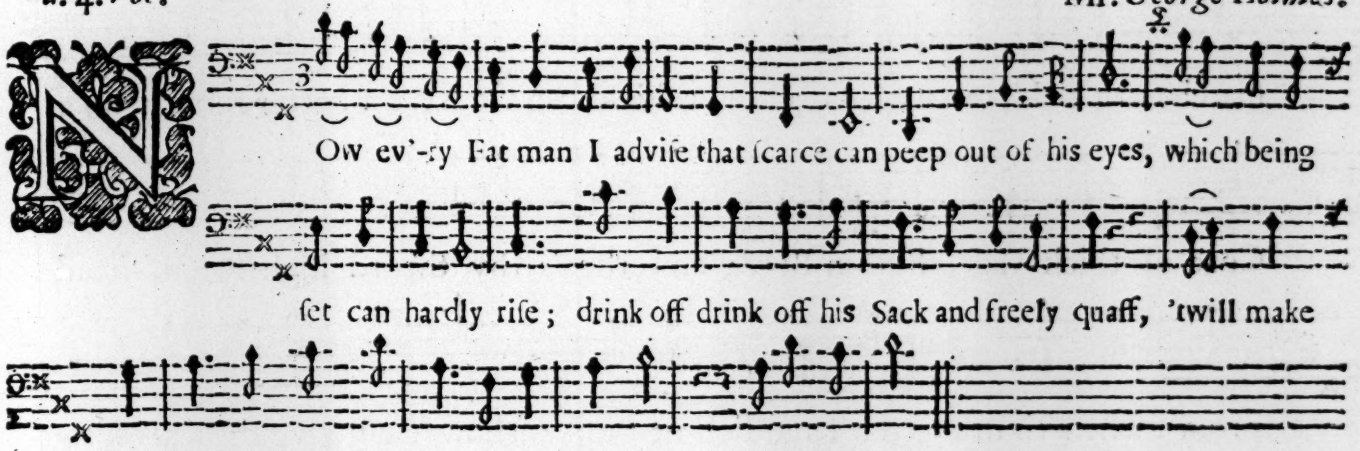


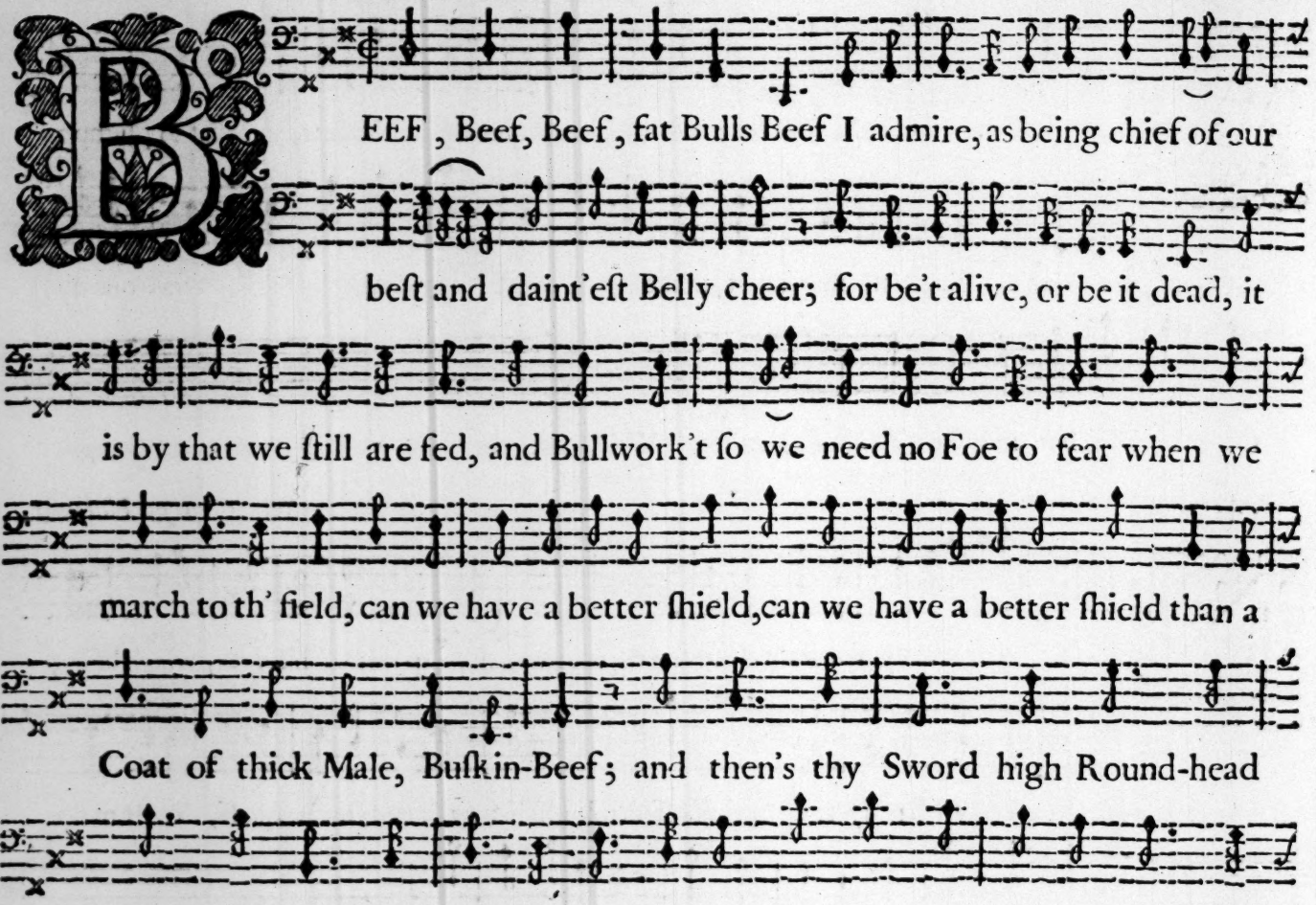
a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *John Hilton.*

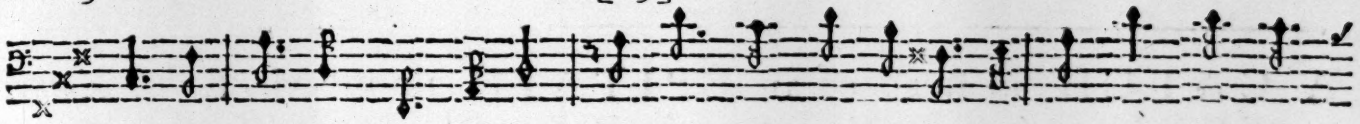




a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *George Holmes.*




BEEF, Beef, Beef, fat Bulls Beef I admire, as being chief of our
beſt and daint'eſt Belly cheer; for be't alive, or be it dead, it
is by that we ſtill are fed, and Bullwork't ſo we need no Foe to fear when we
march to th' field, can we have a better ſhield, can we have a better ſhield than a
Coat of thick Male, Buſkin-Beef; and then's thy Sword high Round-head
proof, when 'tis drawn out from Belt of Buff, oh how 'twill give the Calves the



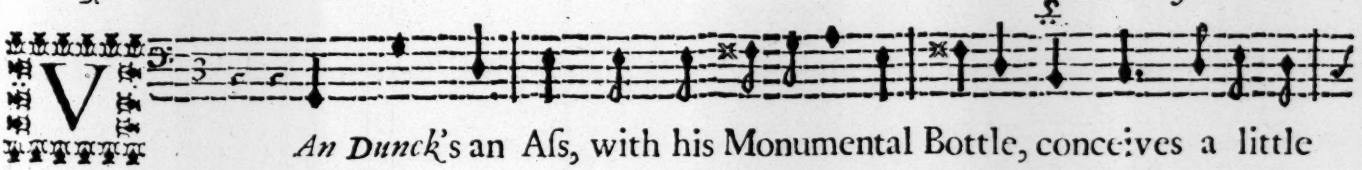
dead Cartuff, the dead Cartuff: But here's the marrow of the plot; tell's how the

Moon-calf was begot by horn-mad *Jove*, who in his fit came down full

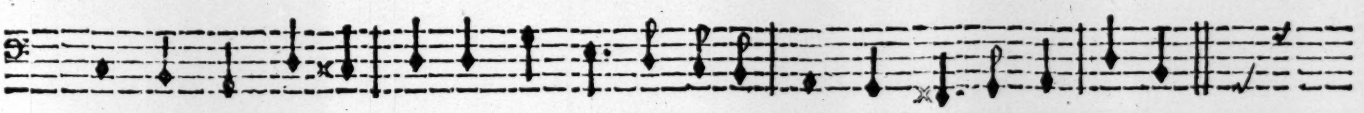
quick Sir to *Europa* the Fair, when fetter'd in her hair, he did her belly fill with

lusty Beefs Elixar.

a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *John Hilton.*



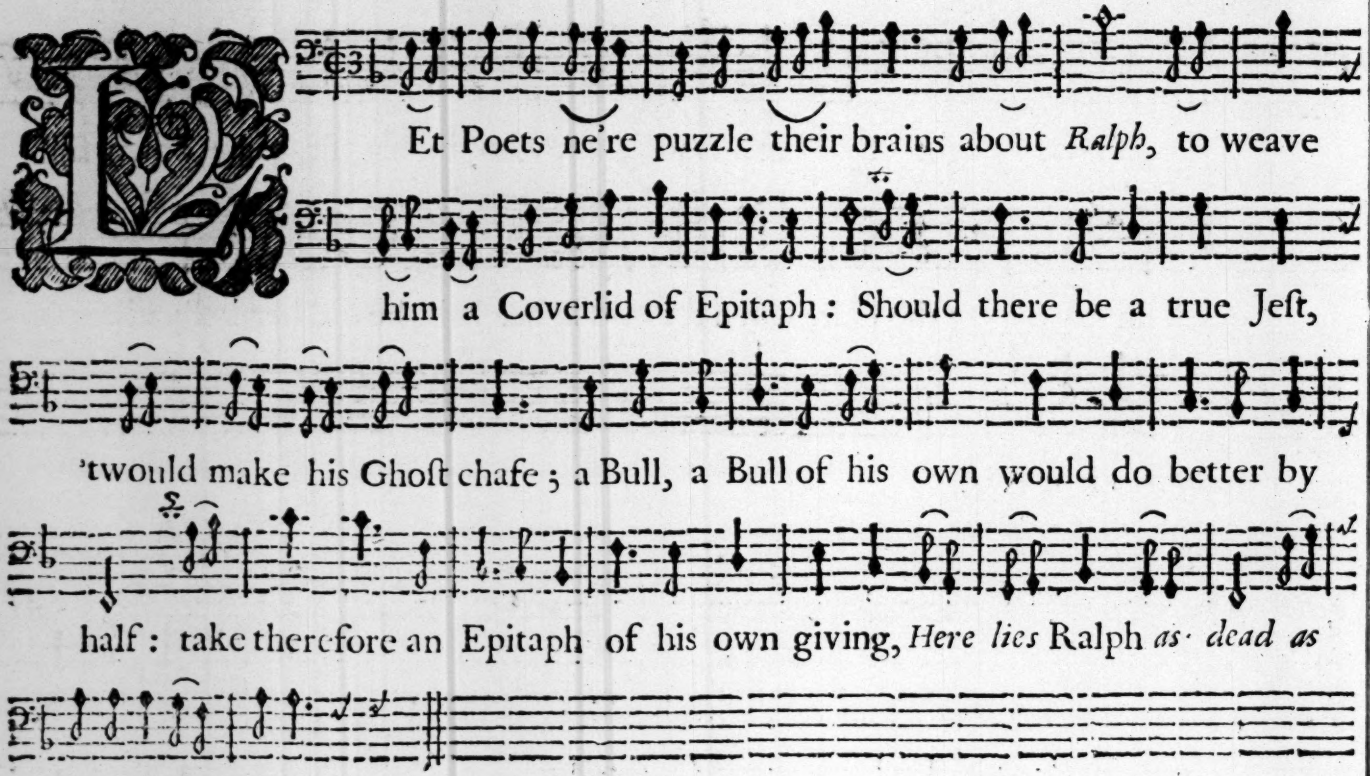
An Dunck's an Ass, with his Monumental Bottle, conceives a little

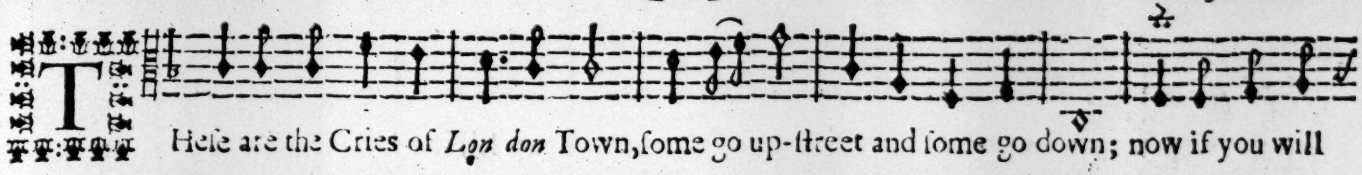


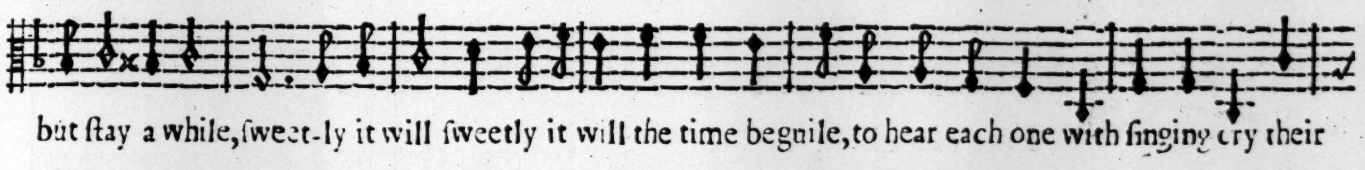
Class to hold a full Pottle; no pastime ever was like Musick and prattle. *Van.*

H2039

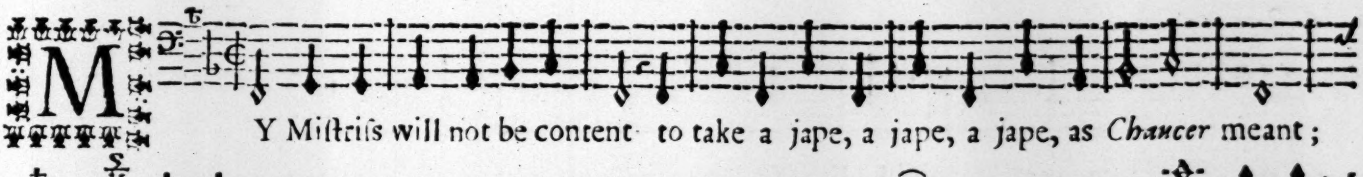
A CATCH in ſtead of an EPITAPH upon Mr. *Ralph Amner* of *Windſor*, (commonly called the *Bull-Speaker*) who dyed 1664.

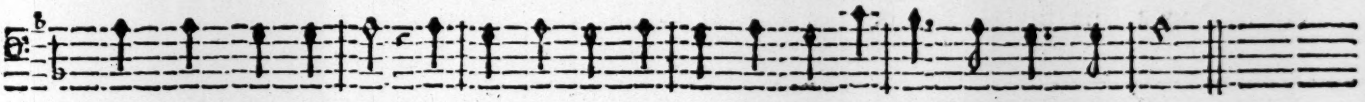






a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *White.*





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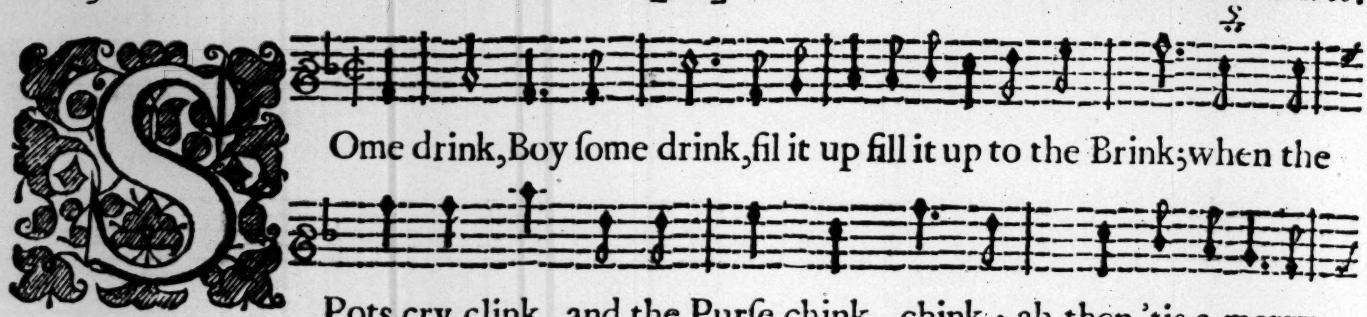
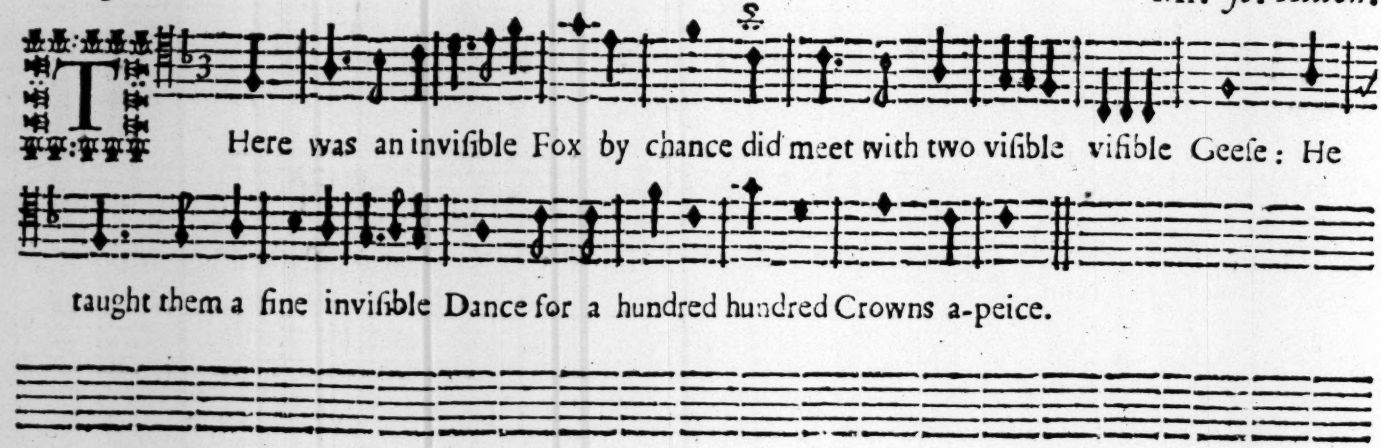
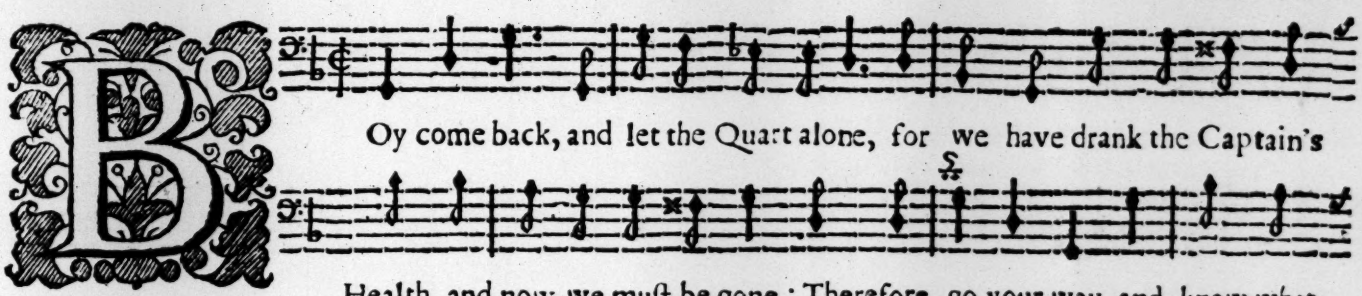
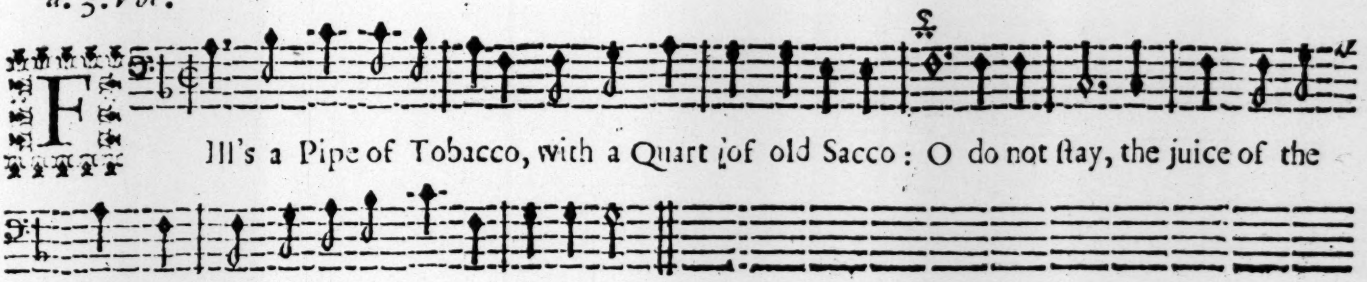


a. 3. Voc. Mr. Jo. Hilton.

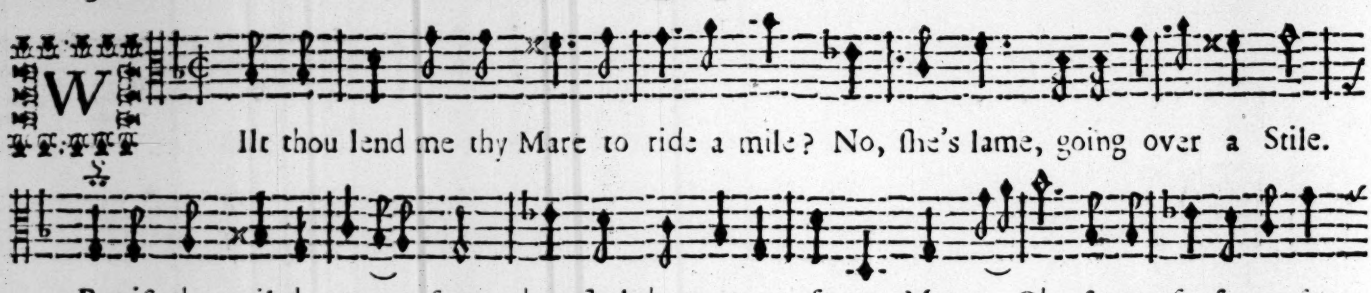



Boy come back, and let the Quart alone, for we have drank the Captain's
Health, and now we muſt be gone: Therefore go your way, and know what
is to Pay: You are too nimble Sir, too nimble at this time of the day. What, do you laugh, Sir?
See, here's my Staff, Sir, ſhall crack your crown, if you offer to go down.

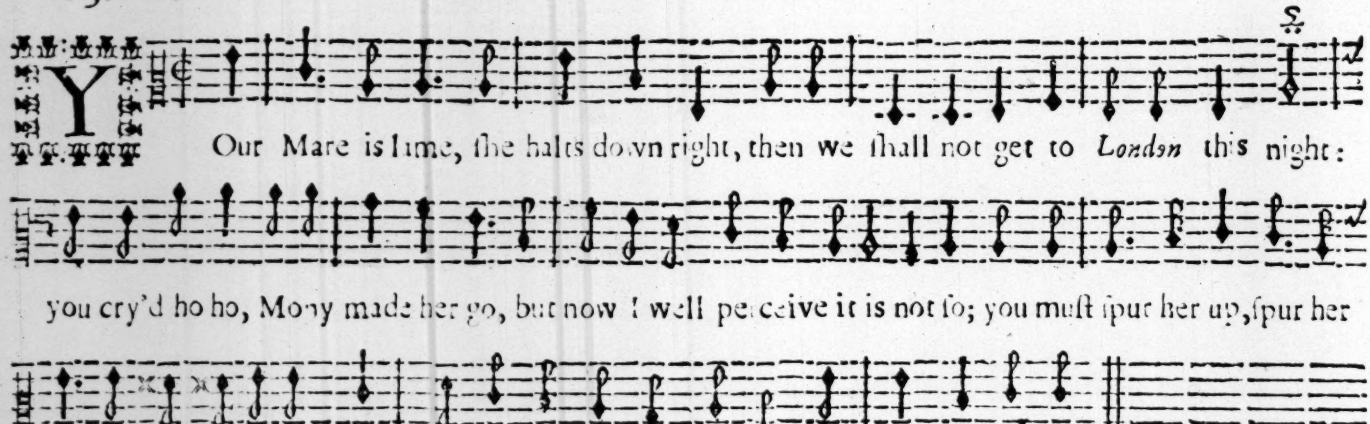
a. 3. Voc.

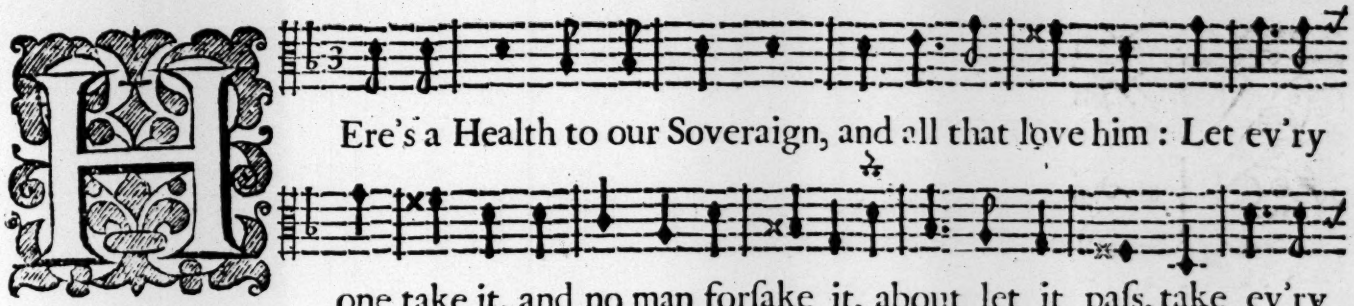

Fill's a Pipe of Tobacco, with a Quart of old Sacco: O do not ſtay, the juice of the
Malt will make us all to halt, a-way, away.

H2039

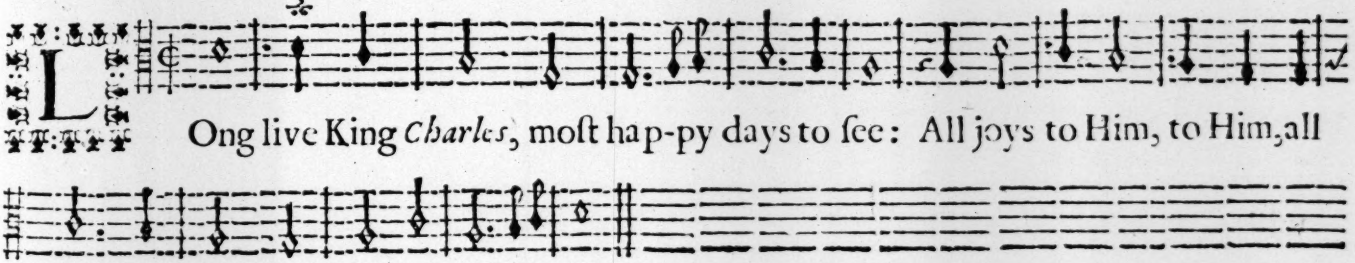

Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to ride a mile? No, she's lame, going over a Stile.
But if thou wilt her to me spare, thou shalt have money for my Mare. Oh, say ye so, say ye so,
money will make my Mare to go, money will make my Mare to go Wilt thou, &c.

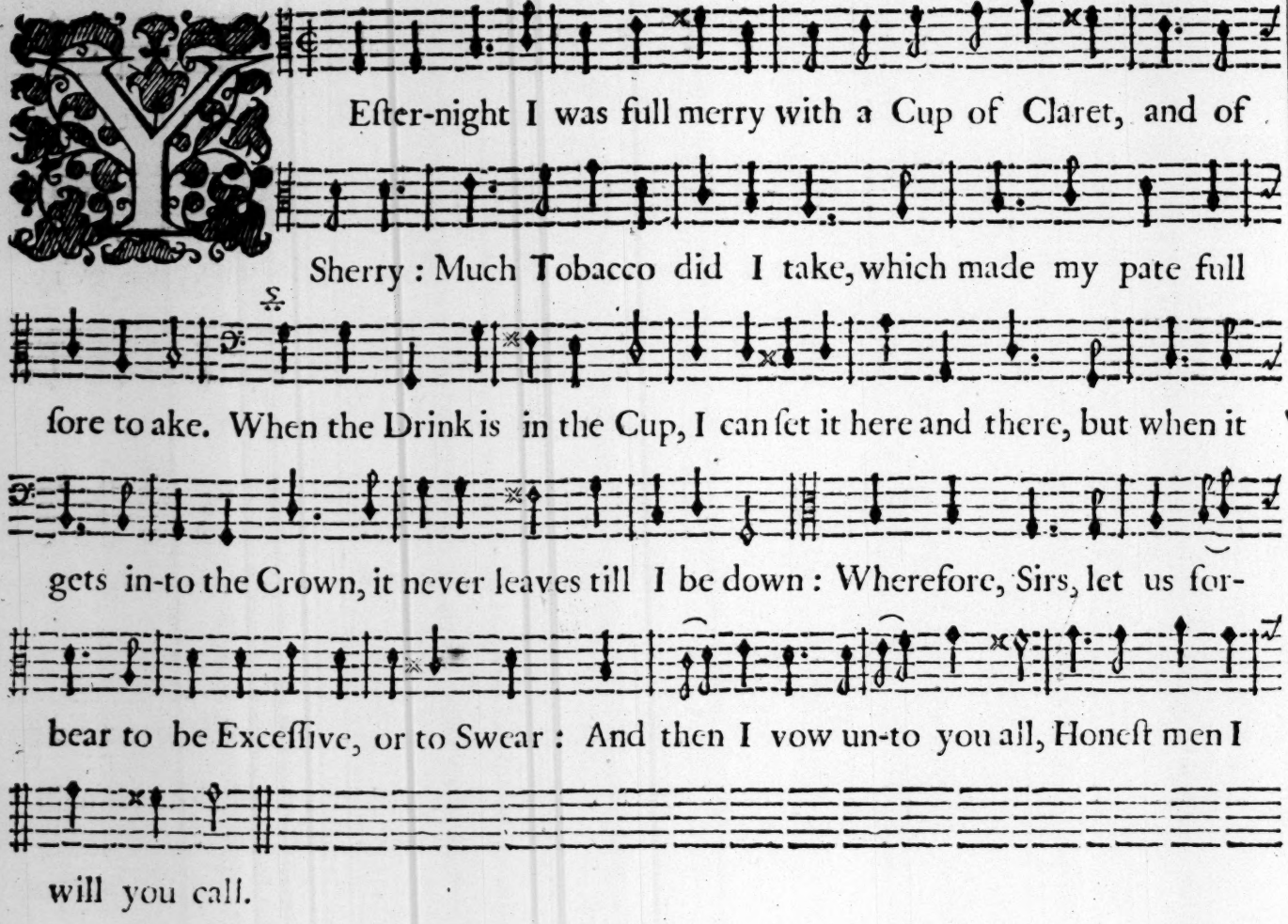
a. 3. Voc.

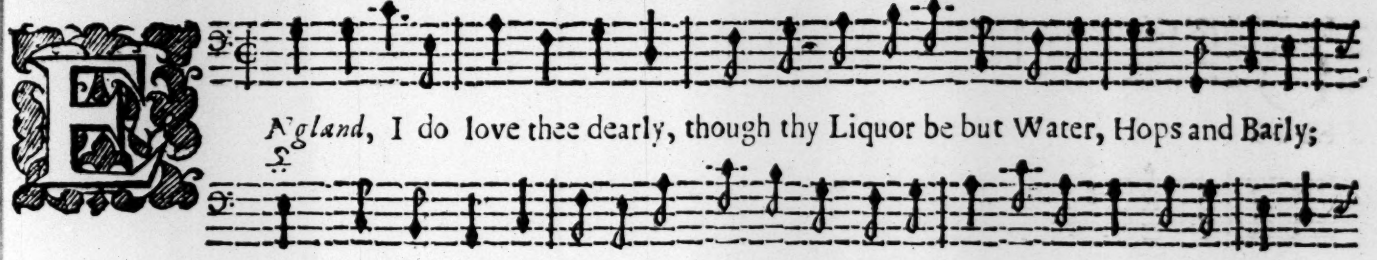

Our Mare is lame, she halts down right, then we shall not get to London this night:
you cry'd ho ho, Mony made her go, but now I well perceive it is not so; you must spur her up, spur her
up, and put her to it; though Money will not make her go, your Spurs will do it.



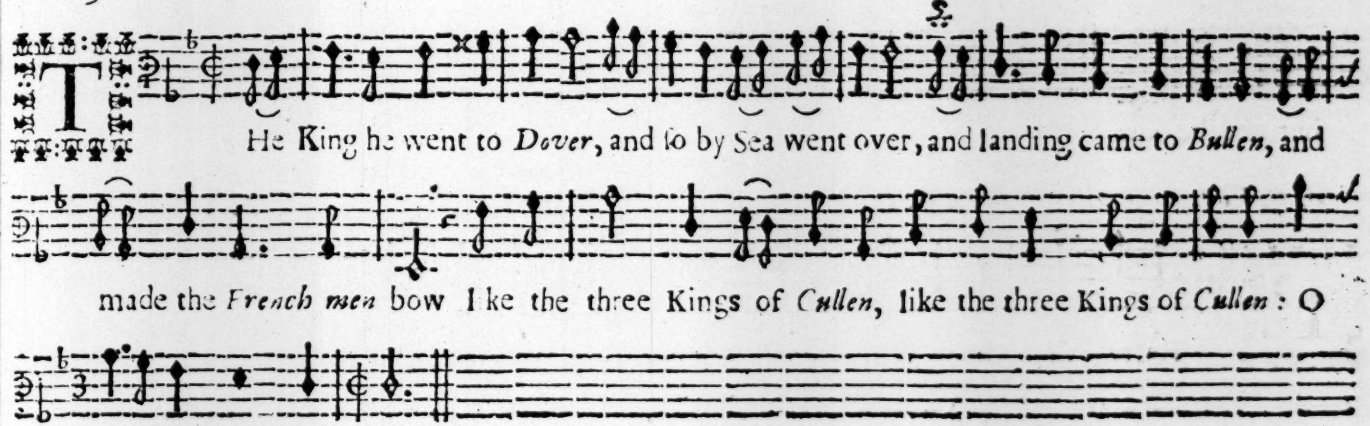
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the* 5. *&* 8. *the middle part begins.*

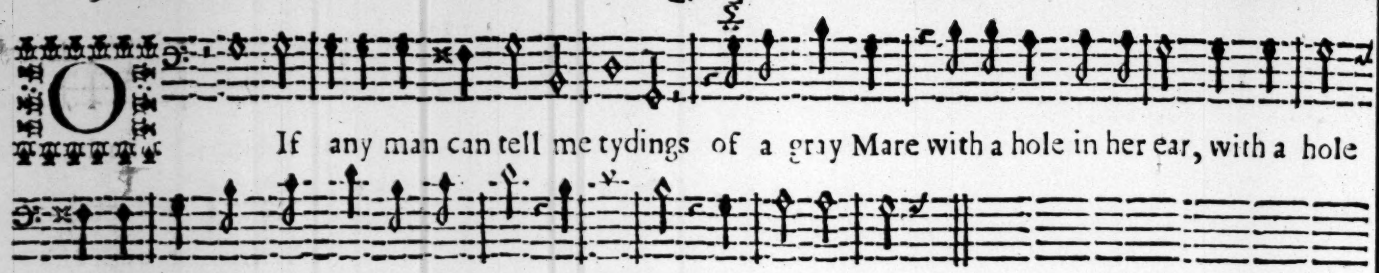



Yester-night I was full merry with a Cup of Claret, and of
Sherry: Much Tobacco did I take, which made my pate full
sore to ake. When the Drink is in the Cup, I can set it here and there, but when it
gets in-to the Crown, it never leaves till I be down: Wherefore, Sirs, let us for-
bear to be Excessive, or to Swear: And then I vow un-to you all, Honest men I
will you call.

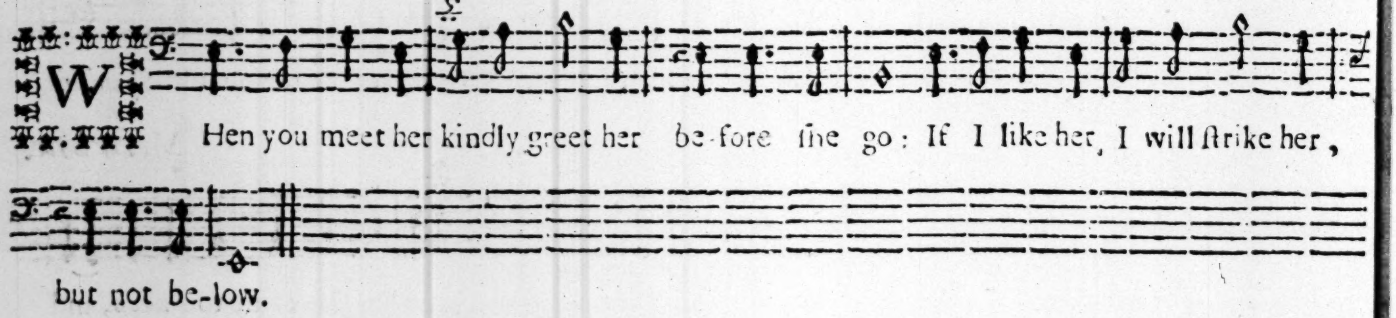


a. 3. Voc. Mr. White.

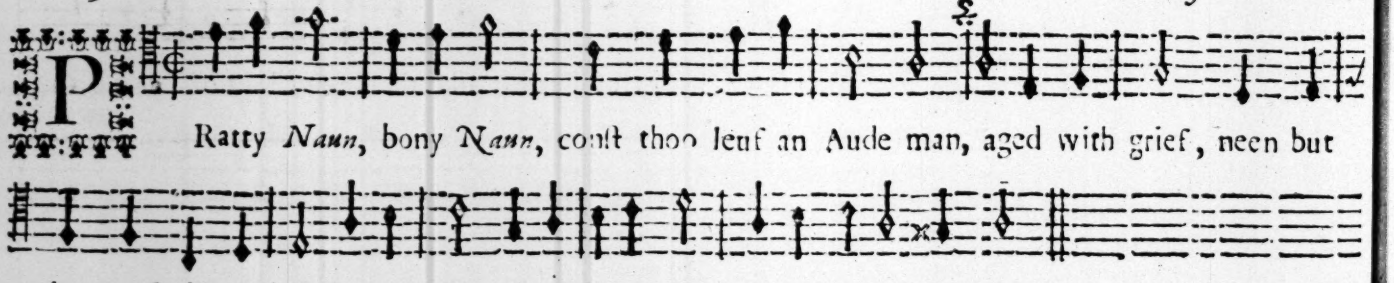


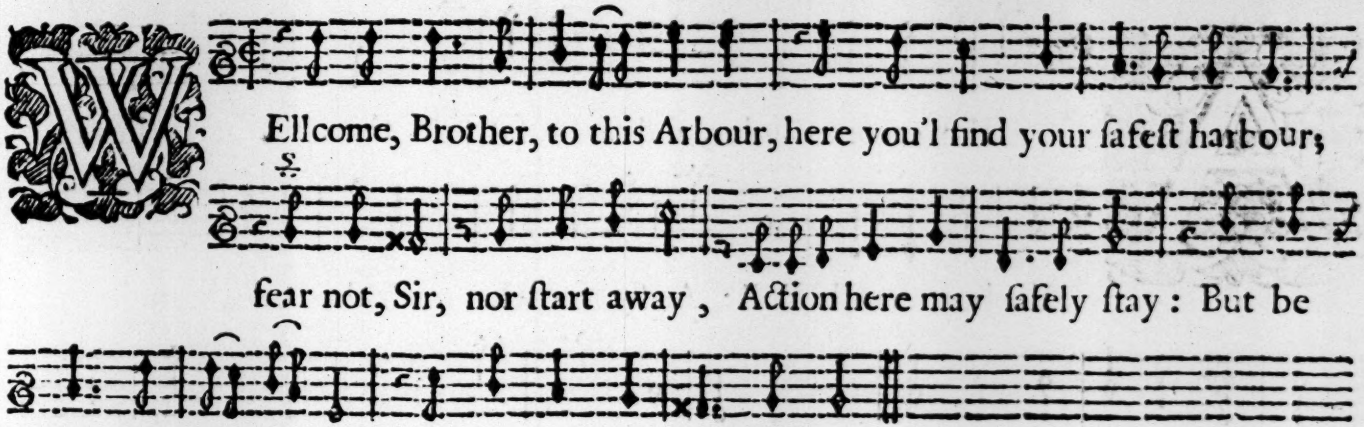


a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *White.*

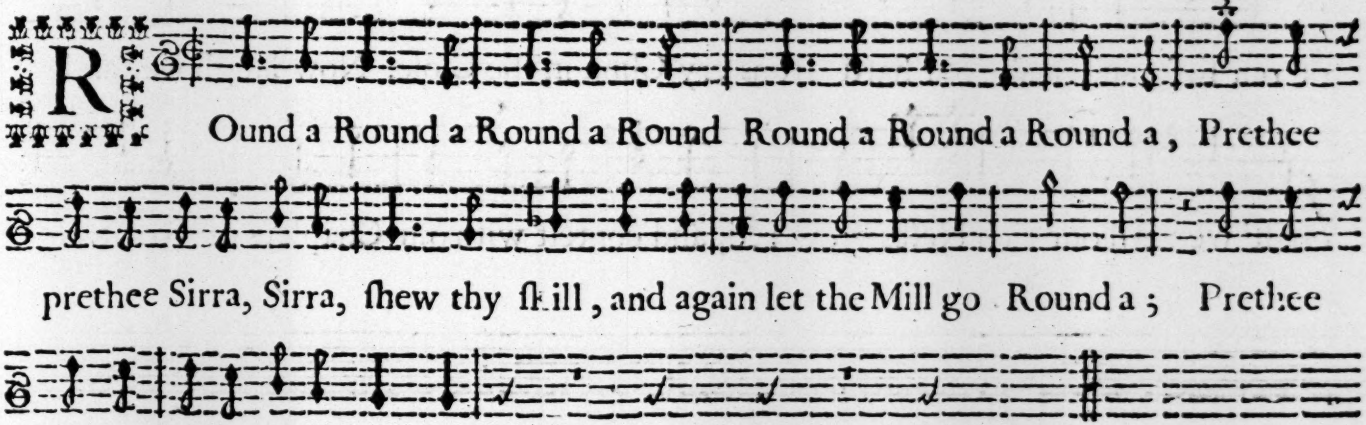


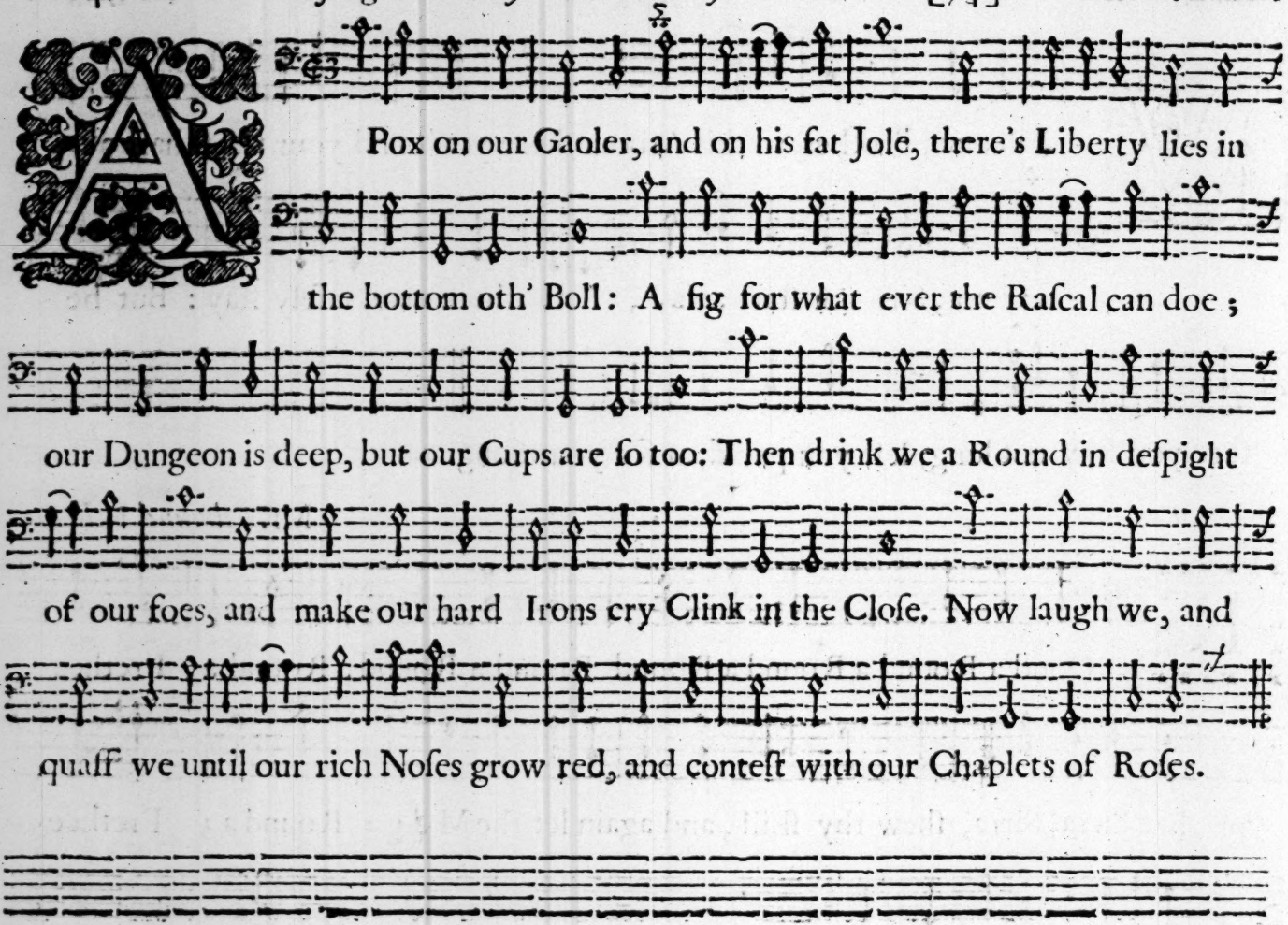
a. 3. *Voc.* *A Northern Catch.* Mr. *John Hilton.*

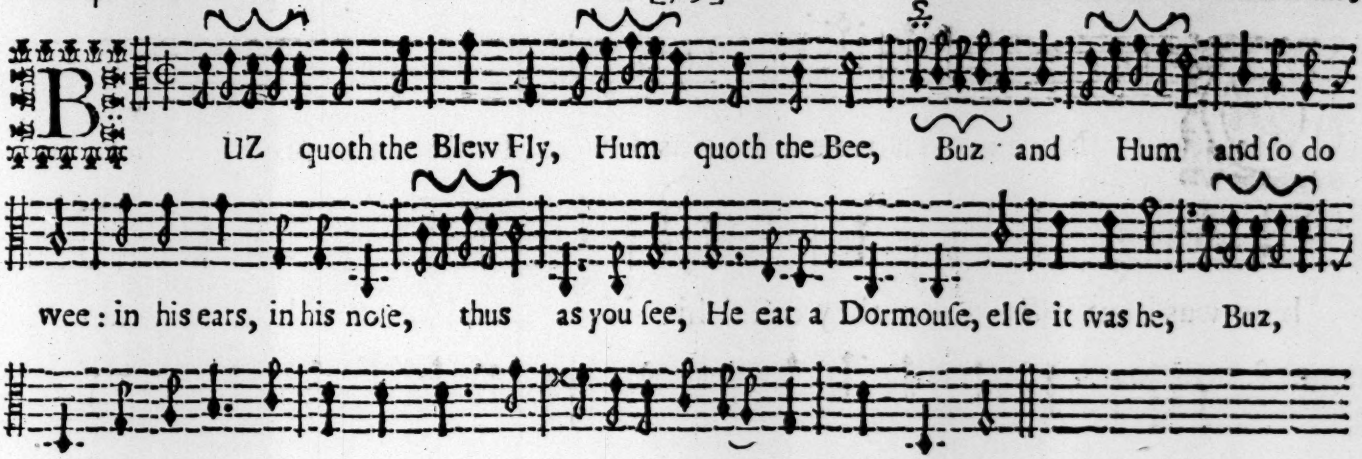




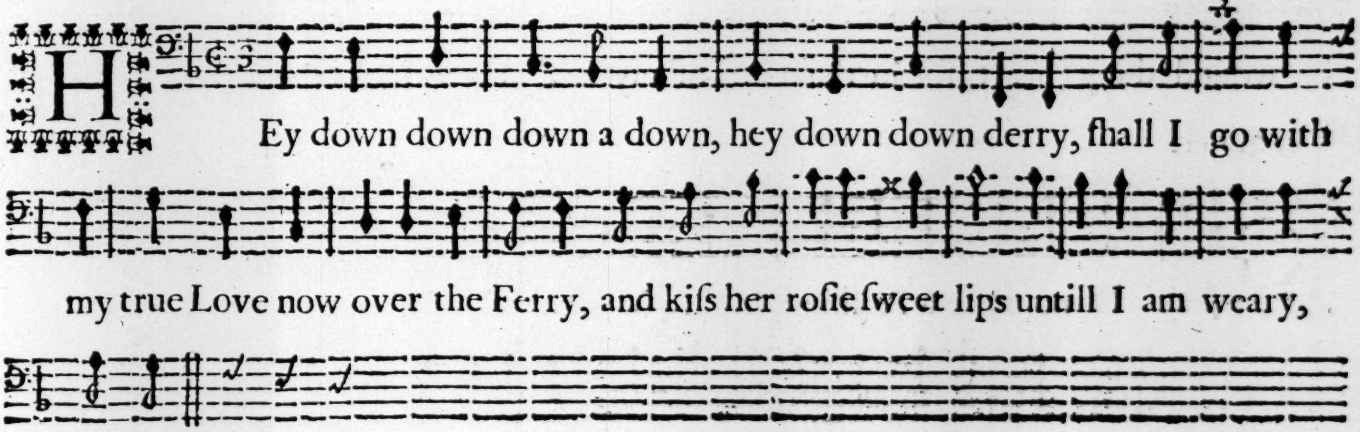
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*

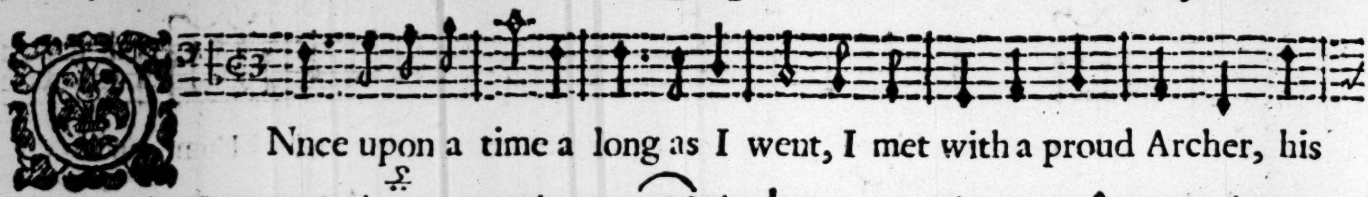



A Pox on our Gaoler, and on his fat Jole, there's Liberty lies in
the bottom oth' Boll: A fig for what ever the Raſcal can doe;
our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too: Then drink we a Round in deſpight
of our foes, and make our hard Irons cry Clink in the Cloſe. Now laugh we, and
quaff we until our rich Noſes grow red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Roſes.

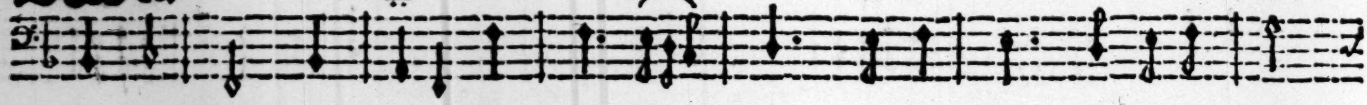


a. 3. Voc. Mr. Edmund Nelham.

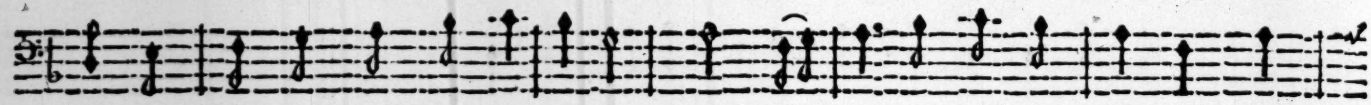




ONnce upon a time a long as I went, I met with a proud Archer, his



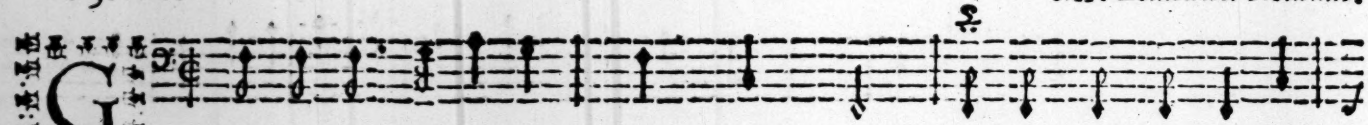
bow was bent, *Blind Cupid* they call'd his Name, and he prov'd the very ſame;



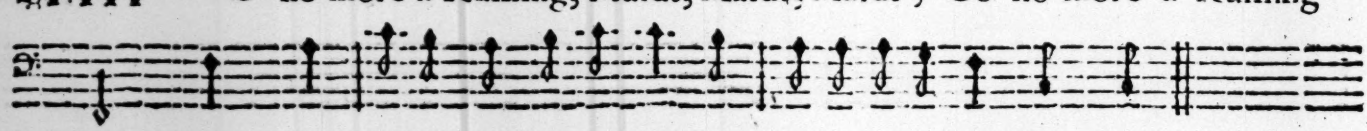
for the Maidens cry'd, Away, fie for ſhame, put up thy Bow and Arrows, thou'ſt

wounded my heart, for in the midſt of my body there ſticks the Dart.

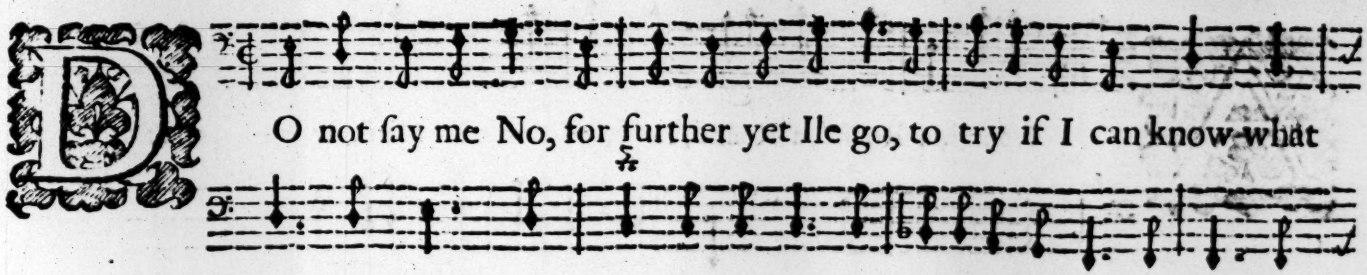
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



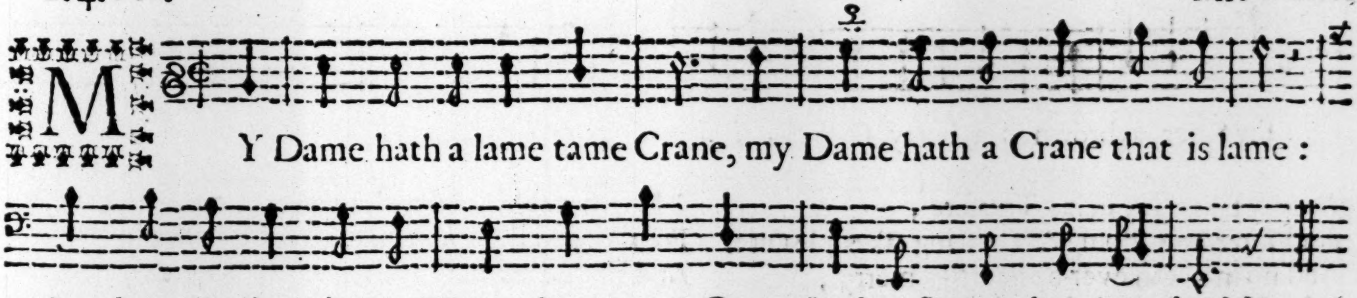
GO no more a Ruſhing, Maids, Maids, Maids; Go no more a Ruſhing

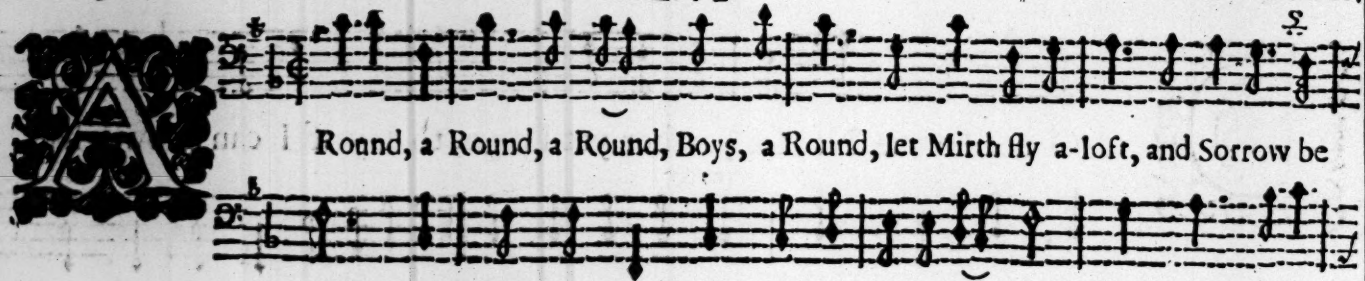


Maids, Maids; O! go no more a Ruſhing for fear of over Puſhing, O!

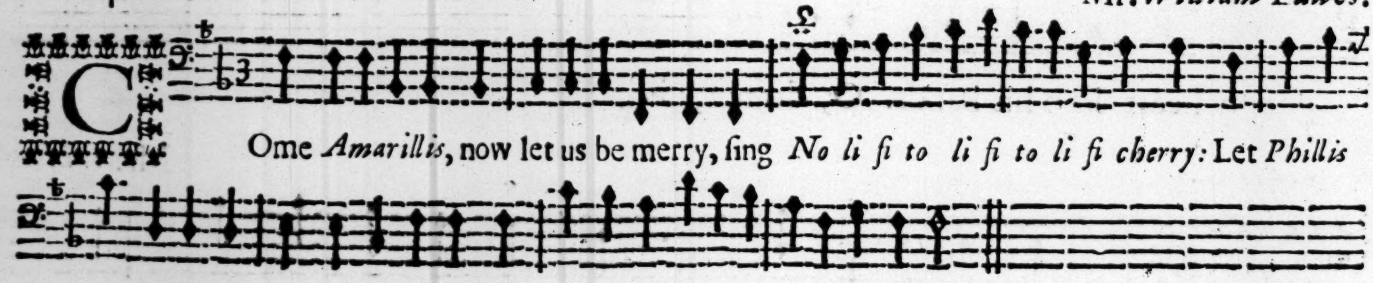


a. 4. Voc. Mr. White.



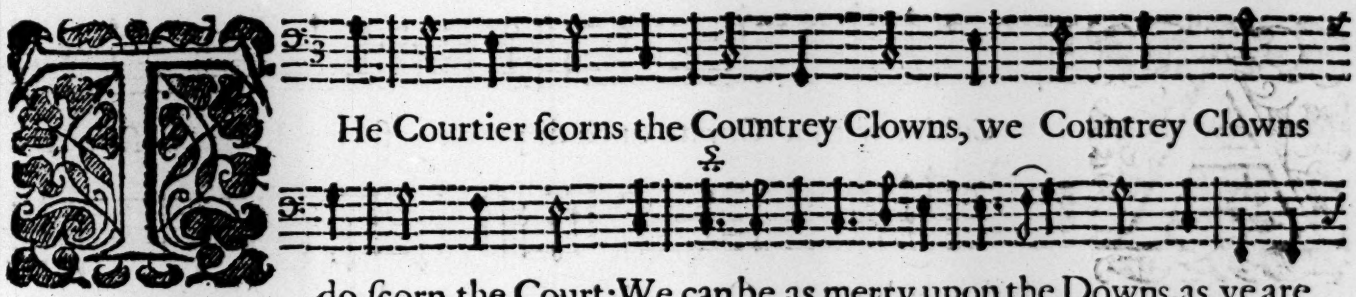


a. 4. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.

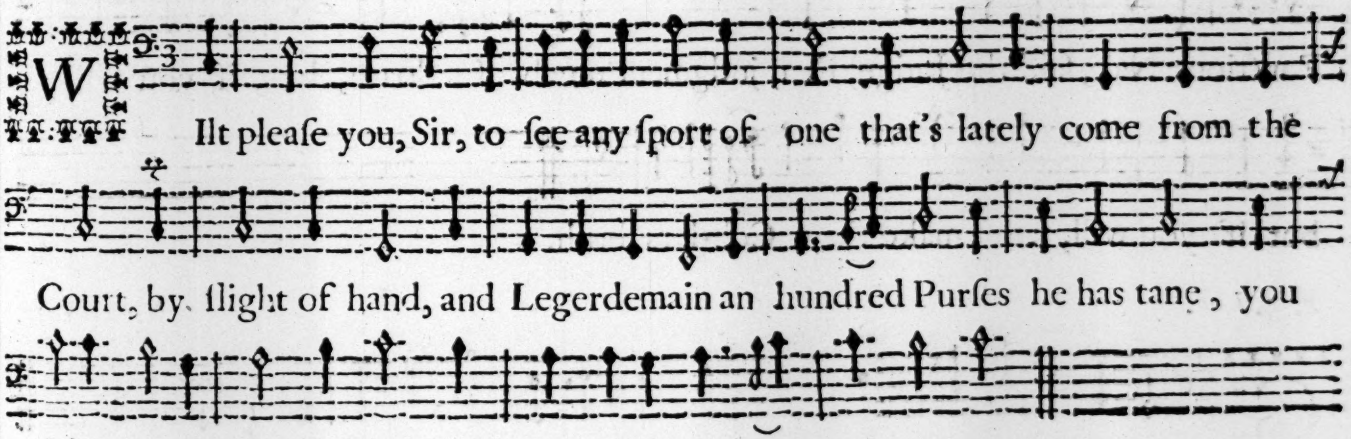


Damon takes Joy in his Treasure,
And *Titerus* in Piping & Dancing takes pleasure:
And no man can ever be heartily merry,
But *No li si to li si to li si cherry.*

Ploughs would stand still, the world would soon perish:
For thee and thy *Phillis* there's no man would cherish;
And Shepherds would of their Flocks quickly be weary,
But *No li si to li si to li si cherry.*



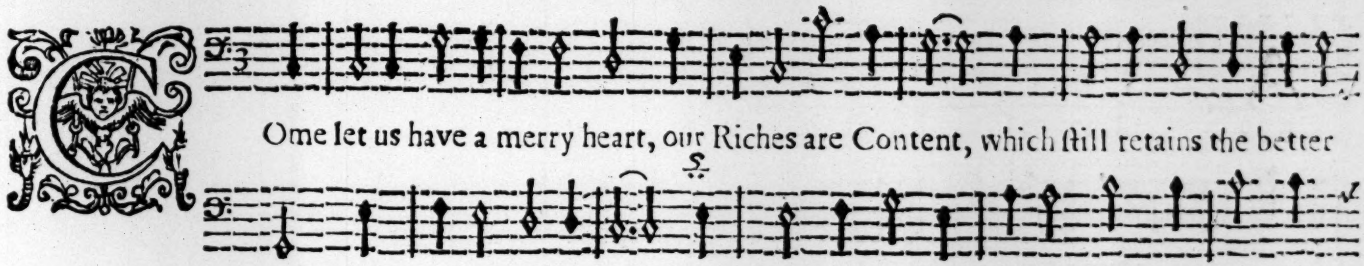
a. 3. Voc. Mr. White.



A Cobler with a Curate once disputed before a Judge, before a Judge a-bout the Queens Injunctions; and seeing still the Curate was confuted, one said 'twere good, one said 'twere good that they two changed Functions: Nay, said the Judge, that judgment much I loath, but, if you will, but if you will, wee'l make them Cob-lers both.

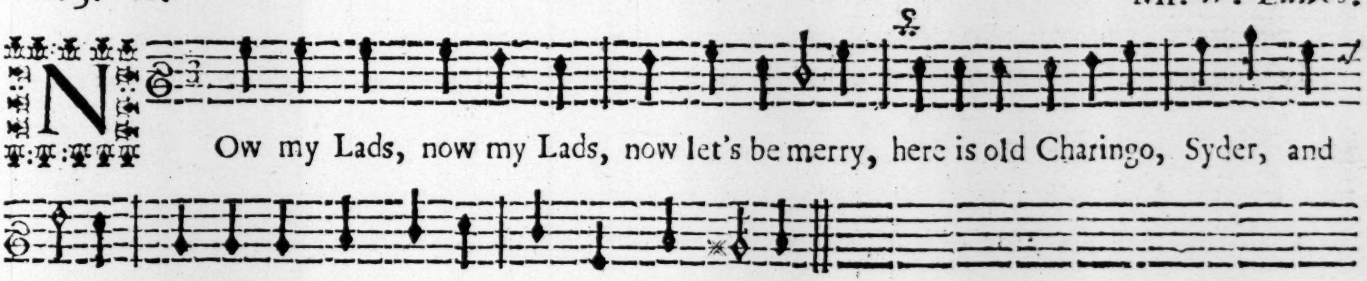
a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *White.*

GReat *Tom* is Cast, and *Christ church* Bells ring *one, two, three, four, five, six*, and *Tom* comes last.

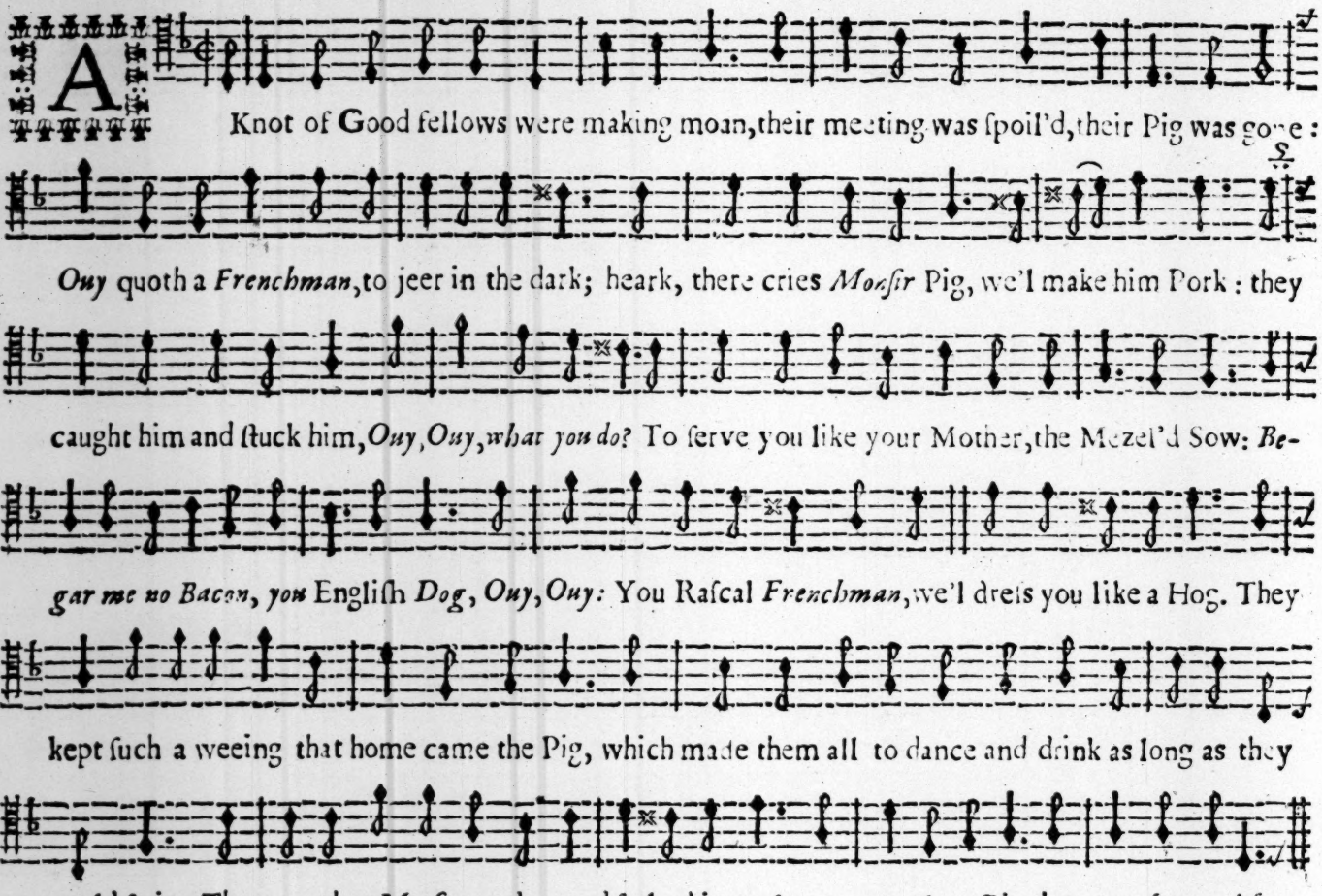


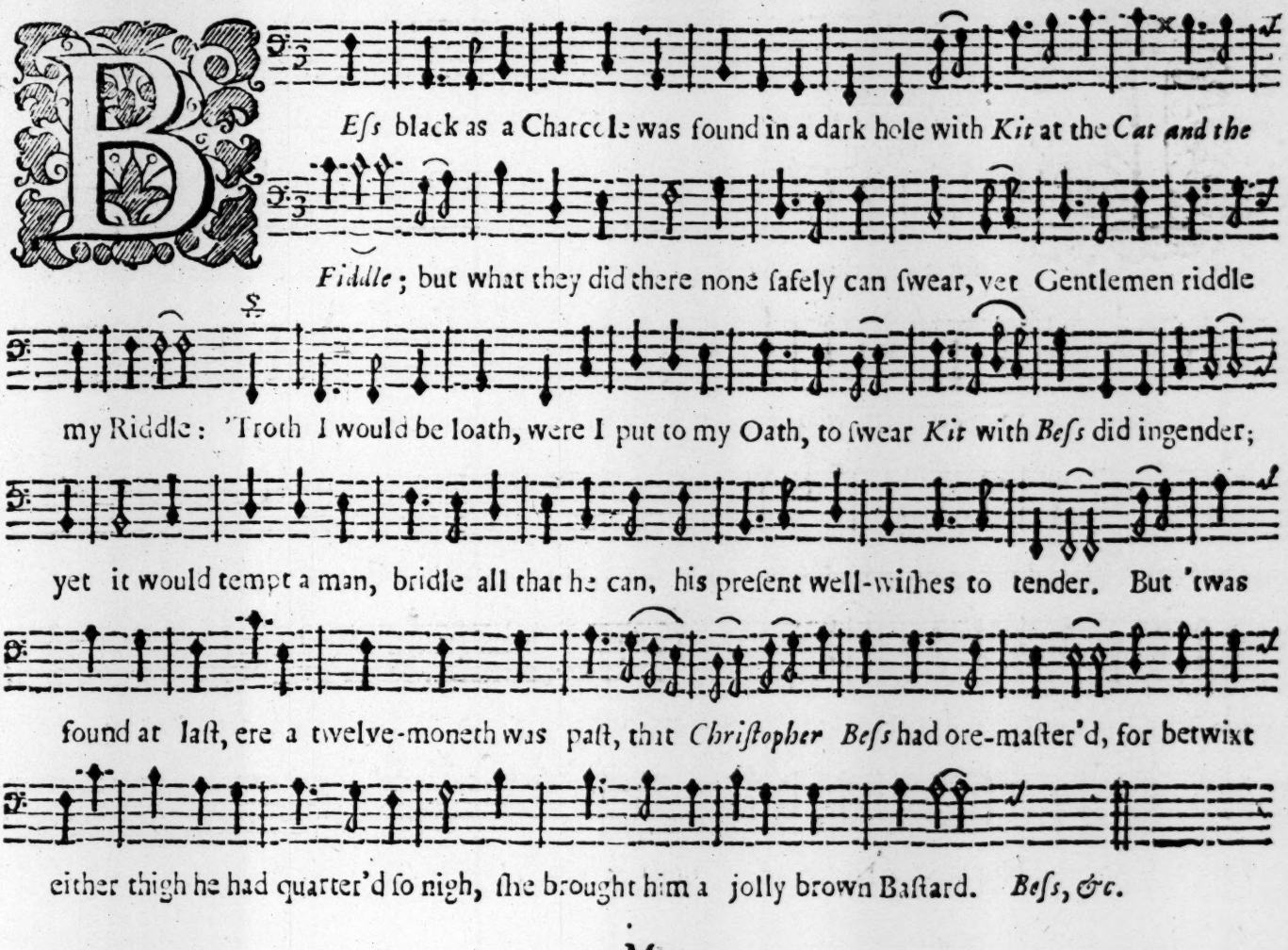
COme let us have a merry heart, our Riches are Content, which ſtill retains the better part, though other pelf be ſpent: The Birds can ſing with merry glee, not knowing where to feed; but eat and ſing, and ſing and eat enough is all they need: Why ſhould not we as merry be content to drink and ſing, and like the Airy Choriſters, make all the welkin Ring?

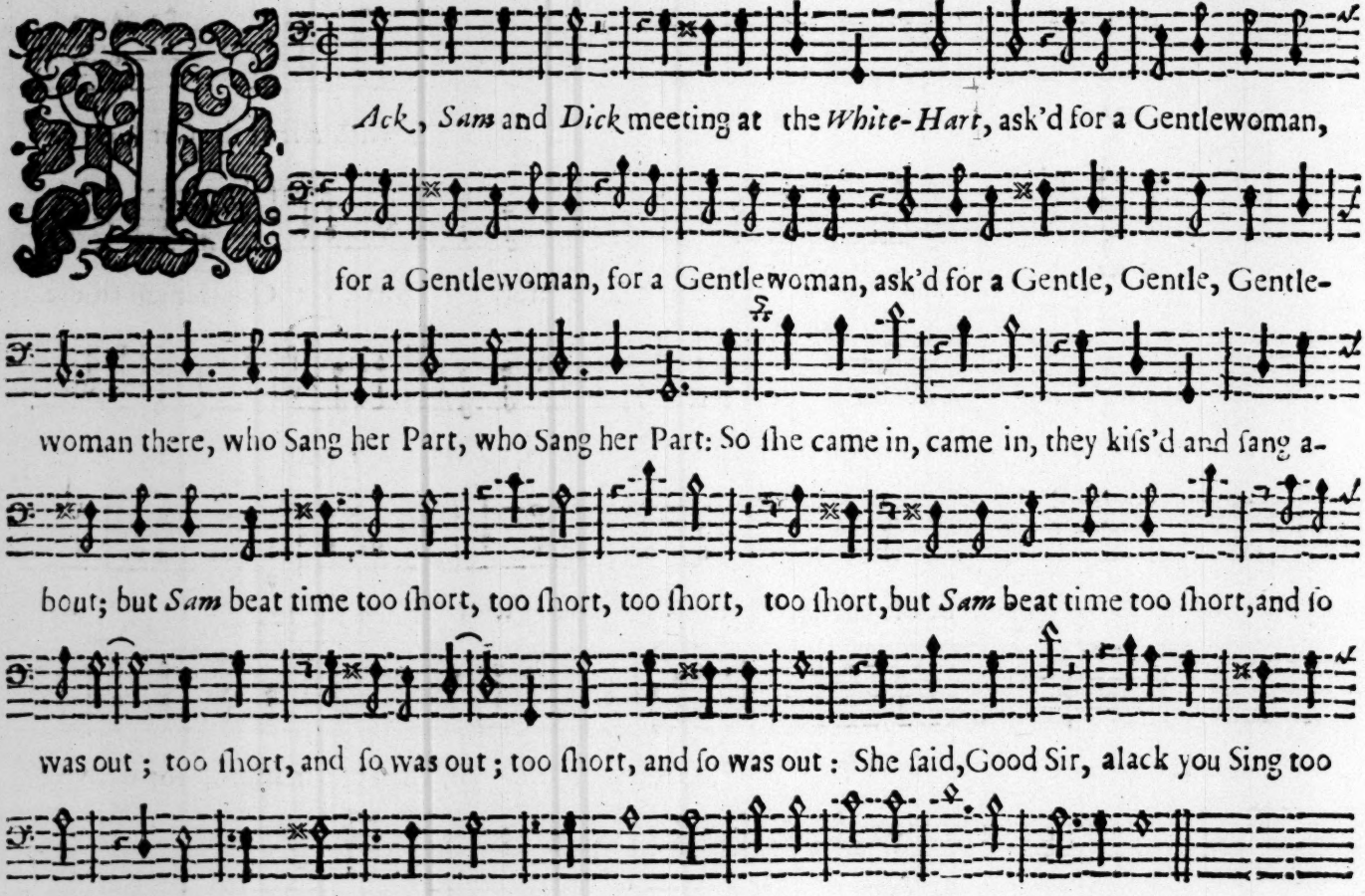
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *W. Lawes.*

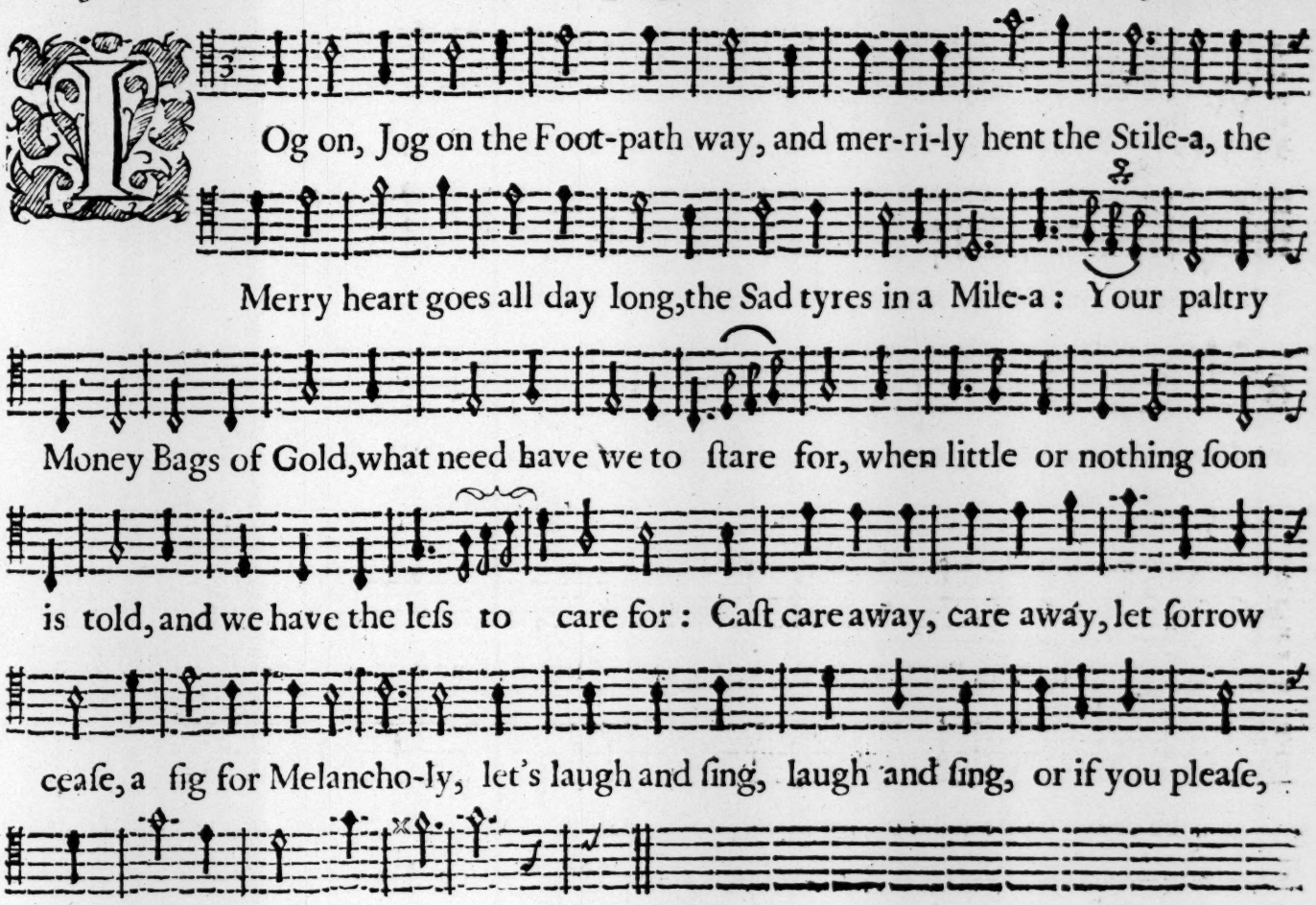


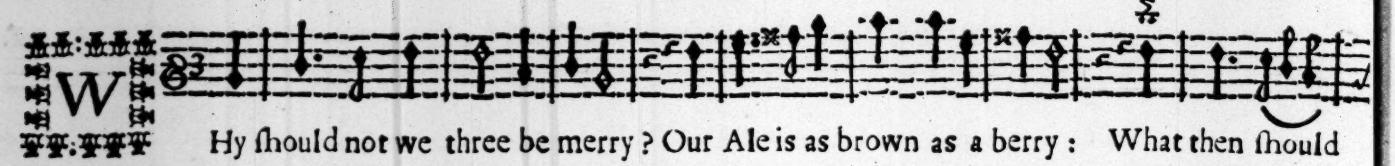
NOw my Lads, now my Lads, now let's be merry, here is old Charingo, Syder, and Perry: Then let us Dance and Sing hey down down derry.

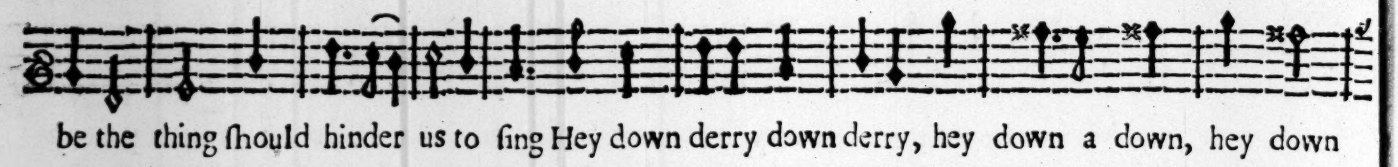

A Knot of Good fellows were making moan, their meeting was ſpoil'd, their Pig was gone:
Ouy quoth a Frenchman, to jeer in the dark; heark, there cries Monſir Pig, we'l make him Pork: they
caught him and ſtuck him, Ouy, Ouy, what you do? To ſerve you like your Mother, the Mezel'd Sow: Be-
gar me no Bacon, you Engliſh Dog, Ouy, Ouy: You Raſcal Frenchman, we'l dreſs you like a Hog. They
kept ſuch a weeing that home came the Pig, which made them all to dance and drink as long as they
could ſwig: They cry the Monſir pardon, and ſo let him paſs, no more for a Pig, but now for an Aſs.


Eſs black as a Charcole was found in a dark hole with Kit at the Cat and the
Fiddle; but what they did there none ſafely can ſwear, yet Gentlemen riddle
my Riddle: 'Troth I would be loath, were I put to my Oath, to ſwear Kit with Beſs did ingender;
yet it would tempt a man, bridle all that he can, his preſent well-wiſhes to tender. But 'twas
found at laſt, ere a twelve-moneth was paſt, that Chriſtopher Beſs had ore-maſter'd, for betwixt
either thigh he had quarter'd ſo nigh, ſhe brought him a jolly brown Baſtard. Beſs, &c.

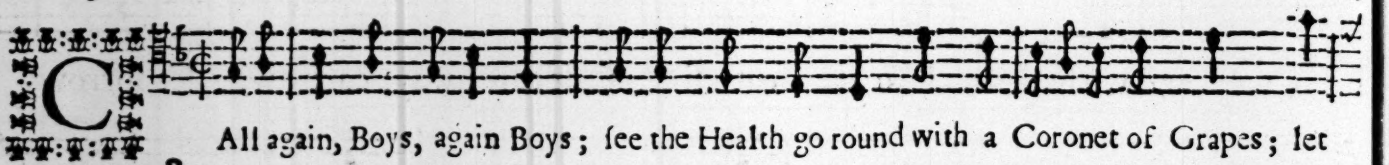

Jack, Sam and Dick meeting at the White-Hart, ask'd for a Gentlewoman,
for a Gentlewoman, for a Gentlewoman, ask'd for a Gentle, Gentle, Gentle-
woman there, who Sang her Part, who Sang her Part: So she came in, came in, they kiss'd and sang a-
bout; but Sam beat time too short, too short, too short, too short, but Sam beat time too short, and so
was out; too short, and so was out; too short, and so was out: She said, Good Sir, alack you Sing too
fast, hold out your Notes, your Notes, your Notes yet longer, longer, longer, now at last.

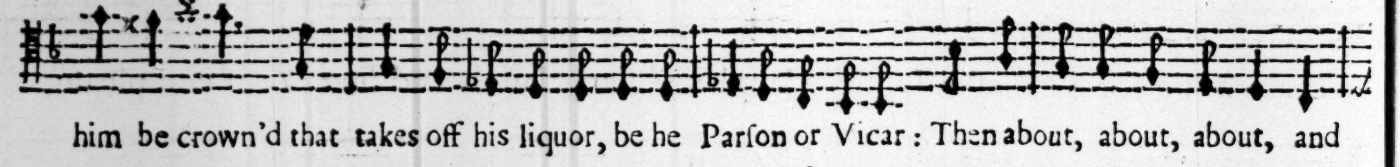

Jog on, Jog on the Foot-path way, and mer-ri-ly hent the Stile-a, the
Merry heart goes all day long, the Sad tyres in a Mile-a : Your paltry
Money Bags of Gold, what need have we to ſtare for, when little or nothing ſoon
is told, and we have the leſs to care for : Caſt care away, care away, let ſorrow
ceaſe, a fig for Melancho-ly, let's laugh and ſing, laugh and ſing, or if you pleaſe,
wee'l frolick with ſweet *Molly*. Jog on, *&c.*

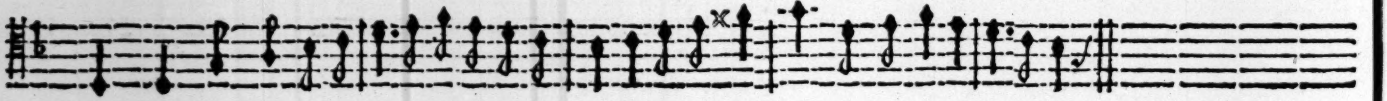


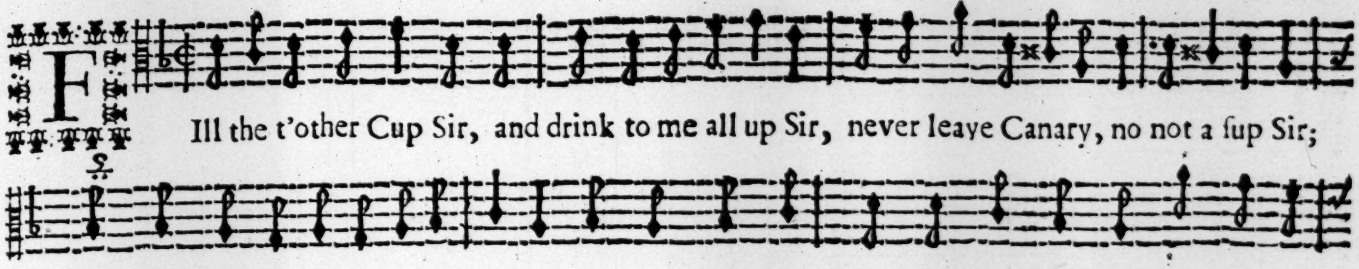


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Thomas Brewer.*

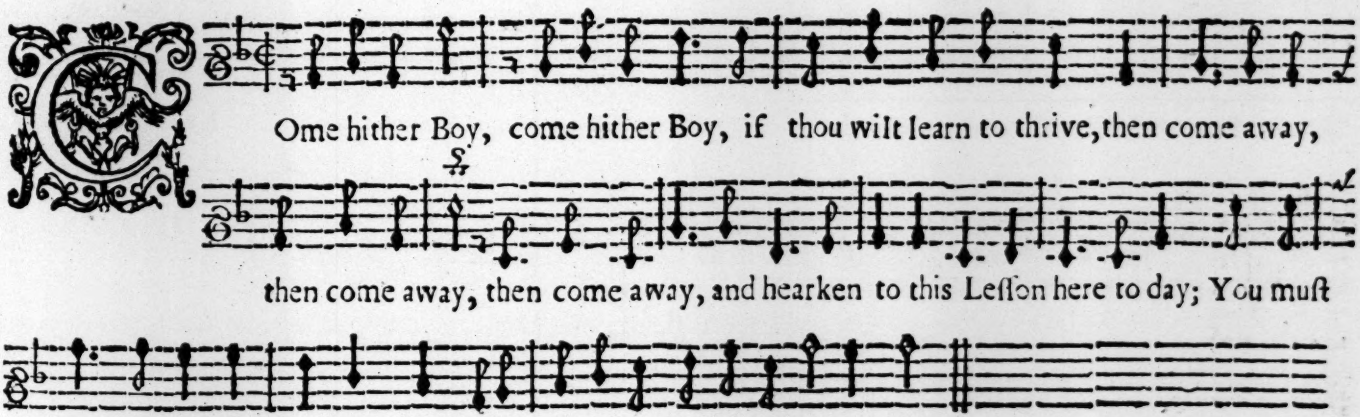


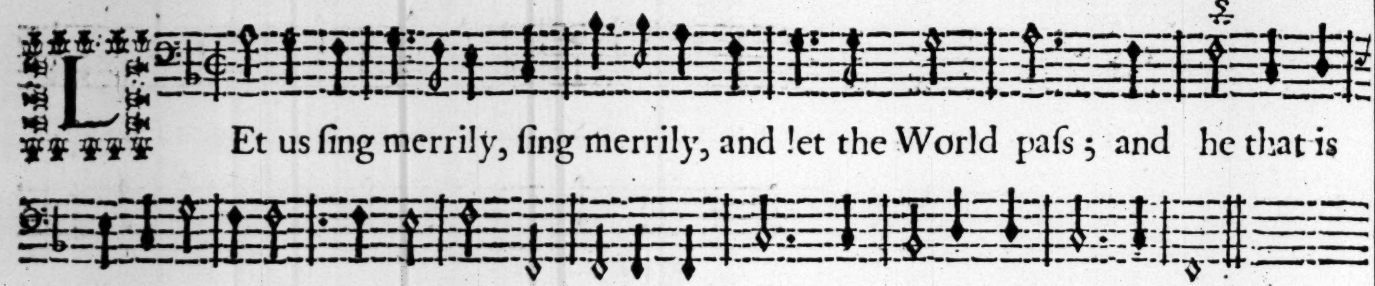




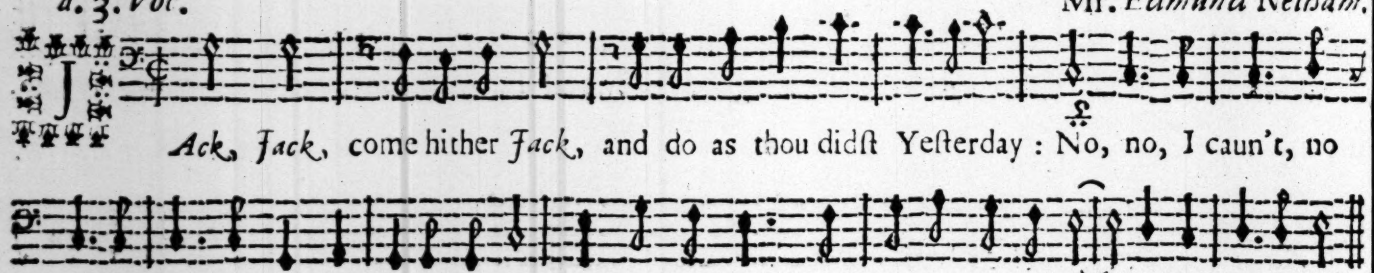


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*

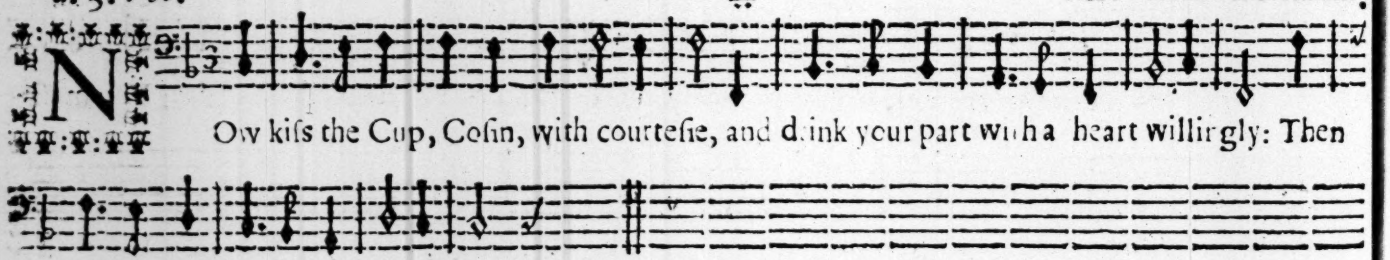




a. 3. Voc. Mr. Edmund Nelham.

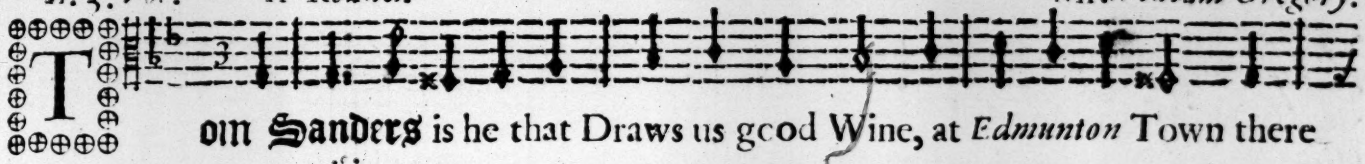


a. 3. Voc. Mr. Edmund Nelham.



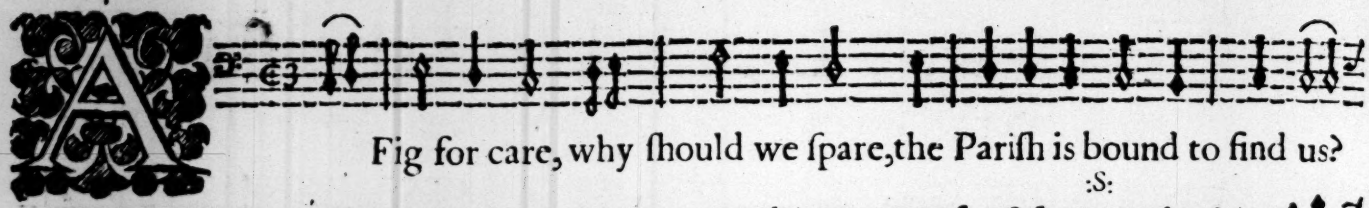
Here endeth the Book of ROUNDS *and* CATCHES.

A. 3. Voc. *A Round.* Mr. *William Gregory.*

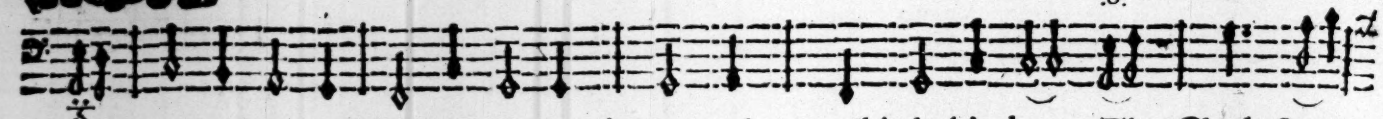


A. 3. Voc. *A Round.* Mr. *Sym. Ives.*

A. 4. Voc.



A Fig for care, why ſhould we ſpare, the Pariſh is bound to find us?



for thou and I and all muſt dye, and leave the world behind us: The Clerk ſhall

ſing, the Bells ſhall Ring, and the old the old Wives wind us: Sir *John* ſhall lay our

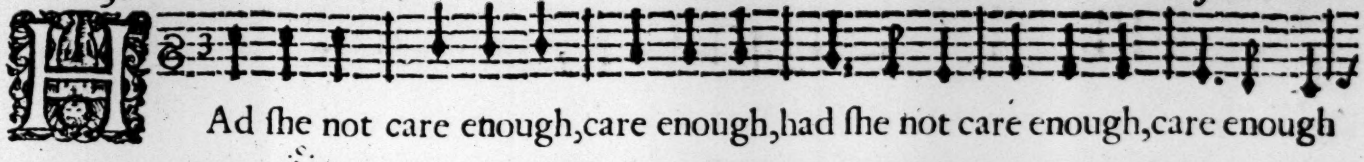
bones in Clay where no body means to find us. A, *&c.*

A. 4. Voc. *The Watchmans Catch.*

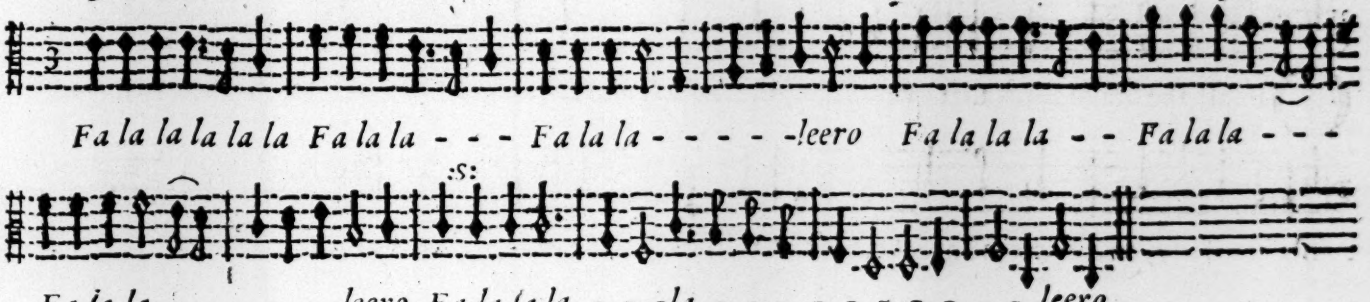
WIth Lanthorn on Stall at Treetrip we play, for Ale, Cheeſe, and Pudding, until it

be day, & for our Breakfaſt after long ſitting, we ſteal a ſtreet Pig o'th' Conſtables gitting

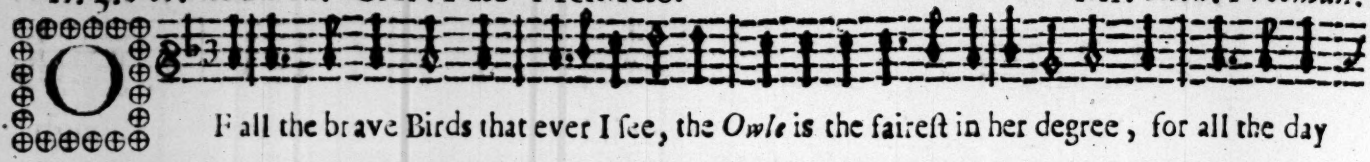
A. 3. Voc. *A Round.* Mr. *Jer. Savile.*



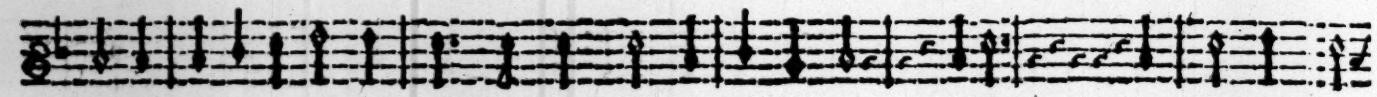
A. 3. Voc. *A Round Saraband.* Mr. *Sym. Ives.*



A. 3. Voc. A Catch. CANTUS PRIMUS. Mr. *Nich. Freeman.*



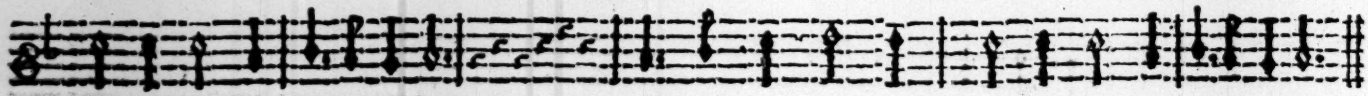
O F all the brave Birds that ever I ſee, the *Owle* is the faireſt in her degree, for all the day



long ſhe ſits in a Tree, and when the night comes away flies ſhe. Te whoo, Sir Knave to thou:

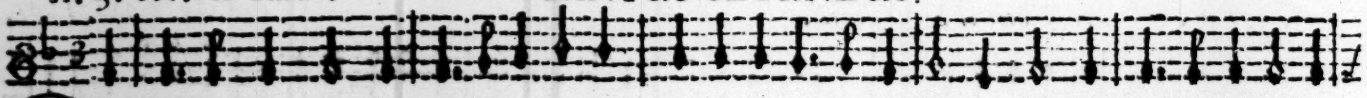
:S:

This Song is well ſung, I make you a vow, and he is a Knave that drinketh now. Noſe, noſe, noſe, noſe, &



who gave thee that jolly red Noſe? Nutmegs and Cloves, and that gave me this jolly red Noſe.

A. 3. voc. A Catch. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



O F all the brave Birds that ever I ſee, the *Owle* is the faireſt in her degree, for all the day long ſhe

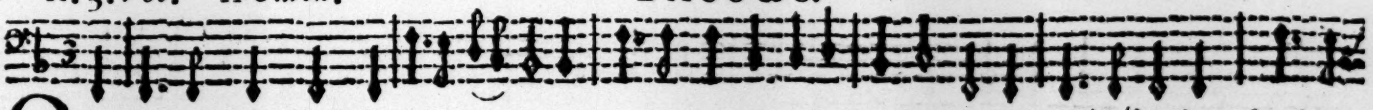
:S:

ſits in a Tree, and when the night comes away flies ſhe. Te whit, to whom drinks thou. This

Song is well ſung, I make you a vow, and he is a Knave that drinketh now. Noſe, noſe, noſe, noſe, & who

gave thee that jolly red noſe? Cinamon & Ginger, Nutmegs & Cloves, & that gave me this jolly red noſe.

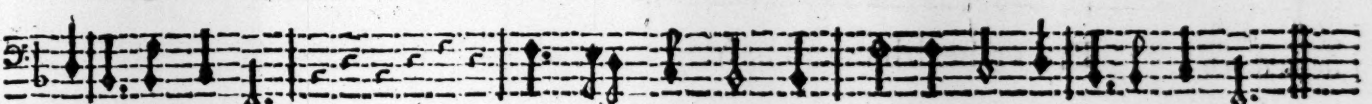
A. 3. Voc. A Catch. BASSUS.



OF all the brave Birds that ever I ſee the *Owle* is the faireſt in her degree, for all the day long ſhe ſits

in a Tree, and when the night comes away flies ſhe, Te whit Te whoo This Song is

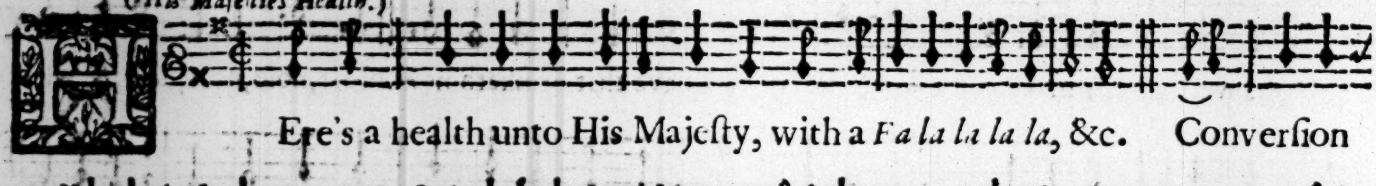
well Sung, I make you a vow, & he is a Knave that drinketh now, Noſe, noſe, noſe, noſe, and who gave thee



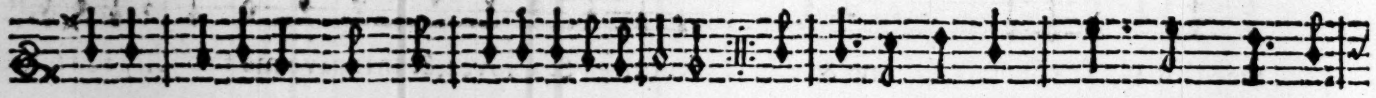
that jolly red Noſe? Nutmegs and Cloves, and that gave me this jolly red Noſe.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. *Jer. Savile.*

(His Majesties Health.)



HEre's a health unto His Majesty, with a *Fa la la la la*, &c. Conversion



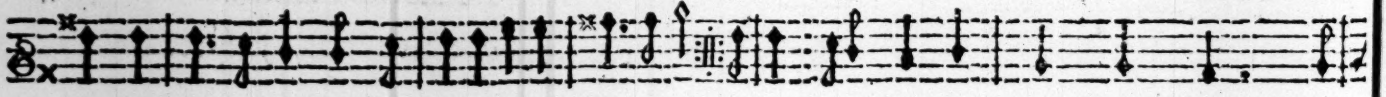
to his Enemies, with a *Fa la la la*, &c. And he that will not pledge this health, I

wish him neither wit nor wealth, nor yet a Rope to hang himself, with a *Fa la la la la*

la la la la la; with a *Fa la la*, &c.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

HEre's a health unto His Majesty, with a *Fa la la*, &c. Conversion



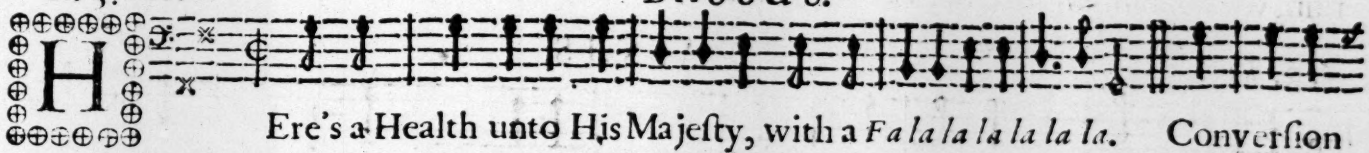
to His Enemies, with a *Fa la la la*, &c. And he that will not pledge this health, I

wiſh him neither wit nor wealth, nor yet a Rope to hang himſelf, with a *Fa la la la*

la, &c. *la la la la*, with a *Fa la la.*

A. 3. Voc.

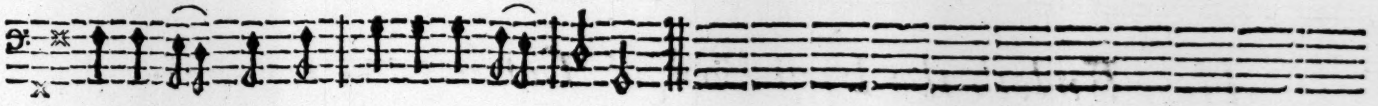
BASSUS.



HEre's a Health unto His Majeſty, with a *Fa la la la la la la.* Converſion

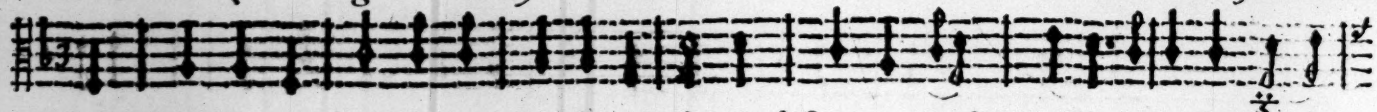
to His Enemies, with a *Fa la la la la la la.* And he that will not pledge this health, I

wiſh him neither wit nor wealth, nor yet a Rope to hang himſelf, with a *Fa la la la*



la la la, with a *Fa la la la la la.*

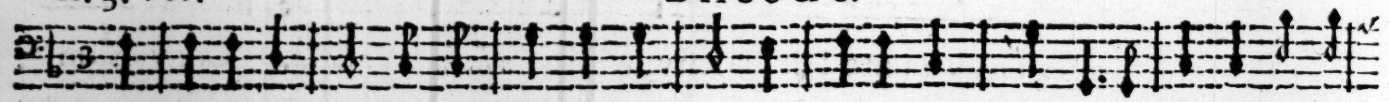
A. 2. Voc. (*The Anglers Catch*) ALTUS. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



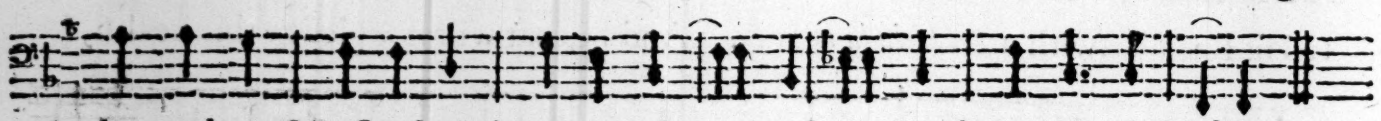
Man's life is but vain, for 'tis ſubject to pain, and ſorrow, and ſhort as a Bubble; 'Tis a
But we'l take no care, when the weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it

hodge podge of buſineſs, and mony, and care, and care, and mony, and trouble.
rain, we'l baniſh all ſorrow, and ſing till to morrow, and Angle, and Angle again.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



Man's life is but vain, for 'tis ſubject to pain, and ſorrow, and ſhort as a Bubble; 'Tis a
But we'l take no care, when the weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it



hodge podge of buſineſs, and mony, and care, and care, and mony, and trouble.
rain; we'l baniſh all ſorrow, and ſing till to morrow, and Angle, and Angle again.

Here Endeth the Firſt Book of Catches and Rounds.

THE
Muſical Companion:

CONTAINING

DIALOGUES, GLEES, BALLADS & AYRES,

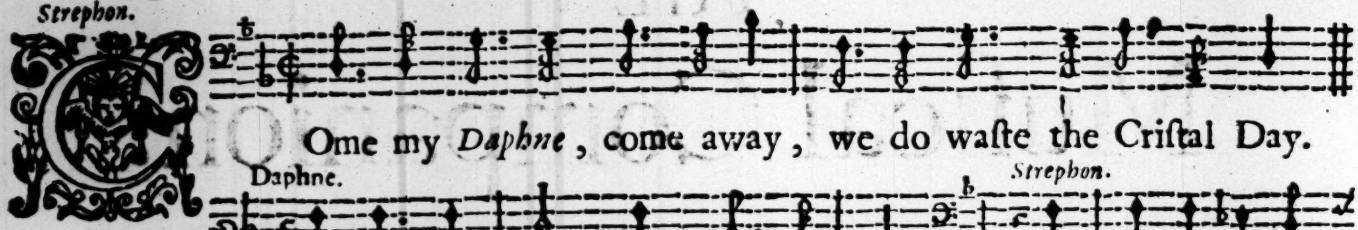
in ſeveral Varieties.

Some for { *Two* / *Three* / *Foure* } *VOYCES.*

THE SECOND PART.

London, Printed by *W. G.* for *J. Playford*, 1667.

Strephon.


Come my *Daphne*, come away, we do waſte the Criſtal Day.
Daphne.
Strephon.
'Tis Strephon *calls: What wou'd my Love?* Come follow to the
Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* ſhall prepare new Chaplets for thy Hair.
Daphne.
Were I ſhut up within a Tree, I'd rend my Barke to follow Thee.
Strephon.
Daphne.
My Shepherdeſs make haſte, the Minutes ſlide too faſt. *In theſe cooler*
Strephon.
ſhades will I blind as Cupid *kiſs thine eye.* In thy Boſome then lie

ſtray: In ſuch warm Snow who would not loſe his way.

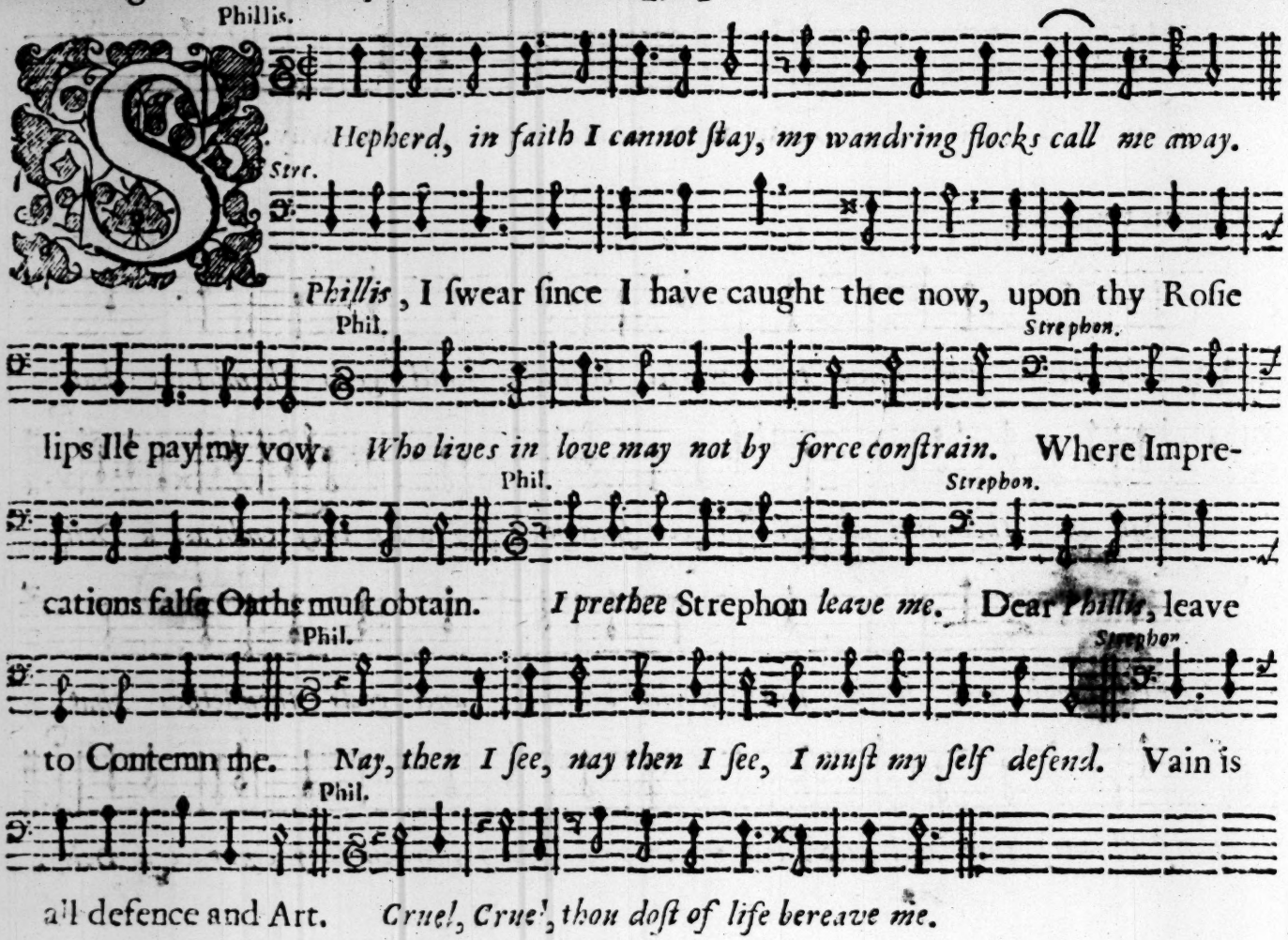
Chorus together.

W*Ee'l Laugh and leave this world behind, and gods themſelves that*

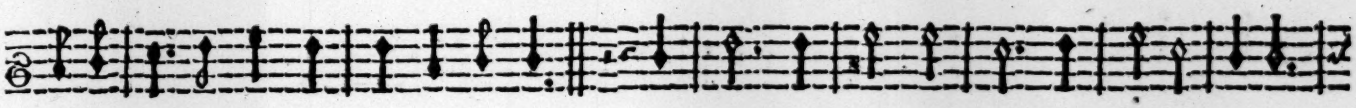
ſee ſhall envy thee and mee, but never find ſuch joy when they embrace a Deity.

W*Ee'l Laugh and leave this world behind, and gods themſelves that*

ſee ſhall envy thee and mee, but never find ſuch joy when they embrace a Deity.


Phillis.
Hepherd, in faith I cannot ſtay, my wandring flocks call me away.
Strr.
Phillis, I ſwear ſince I have caught thee now, upon thy Roſie
Phil.
Strephon.
lips Ile pay my vow. Who lives in love may not by force conſtrain. Where Impre-
Phil.
Strephon.
cations falſe Oaths muſt obtain. I prethee Strephon leave me. Dear Phillis, leave
Phil.
Strephon
to Contemn me. Nay, then I ſee, nay then I ſee, I muſt my ſelf defend. Vain is
Phil.
all defence and Art. Cruel, Cruel, thou doſt of life bereave me.

SInce I have thee, ere I part Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes, printing on thy lips, printing

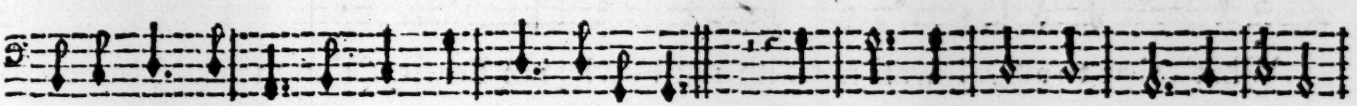


on thy lips a thouſand ſuch as this is. *Thus* Strephon *bold laid down his lovel* Phillis,

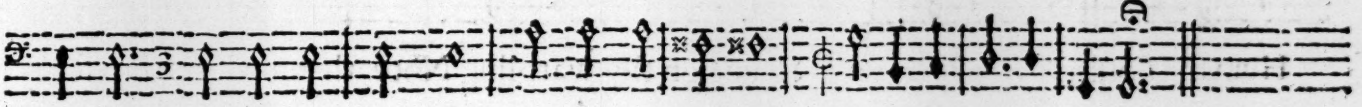
and kiſt her breathleſs, and kiſt her breathleſs upon a Bank of Lillies.

Chorus : Strephon *and* Phillis *together.*

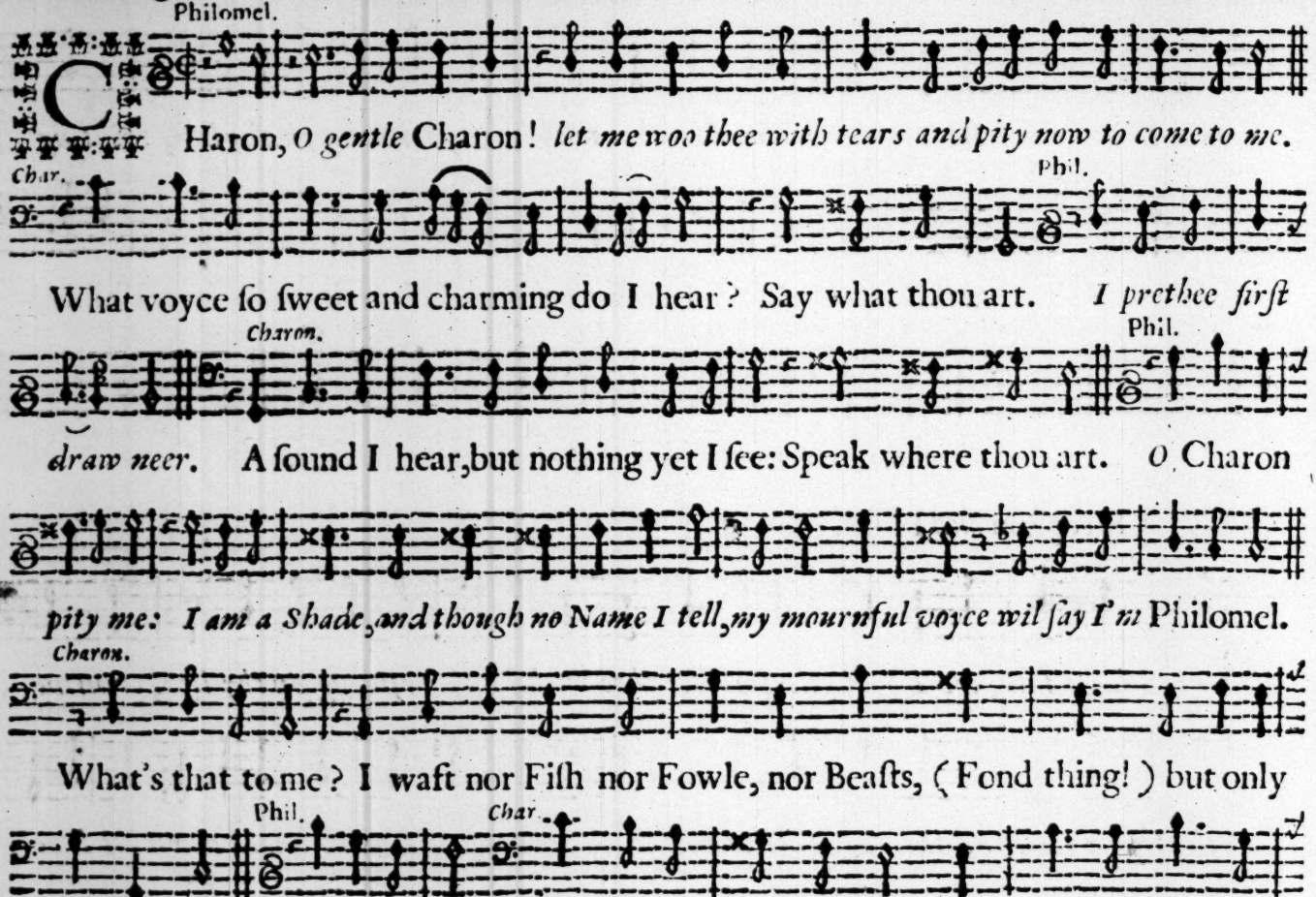
SInce I have thee, ere I part, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes, printing on thy lips, printing

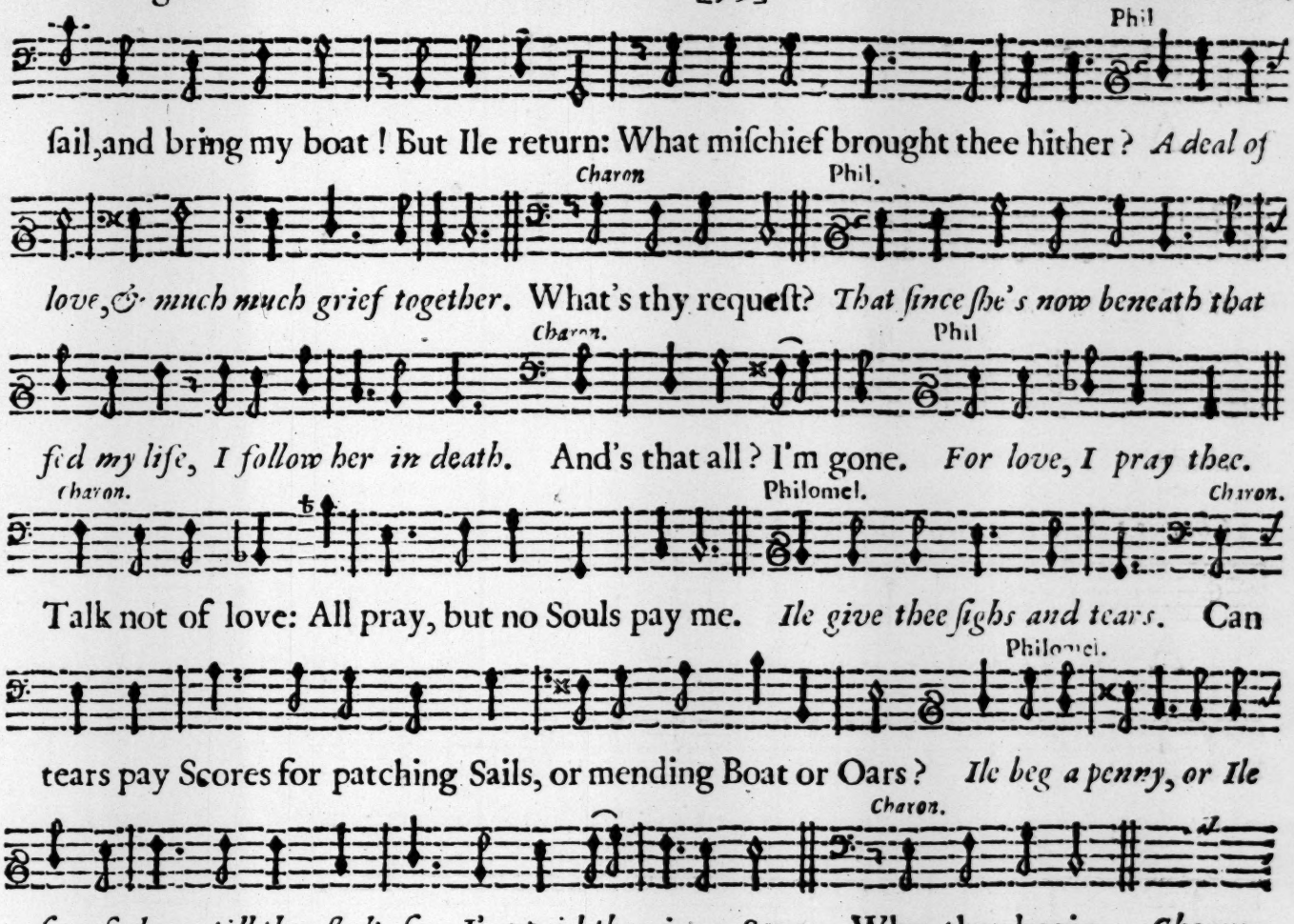


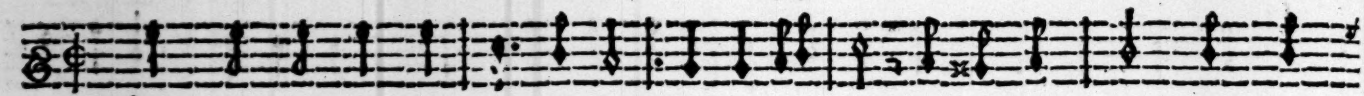
on thy lips a thouſand thouſand ſuch as this is. *Thus* Strephon *bold laid down his lovely*



Phillis, *and kiſt her breathleſs, and kiſt her breathleſs upon a bank of Lillies.*


Philomel.
Haron, *O gentle* Charon! *let me woo thee with tears and pity now to come to me.*
Char.
Phil.
What voyce ſo ſweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art. *I prethee firſt*
Charon.
Phil.
draw neer. A ſound I hear, but nothing yet I ſee: Speak where thou art. *O* Charon
pity me: I am a Shade, and though no Name I tell, my mournful voyce wil ſay I'm Philomel.
Charon.
What's that to me? I waft nor Fiſh nor Fowle, nor Beaſts, (Fond thing!) but only
Phil.
Char.
Humane Souls. *Alaſs for me!* Shame on thy warbling Note, that made me hoyſe my


Phil
sail, and bring my boat! But Ile return: What miſchief brought thee hither? *A deal of*
Charon
Phil.
love, & much much grief together. What's thy requeſt? *That ſince ſhe's now beneath that*
Charon.
Phil
fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. *For love, I pray thee.*
Charon.
Philomel.
Charon.
Talk not of love: All pray, but no Souls pay me. *Ile give thee ſighs and tears.* Can
Philomel.
tears pay Scores for patching Sails, or mending Boat or Oars? *Ile beg a penny, or Ile*
Charon.
ſing ſo long, till thou ſhalt ſay I've paid thee in a Song. Why, then begin. **Chorus.**



AND *all the while we make our ſlothful paſſage ore the* Stygian *Lake, Thou and*

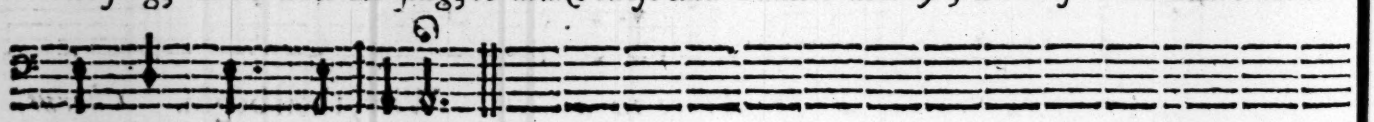
Ile ſing, Thou and Ile ſing, to make theſe dull Shades merry; who elſe with tears will

doubtleſs drown our Ferry.

Chorus : Charon *and* Philomel *together.*

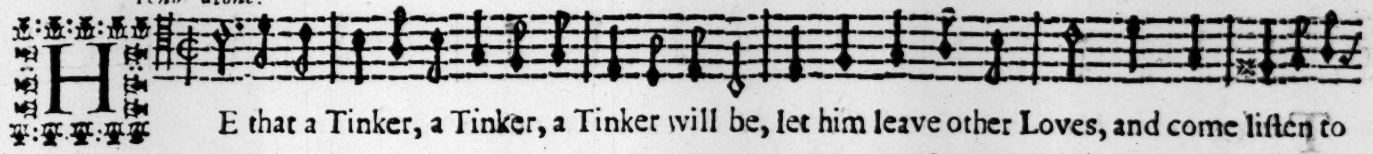
AND *all the while we make our ſlothful paſſage ore the* Stygian *Lake, Thou and*

Ile ſing, Thou and Ile ſing, to make theſe dull Shades merry; who elſe with tears will



doubtleſs drown our Ferry.

Tenor alone.



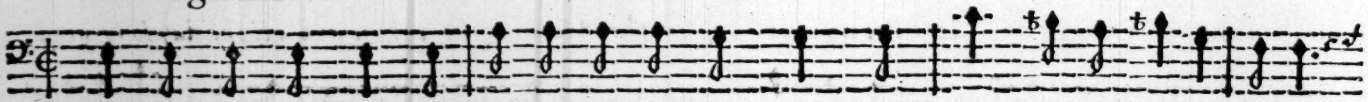
HE that a Tinker, a Tinker, a Tinker will be, let him leave other Loves, and come liſten to me; Though he travail all the day, he comes home late at night, and dallies and dallies with his Doxey, and dreams of Delight. *His Pot and his Toaſt in the Morning he takes, and all the day long good Muſick he makes: He wanders the world to Wakes and to Fairs, and caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap at the Court and her Cares.* When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O how the wanton Wenches run! *Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bolls; all Wenches pray him to ſtop up their Holes.*

Baſſus alone. *Tenor.* *Baſſus.*

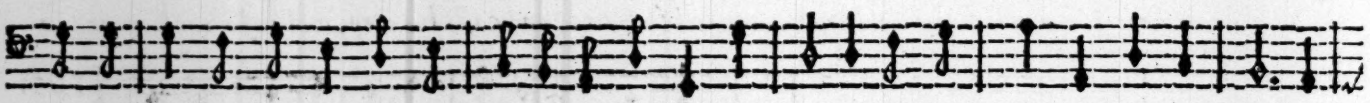
TInk goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer : Come bring me the Copper Kettle,

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle!

Chorus together. BASSUS.



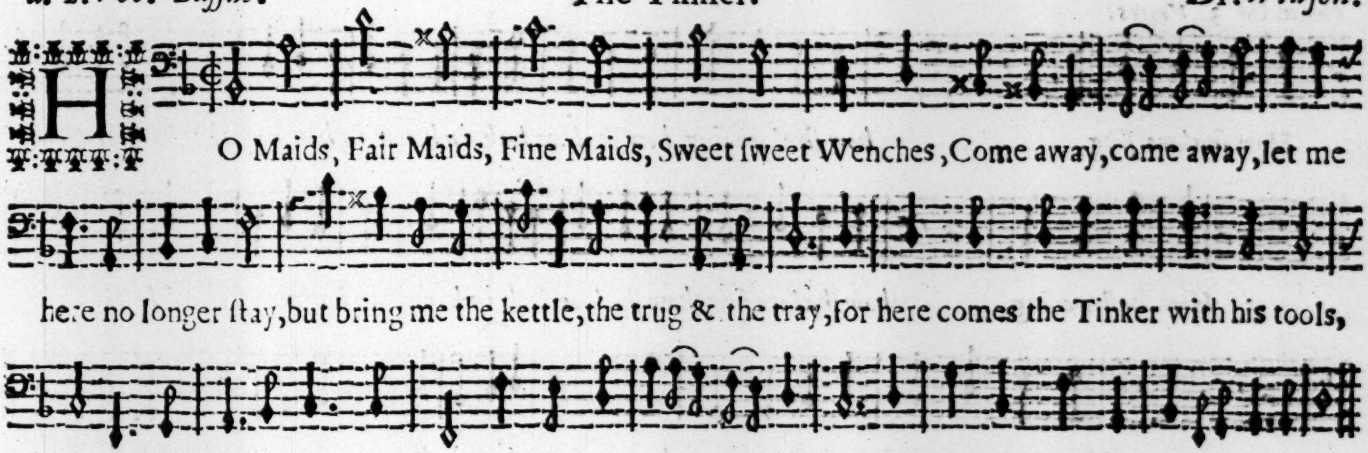
TInk goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer: Come bring me the Copper Kettle,



for the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle! O he

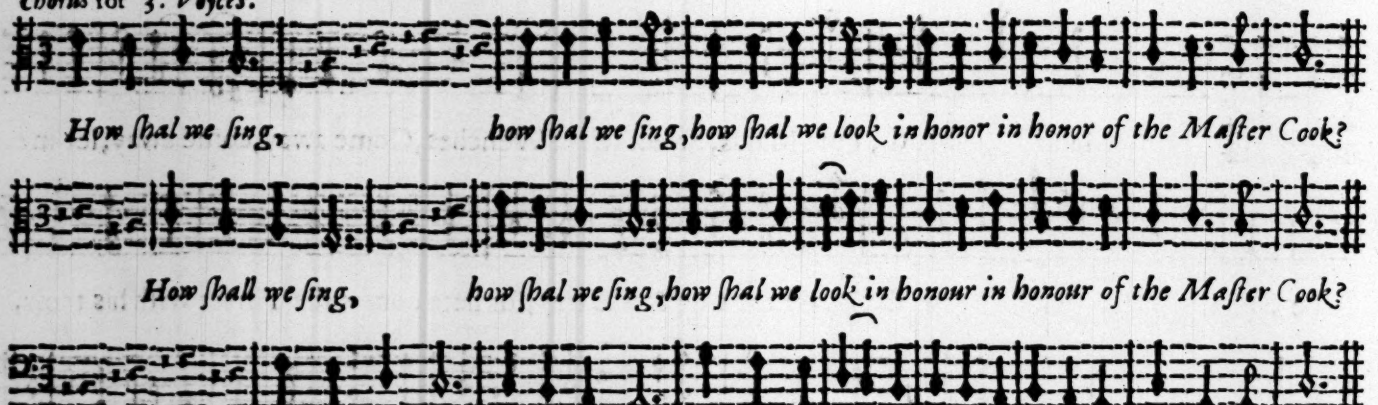
is the man of mettle!

a. 2. Voc. Baſſus. The Tinker. Dr. *Willſon.*

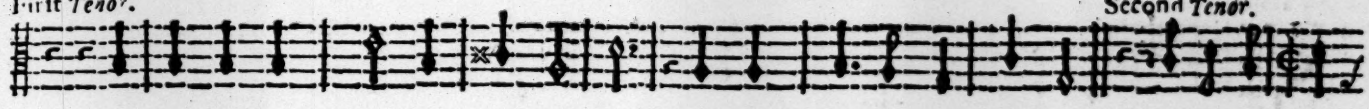


First Tenor.

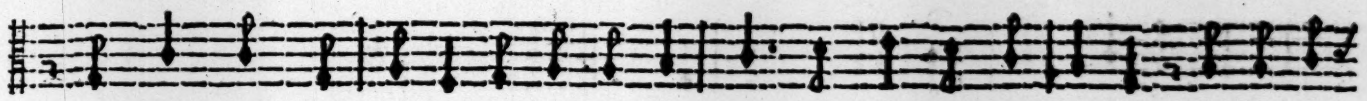
King out the Cold Chine the Cold Chine to me, and how Ile charge him come and ſee. Brawn tusked Brawn well Sows'd and Fine, with a precious Cup of Muſcadine.



First *Tenor.* Second *Tenor.*

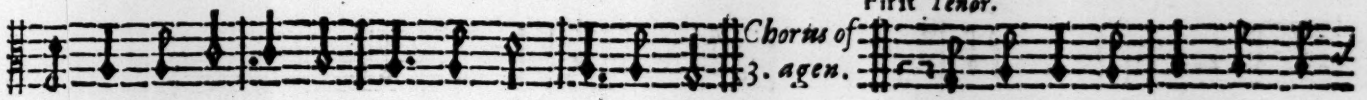


The Pig ſhall turn round, and anſwer me, Canſt thou ſpare me a ſhoulder? A-wy A-wy:



The Duck, Gooſe and Capon, good fellows all three ſhall dance thee an Antick, ſo ſhall the

Chorus of 3. agen. First *Tenor.*



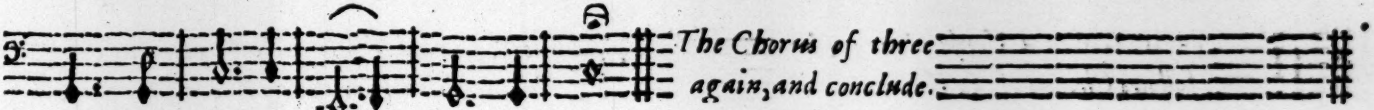
Turkey: But oh the cold Chine the cold Chine for me. *With Brewis I'l noint thee from*

Baſſus.

head to th' heel, ſhall make thee run nimbler than the new oyled Wheel. With Pye-

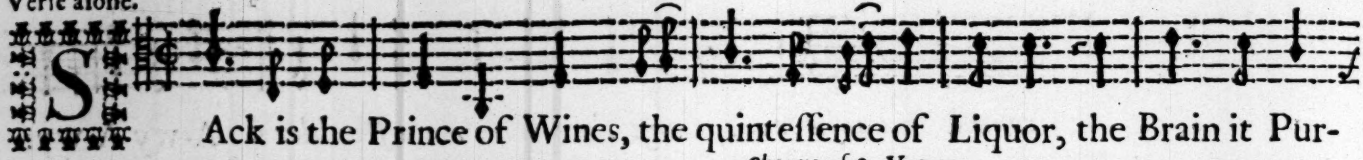
cruſt we'l make thee the Eighth Wiſeman to be: But oh the cold Chine, the cold

The Chorus of three again, and conclude.



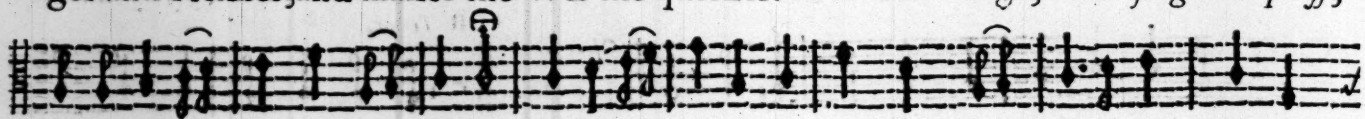
Chine, but oh the cold Chine for me.

Verſe alone.

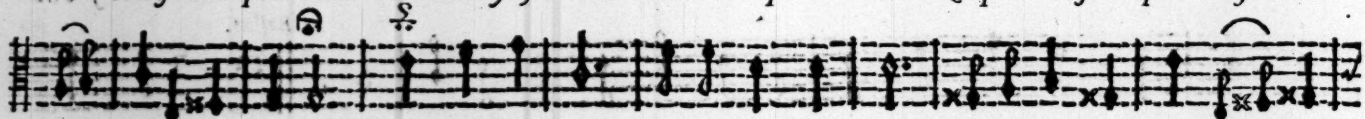


Chorus of 3. Voyces.

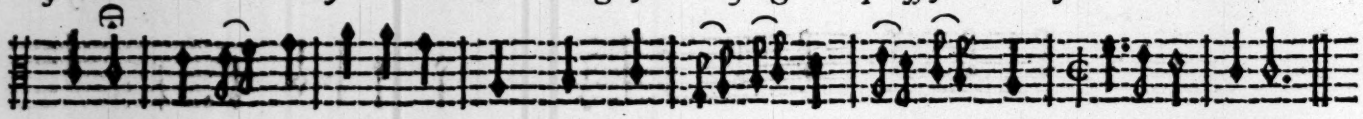
ges and Refines, and makes the Wit the quicker. *Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff,*



let us toſs the pots and be merry; let us all bear a part to drink quart after quart of this

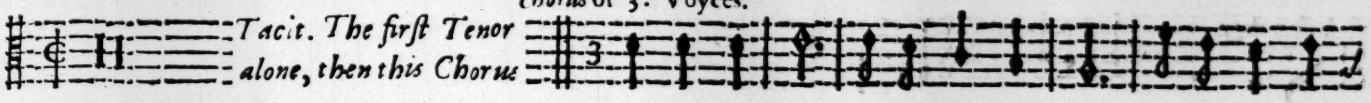


ſame delicate Sherry: Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff, let us toſs the Pots and be



merry: Let us all bear a part to drink quart af-ter quart of this ſame delicate Sherry.

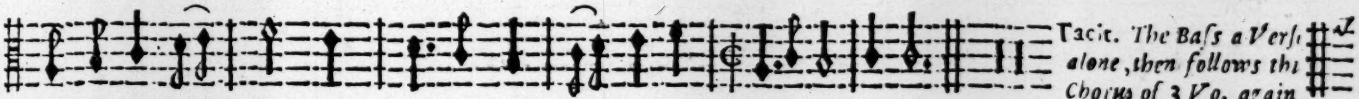
Chorus of 3. Voyces.



SAck is the Prince of Wine, &c. *THen let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff, let us toſs the*

Pots and be merry: Let us all bear a part to drink quart after quart of this ſame delicate

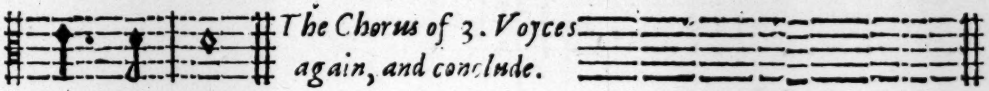
Sherry. Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff, let us toſs the Pots and be merry: Let us all



bear a part to drink quart after quart of this ſame delicate Sherry.

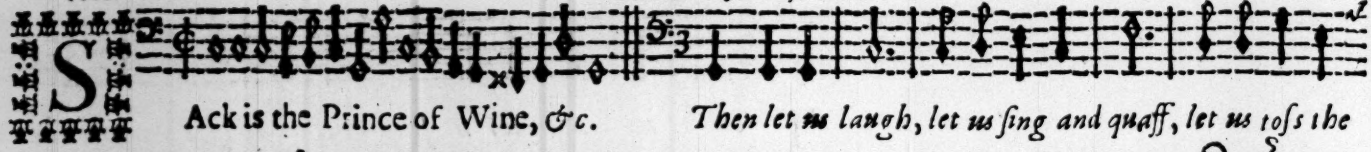
Verſe alone.

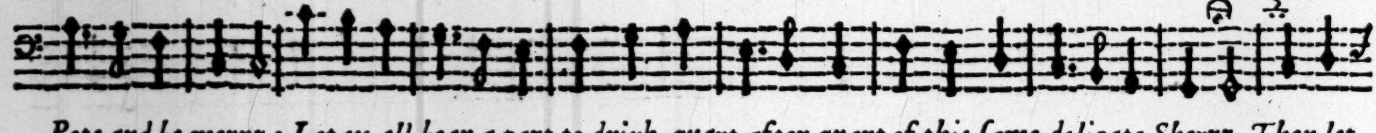
If a man have but this he ſhall no Muſick lack, no Muſick to a Sack-Butt is, or to a

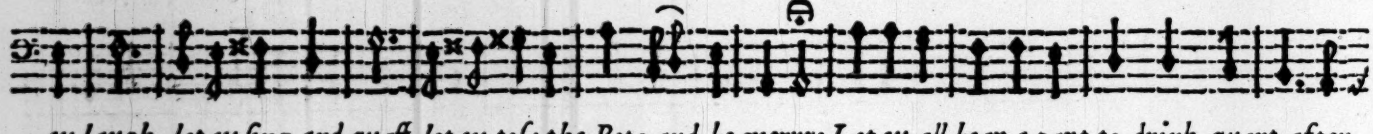


Butt of Sack.

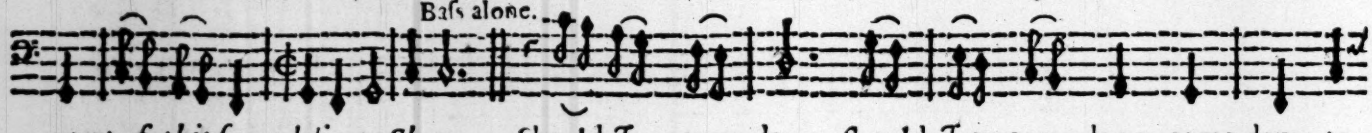
Tenor alone. Chorus of 3. Voyces.

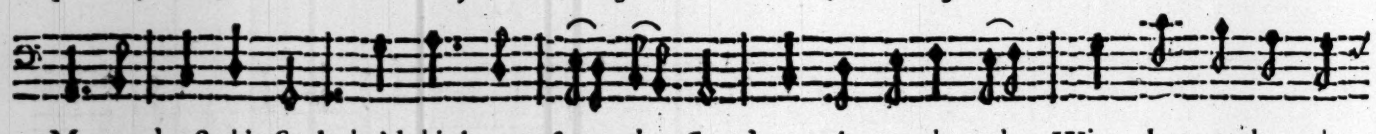




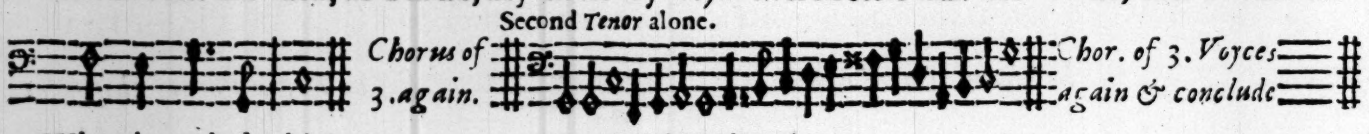


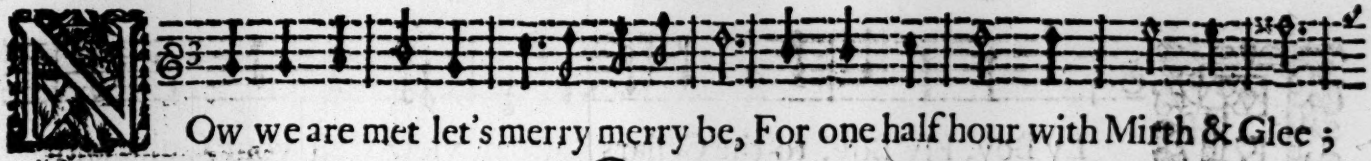
Baſs alone.



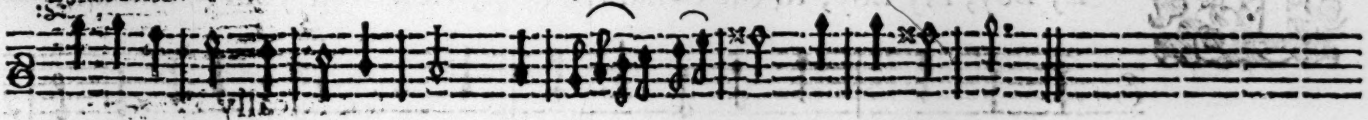


Second Tenor alone.



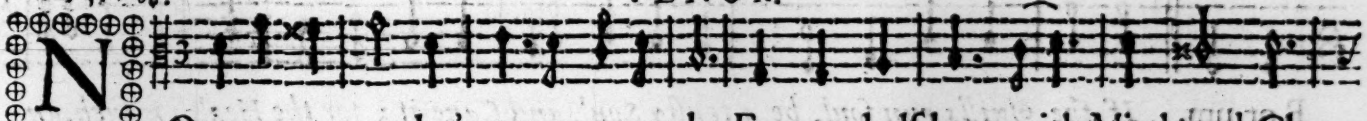


Now we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with Mirth & Glee;

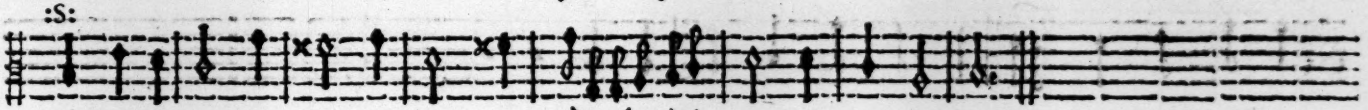


To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.

A. 3. Voc. TENOR.

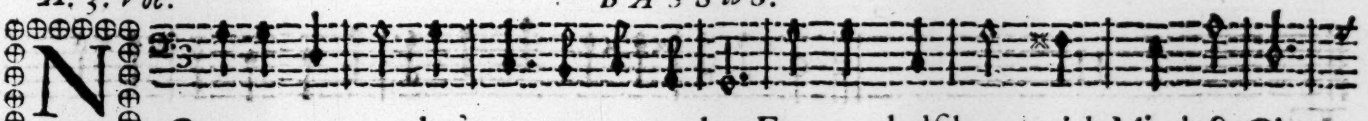


Now we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with Mirth and Glee;

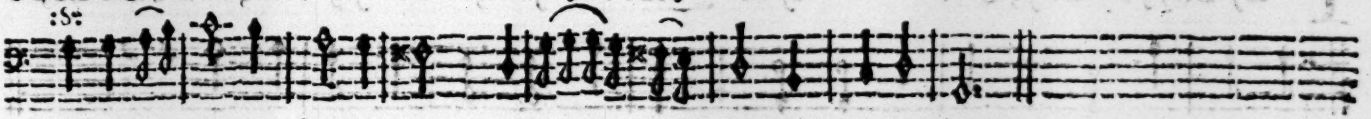


To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.

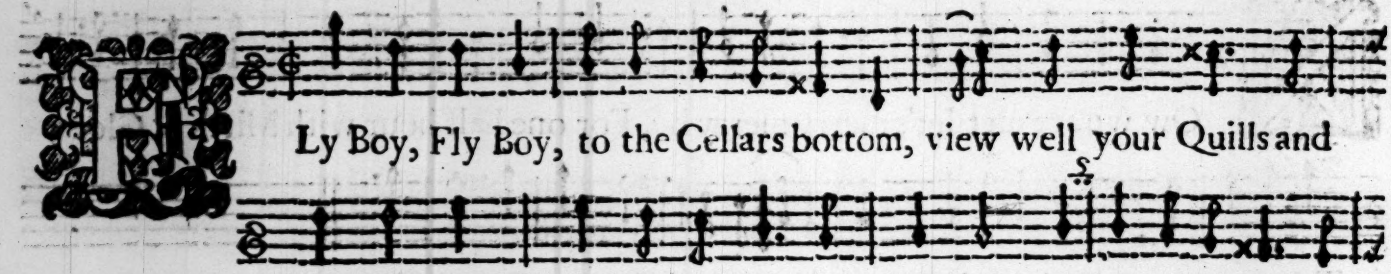
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



Now we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with Mirth & Glee;

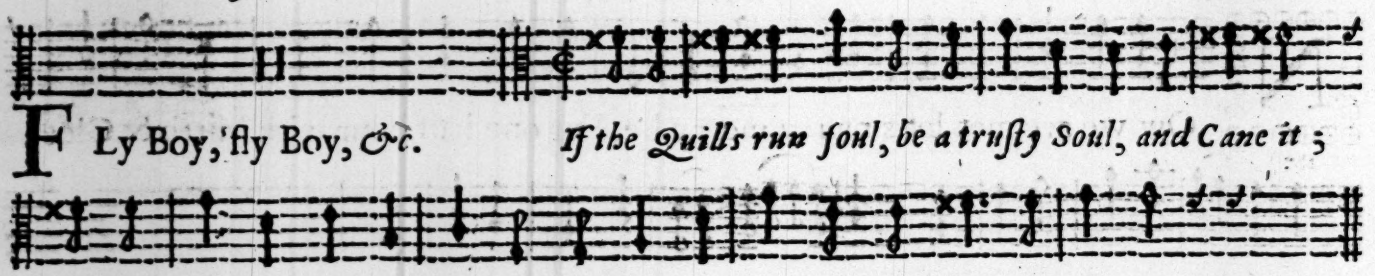


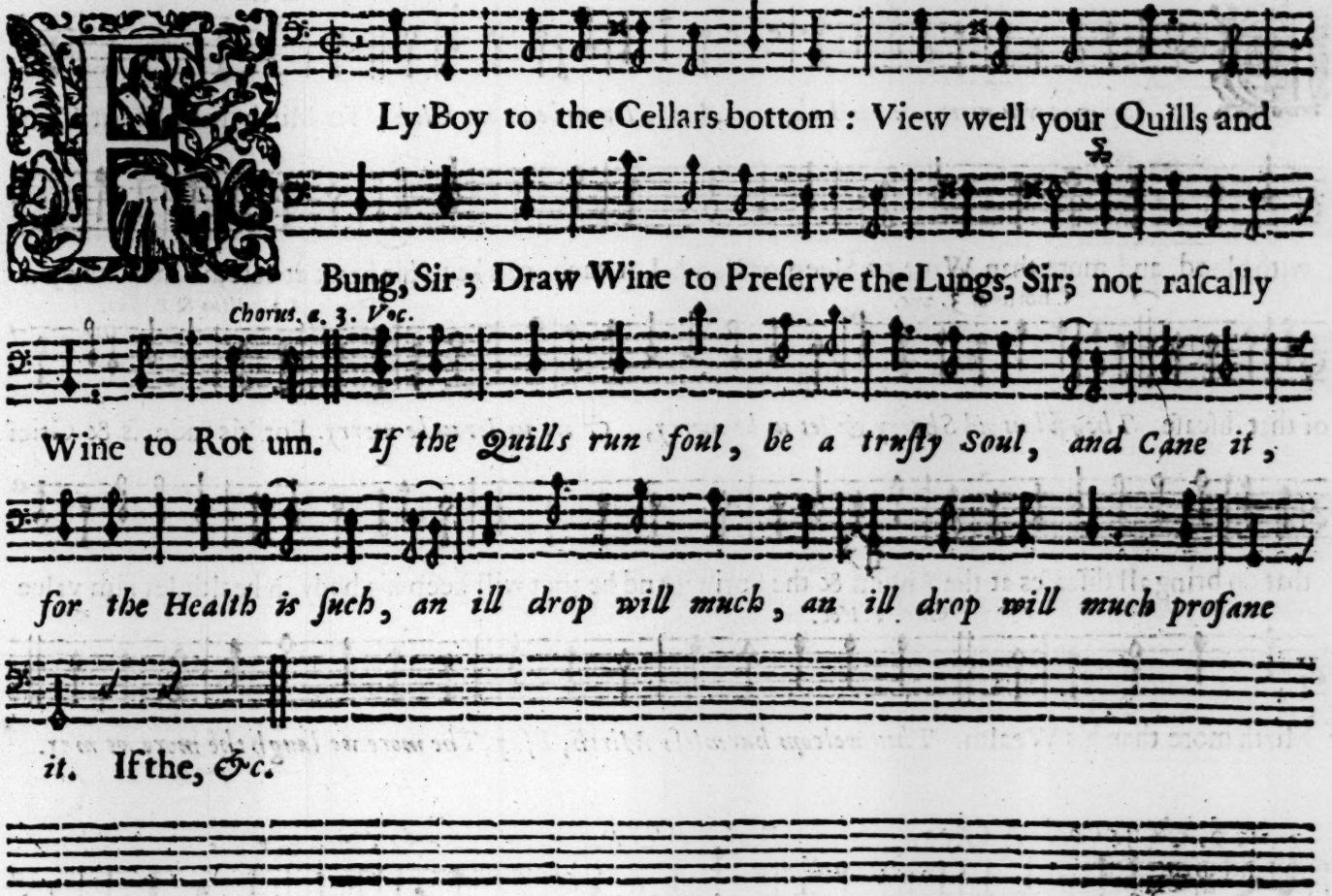
To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.

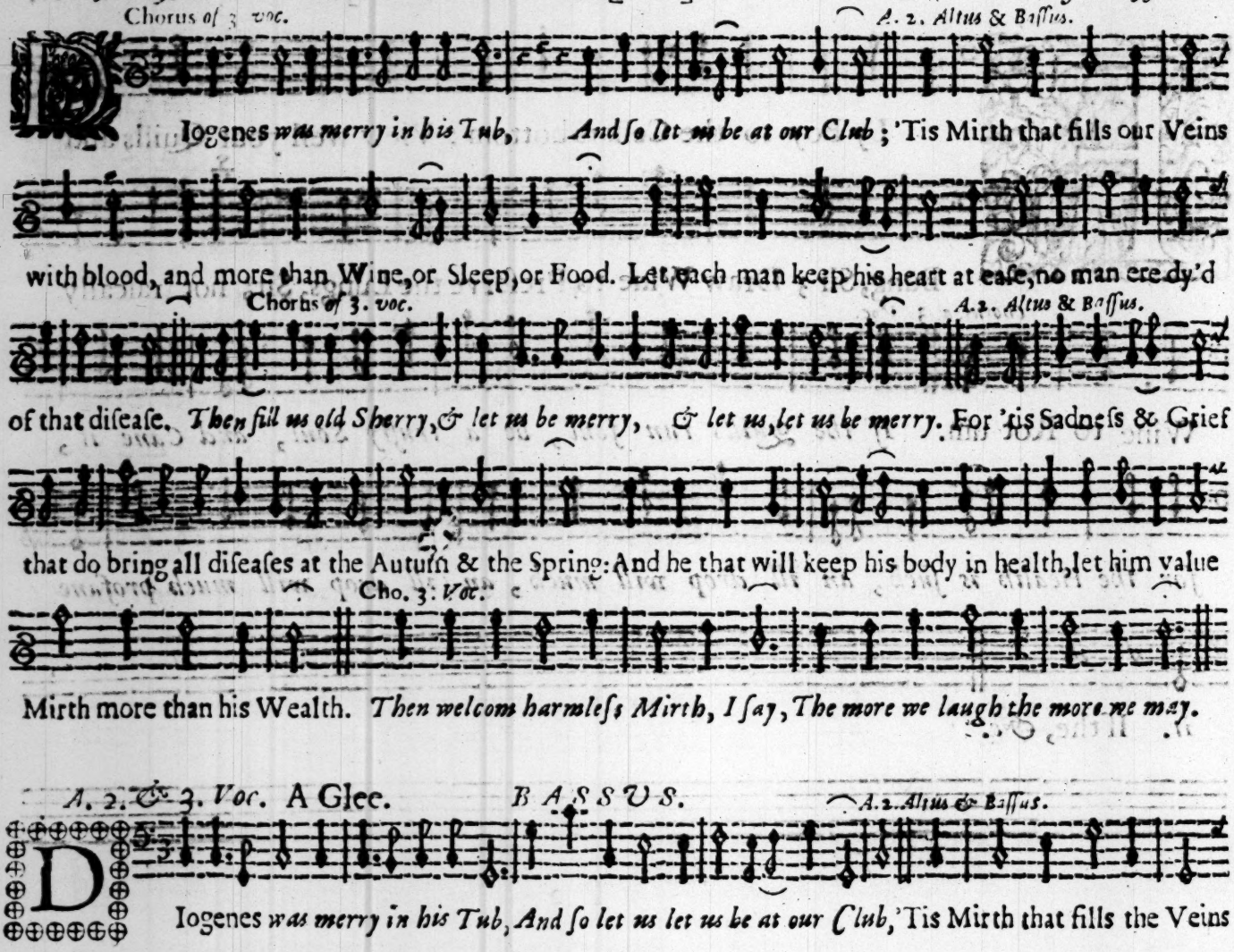


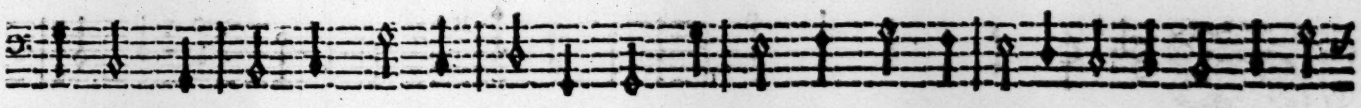
A Chorus of 3. Voc.

Chorus. A. 3. Voc. TENOR. Mr. *Si. Ives.*




Fly Boy to the Cellars bottom : View well your Quills and
Bung, Sir ; Draw Wine to Preſerve the Lungs, Sir; not raſcally
Chorus. a. 3. Voc.
Wine to Rot um. *If the Quills run foul, be a truſty Soul, and Cane it,*
for the Health is ſuch, an ill drop will much, an ill drop will much profane
it. If the, *&c.*


Chorus of 3 voc.
A. 2. Altus & Bassus.
Iogenes was merry in his Tub, And so let us be at our Club; 'Tis Mirth that fills our Veins
with blood, and more than Wine, or Sleep, or Food. Let each man keep his heart at ease, no man ere dy'd
Chorus of 3. voc.
A. 2. Altus & Bassus.
of that disease. Then fill us old Sherry, & let us be merry, & let us, let us be merry. For 'tis Sadness & Grief
that do bring all diseases at the Autumn & the Spring: And he that will keep his body in health, let him value
Cho. 3: Voc.
Mirth more than his Wealth. Then welcome harmless Mirth, I say, The more we laugh the more we may.
A. 2. & 3. Voc. A Glee. BASSUS.
A. 2. Altus & Bassus.
Iogenes was merry in his Tub, And so let us let us be at our Club, 'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins



with blood, and more than Wine, or Sleep, or Food. Let each man keep his heart at eaſe, no man ere dy'd

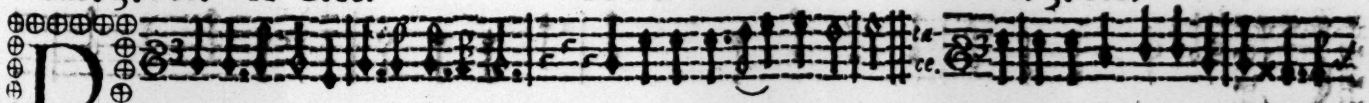
Chorus of 3 Voc. *A. 2. Alt. & Baſſus.*

of that diſeaſe. *Then fill us old Sherry, & let us be merry, & let us, let us be merry.* For 'tis Sadneſs & Grief

that do bring all diſeaſes at the Autum & the Spring, And he that will keep his body in health, let him value

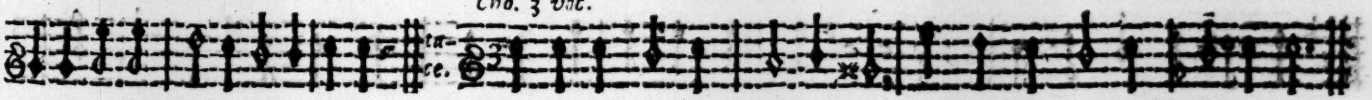
Mirth more than his Wealth. *Then welcome harmleſs Mirth, I ſay, the more we laugh the more we may.*

Cho. 3. Voc. A Glee. *MEDIUS.* *Cho. 3. voc.*

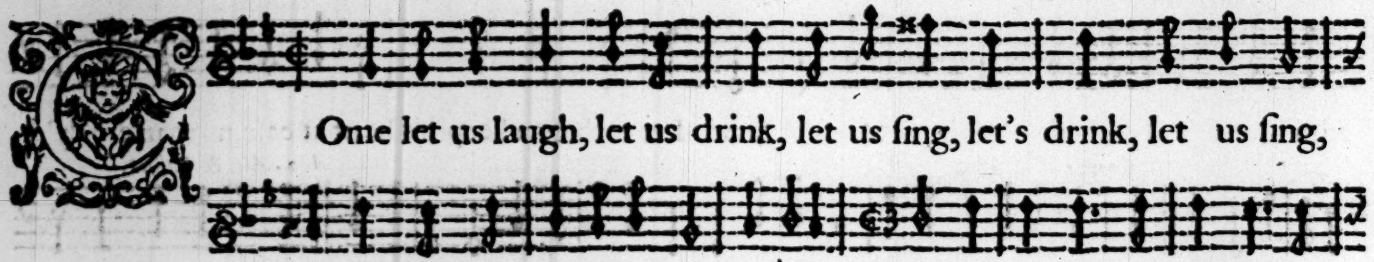


Diogines *was merry in his Tub, And ſo let us be at our Club. Then fill us old Sherry, & let us be*

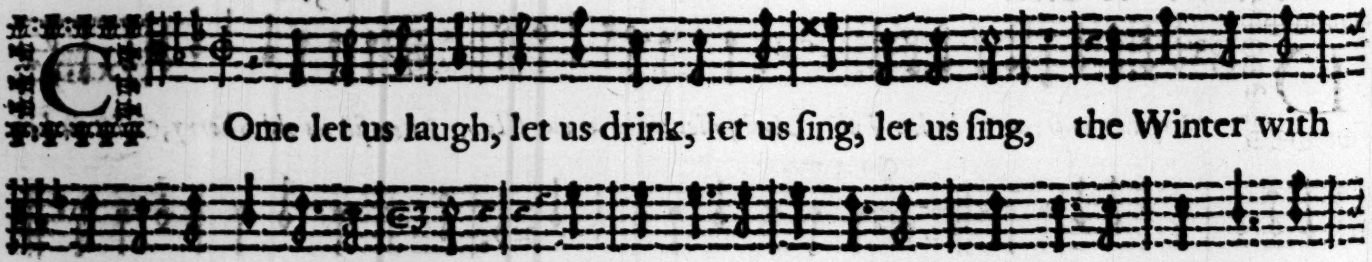
Cho. 3 voc.



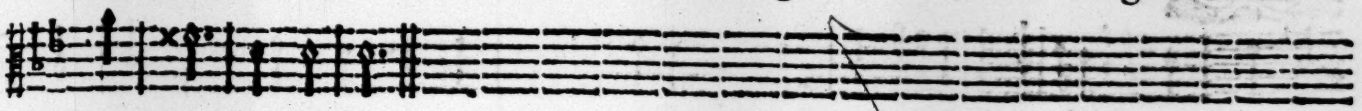
merry, & let us, let us, be merry. Then welcom harmleſs Mirth, I ſay, the more we laugh the more we may.



A 3. Voc. A Glee. *TENOR.* Mr. *William Gregorie.*

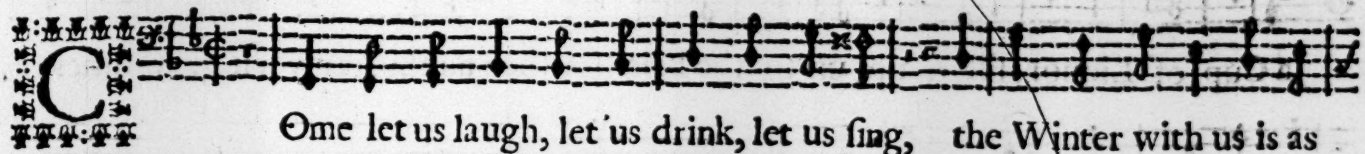


night and by day we ſport and play, Conferring our Notes, Conferring our Notes

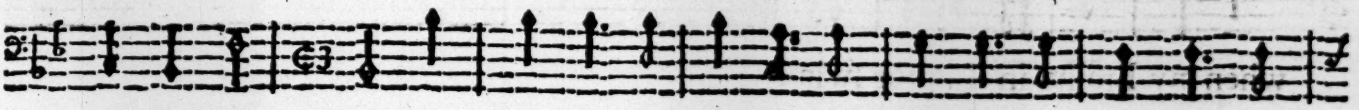


our Notes together.

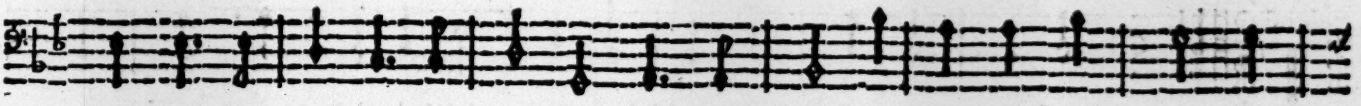
A. 3. Voc. A Glee. *BASSUS.* Mr. *William Gregorie.*



Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us ſing, the Winter with us is as

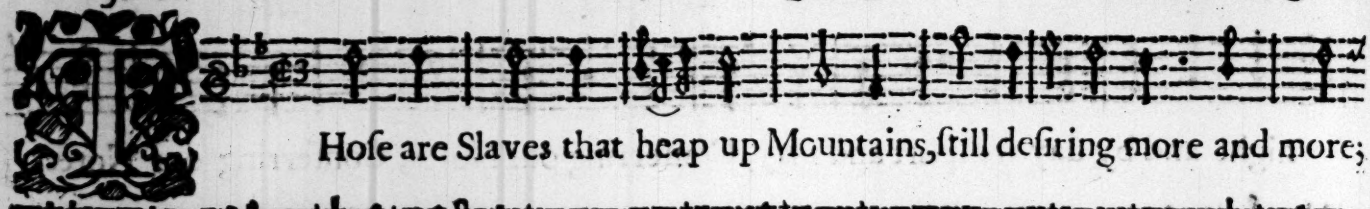


good as the Spring; we care not a feather for Wind or for Weather, by



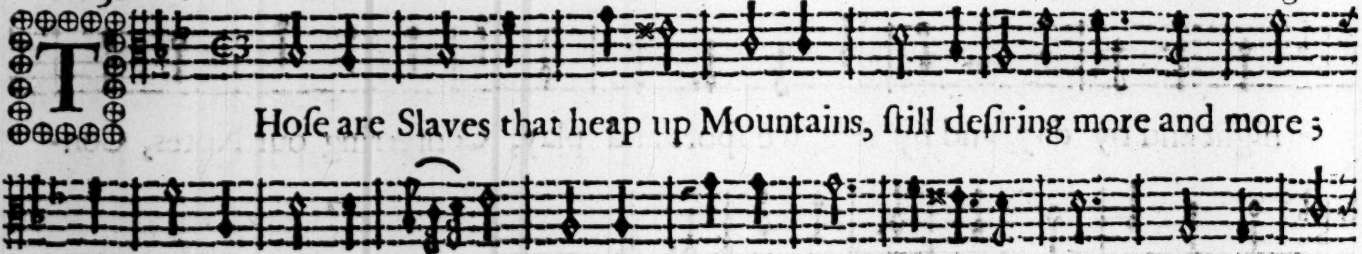
night and by day, and by day, we ſport and play, Conferring our Notes, Con-

ferring our Notes, our Notes together.

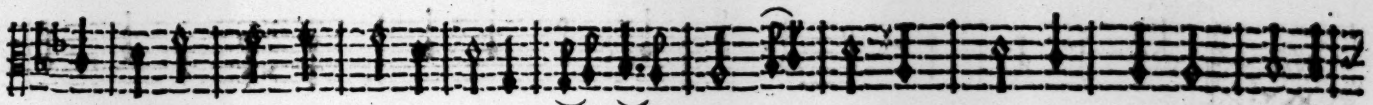


THoſe are Slaves that heap up Mountains, ſtill deſiring more and more;
then let's Ca-rouſe in *Bacchus* Fountains, never dreaming to be poor : give us then
a Cup of Liquor, fill it up un-to the Brim, for then methinks my wit grow quicker,
when my Brains in Liquor ſwim.

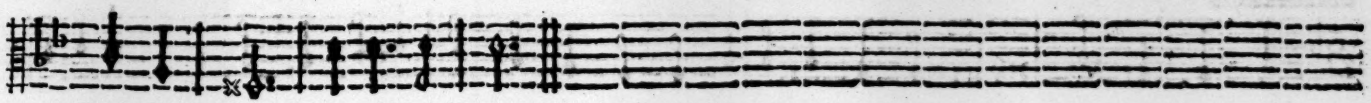
A. 3. Voc. *TENOR.* Mr. *William Gregorie.*



THoſe are Slaves that heap up Mountains, ſtill deſiring more and more;
then let's Carouſe in *Bac - chus* Fountains, never dreaming to be poor : Give us then

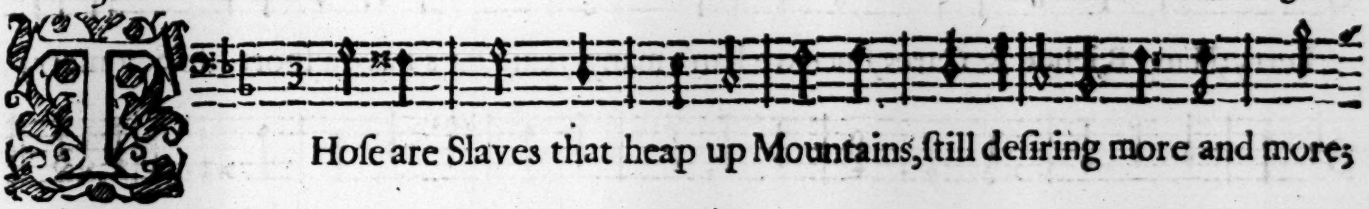


a Cup of Liquor, fill it up un - to the Brim, for then methinks my wits grow quicker



when my Brains in Liquor ſwim.

A. 3. Voc. A Glee. *BASSUS.* Mr. *William Gregorie.*



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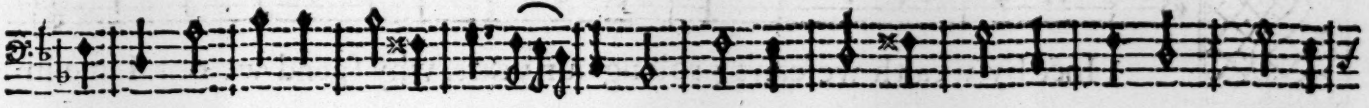

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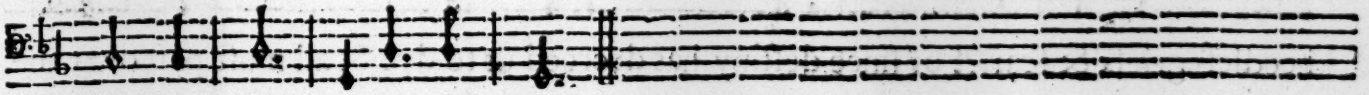

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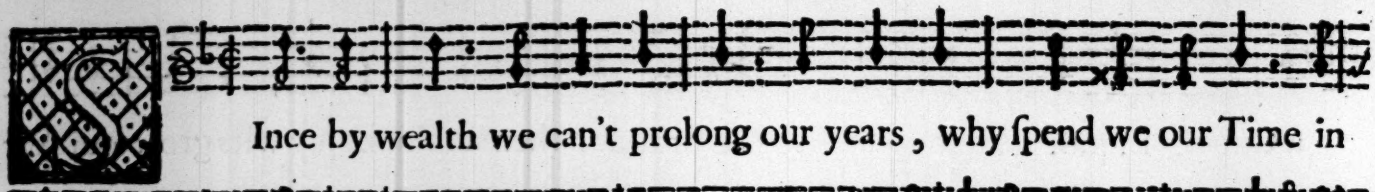
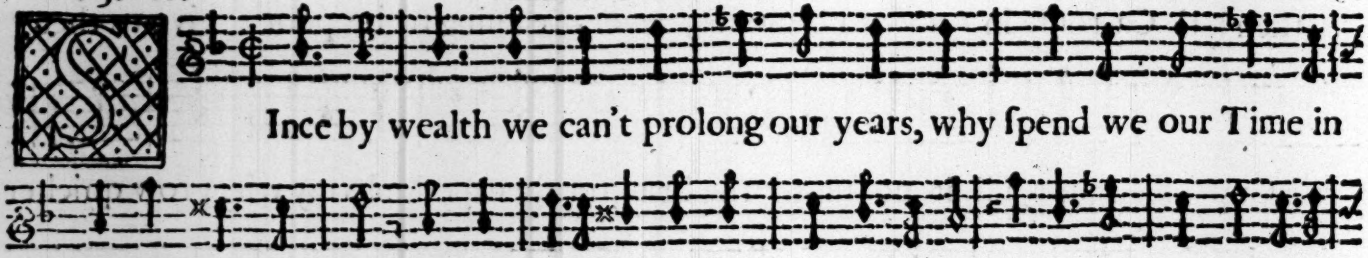


Since by wealth we can't prolong our years, why ſpend we our Time in needleſs griefs & fears? For ſince deſtiny has decreed us to dye, & all muſt paſs over the Ferry; Hang Riches & Cares, ſince we han't many years, let's have a ſhort life & a merry; hang Riches and Cares, ſince we han't many years, let's have a ſhort life and a merry.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Matthew Locke.*



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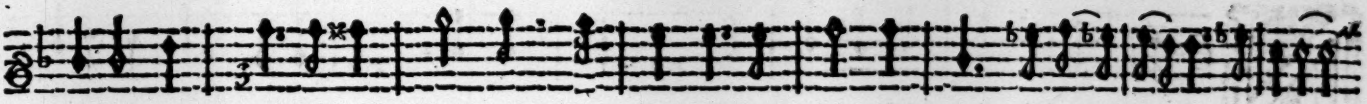
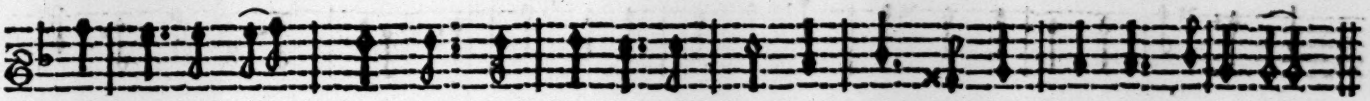


Ferry; Hang Riches & Cares, ſince we han't many years, let's have a ſhort life & a merry;



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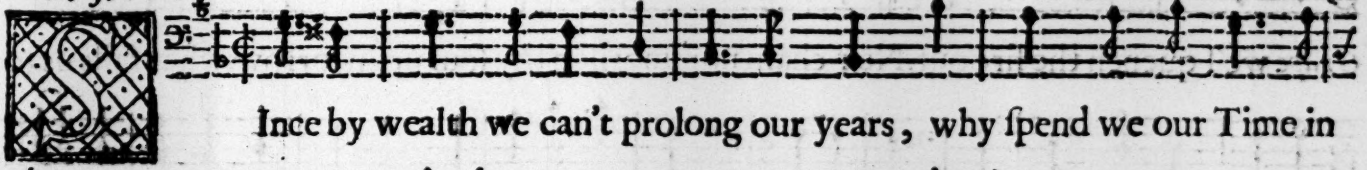
A. 3. Voc. *BASSUS.* Mr. *Matthew Locke.*



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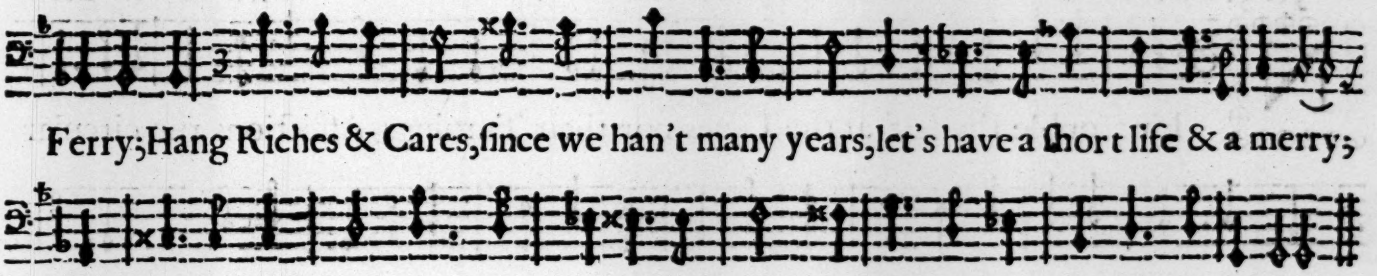

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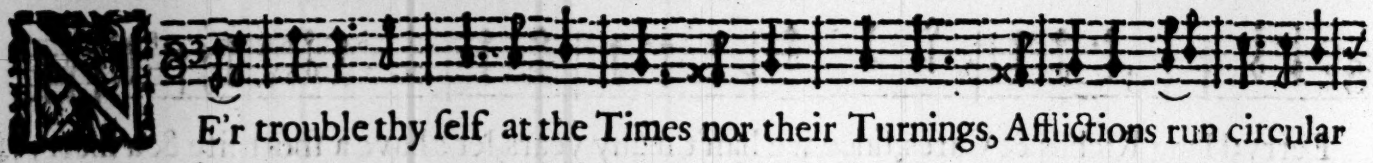
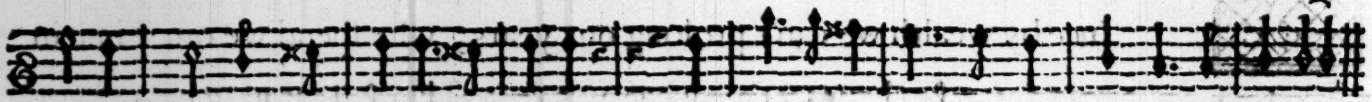


Ne'r trouble thy ſelf at the Times nor their Turnings, Afflictions run circular

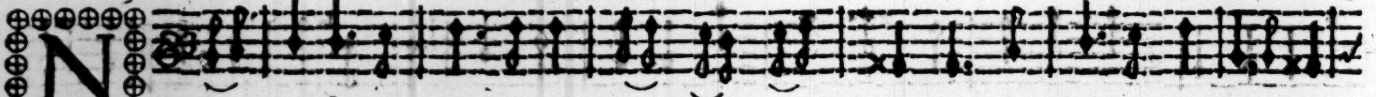
and wheel about: away with thy Murmering,& thy heart burning,with the juice of the

Grape we'l quench the fire out. Ne'r chain nor impriſon thy ſoul up in ſorrow,what fails us to



day to day may befriend us to morrow ; what fails us to day may befriend us to morrow.

Cho. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Matthew Locke*



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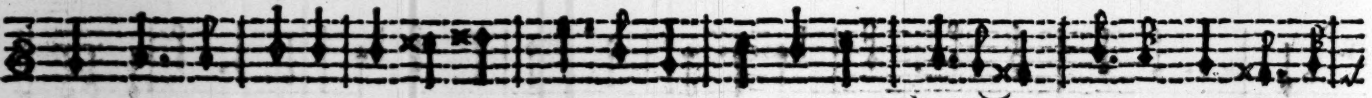

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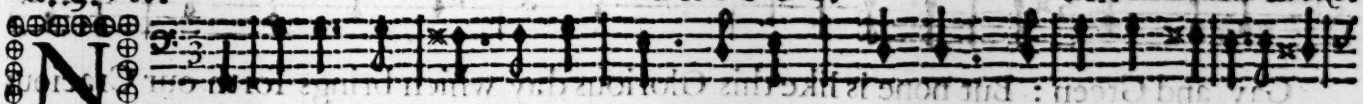
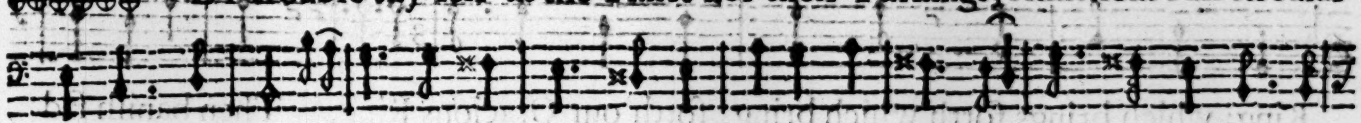
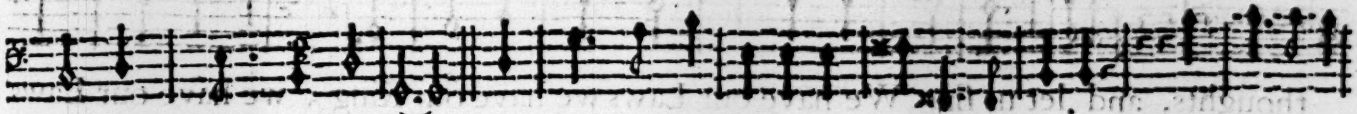
A. 3. Voc. *BASSUS.* Mr. *Matthew Locke.*



NE'r trouble thy ſelf at the Times nor their Turnings, Afflictions run circular



and wheel about: away with thy Murmering, & thy heart burning, with the juice of the



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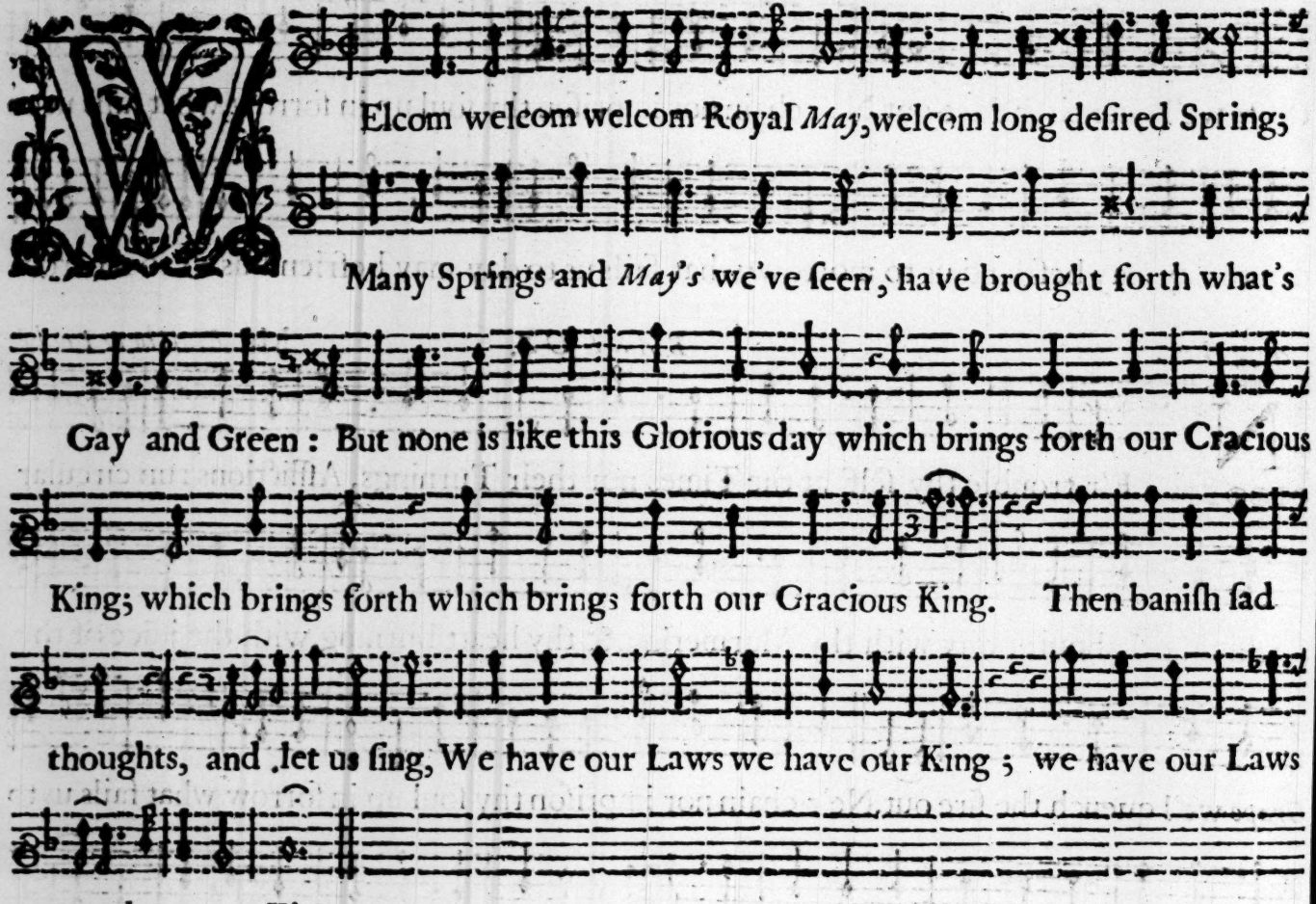
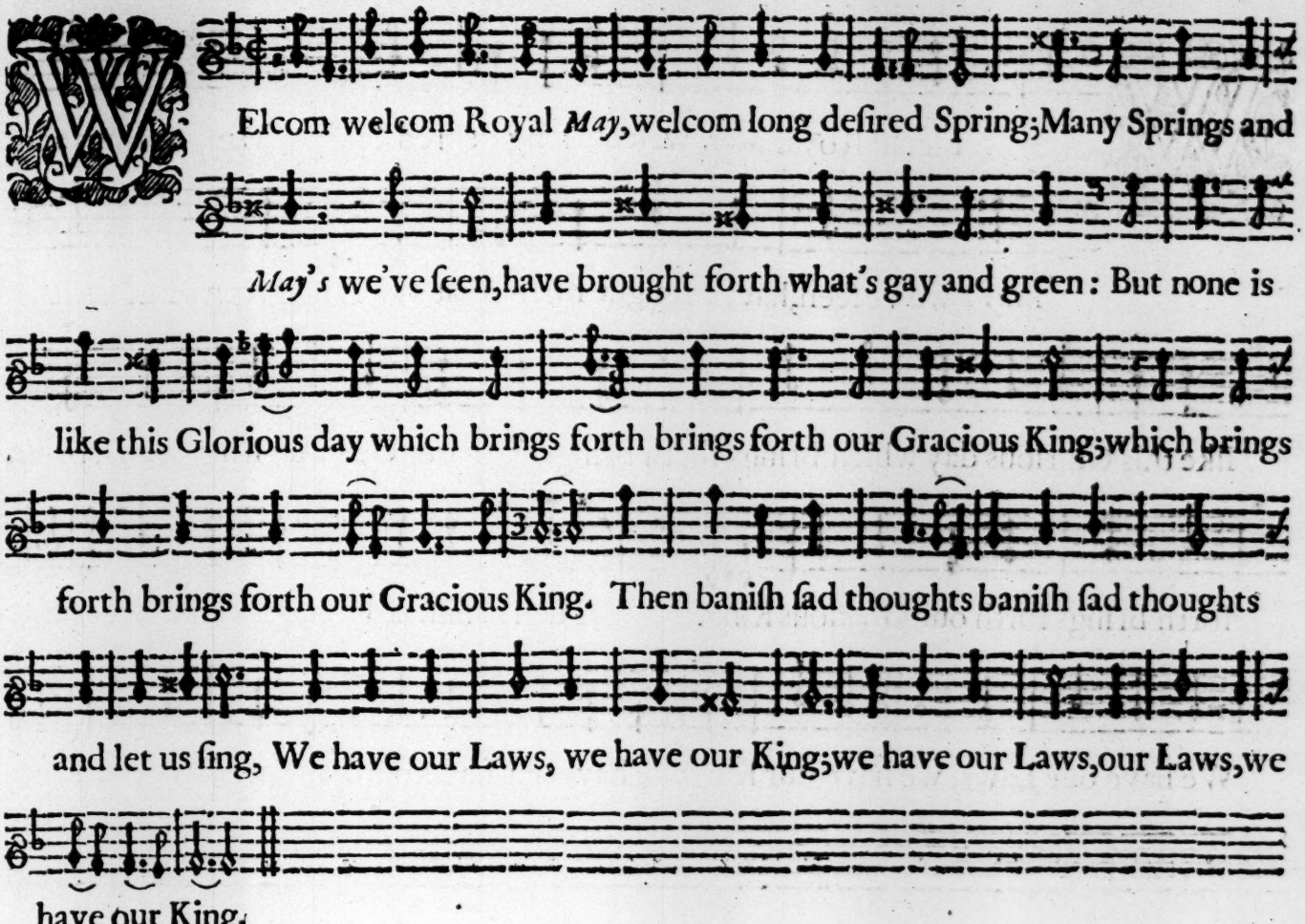
day may befriend us to morrow; what fails us to day to day may befriend us to morrow.


Welcom welcom welcom Royal *May*, welcom long desired Spring;
Many Springs and *May's* we've seen, have brought forth what's
Gay and Green: But none is like this Glorious day which brings forth our Gracious
King; which brings forth which brings forth our Gracious King. Then baniſh ſad
thoughts, and let us ſing, We have our Laws we have our King; we have our Laws
we have our King.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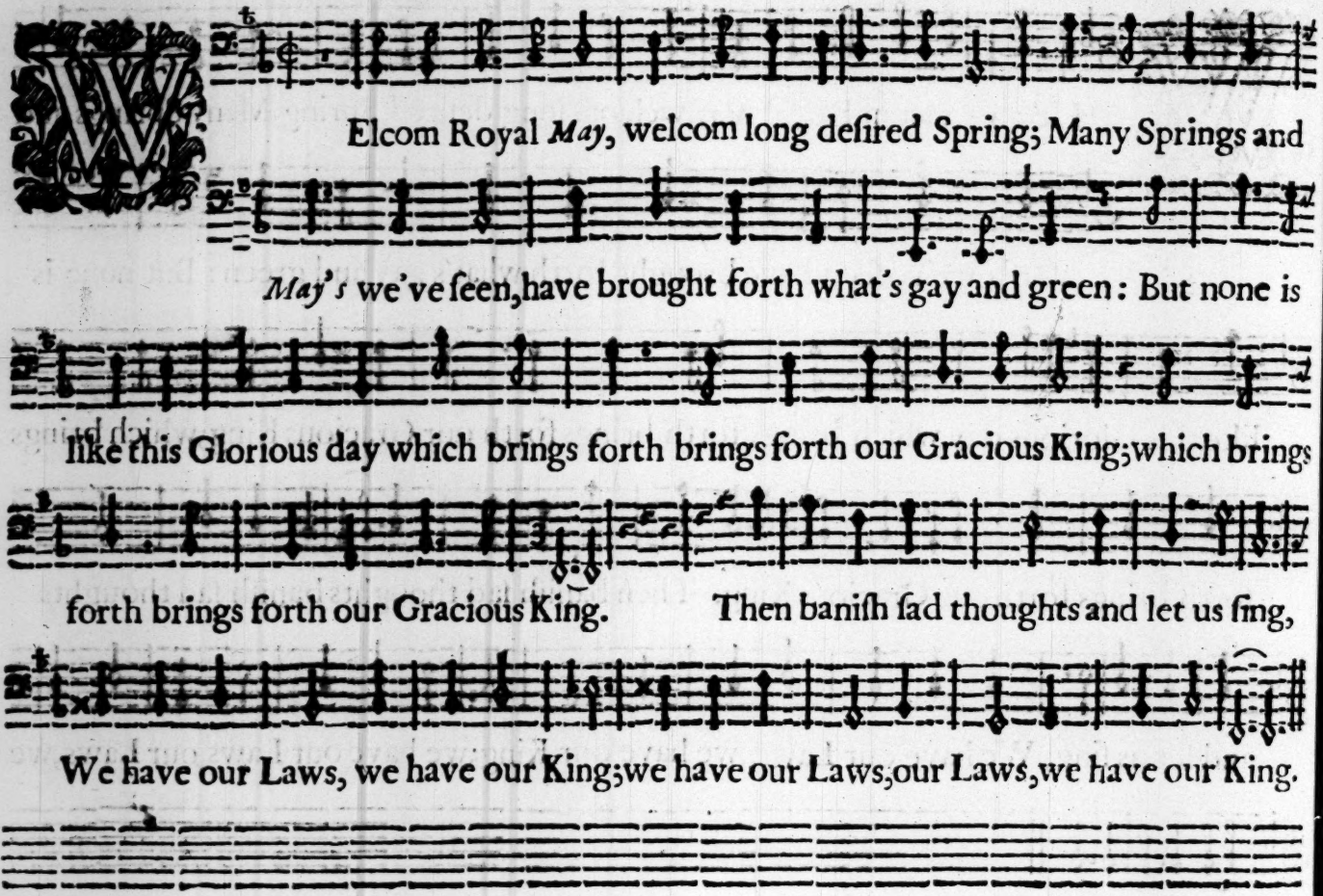
and let us sing, We have our Laws, we have our King; we have our Laws, our Laws, we
have our King.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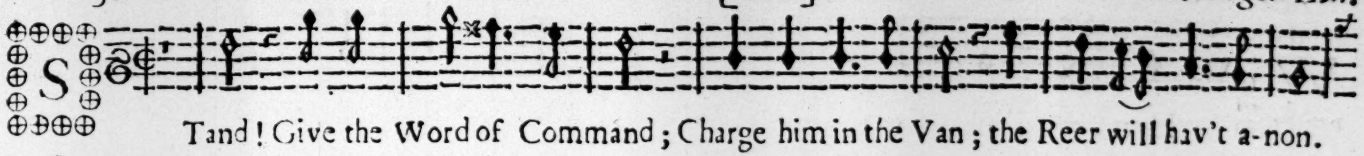
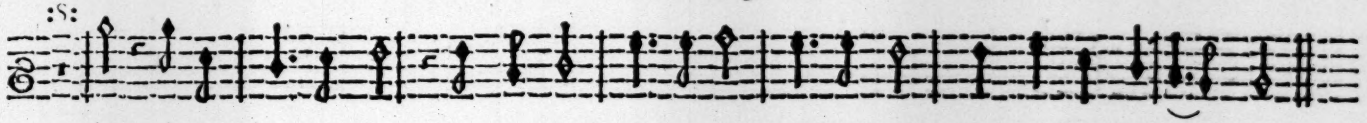
We have our Laws, we have our King; we have our Laws, our Laws, we have our King.

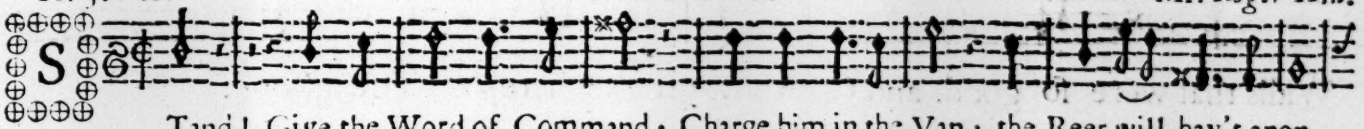


Tand! Give the Word of Command; Charge him in the Van; the Reer will hav't a-non.

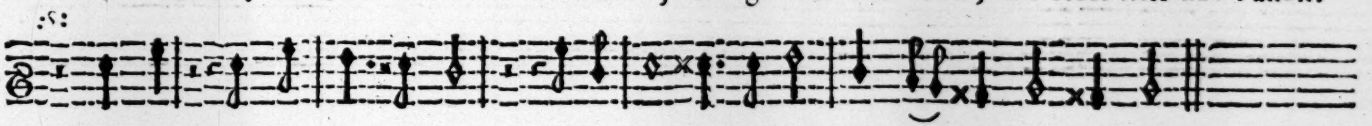


Arm! no man yet hath harm; thus to fight, thus to fight, is delight, when each Weapon's a Charm.

A. 3. Voc. *MEDIUS.* Mr. *Roger Hill.*

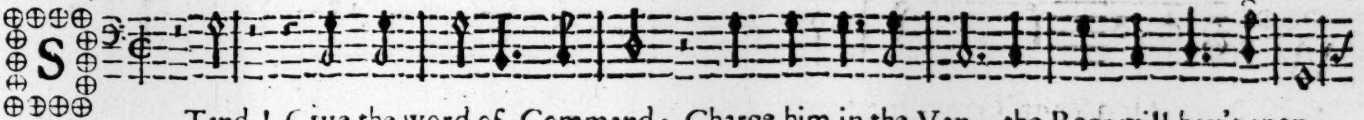


Tand! Give the Word of Command; Charge him in the Van; the Reer will hav't anon.



Arm, Arm! no man yet hath harm; thus to fight is delight, when each Weapon's a Charm.

A 3. Voc. *BASSUS.* Mr. *Roger Hill.*



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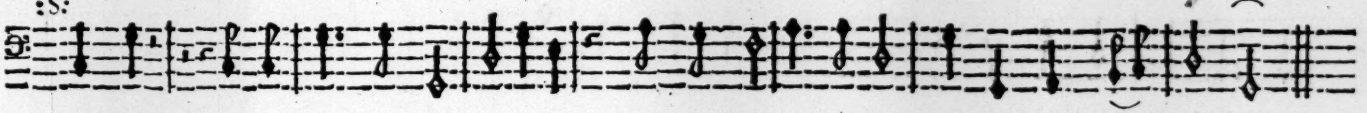
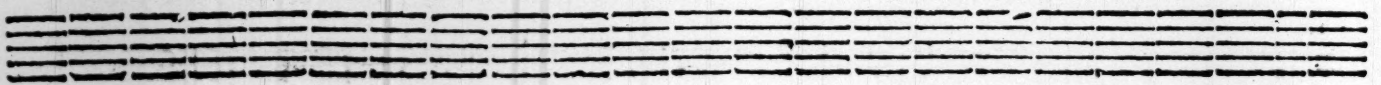


Arm, Arm! no man yet hath harm. Thus to fight is delight when each Weapon's a Charm.

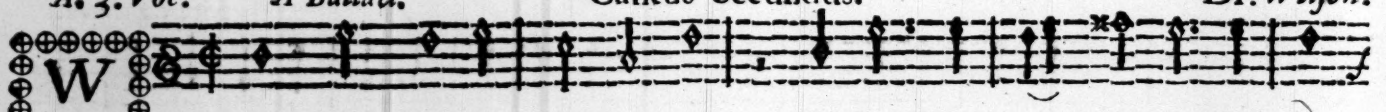
When *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withſtood the *Greeks* in manful wiſe:

yet did their foes increaſe ſo faſt, that to re-ſiſt none could ſuffice. Waſt lay thoſe

Walls that were ſo good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town ſtood.



A. 3. Voc. *A Ballad.* Cantus Secundus. Dr. *Wilſon.*



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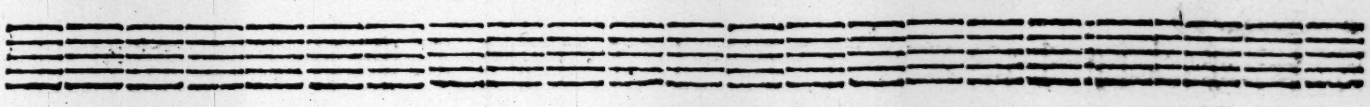

A. 3. Voc. *A Ballad.* *BASSUS.* Dr. *Wilſon.*

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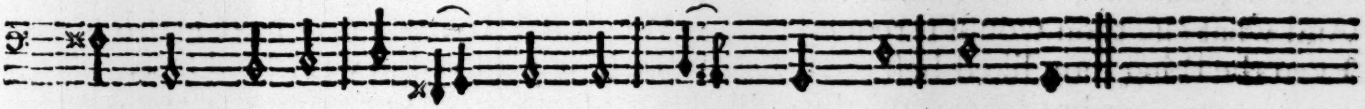

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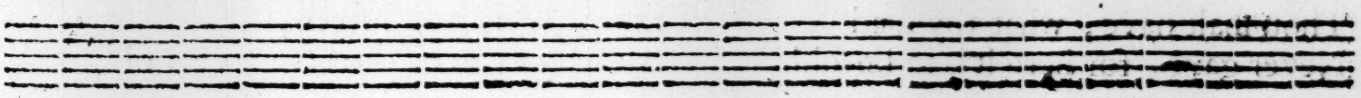
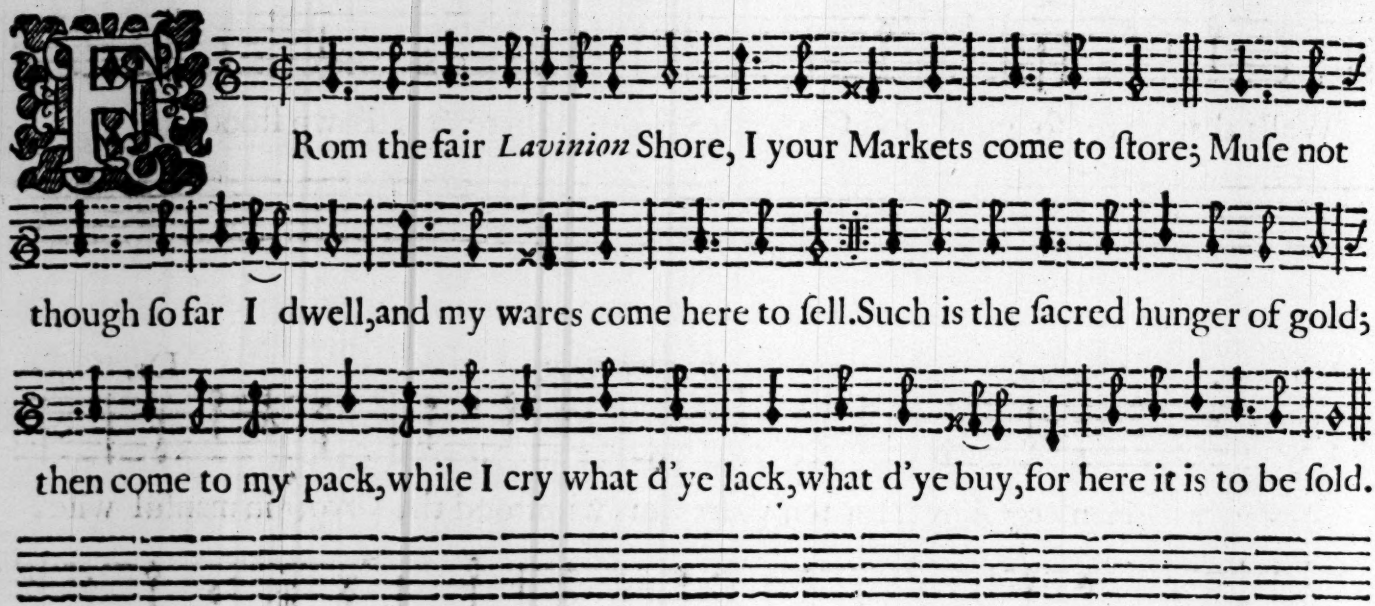
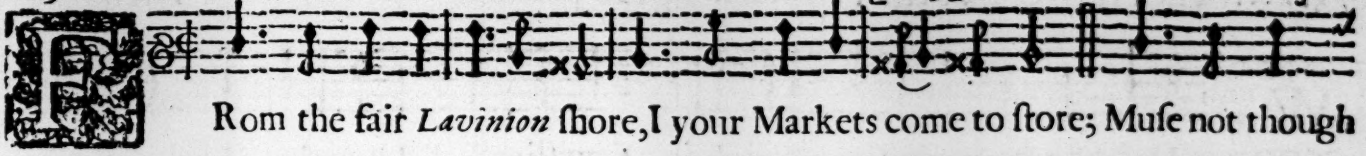


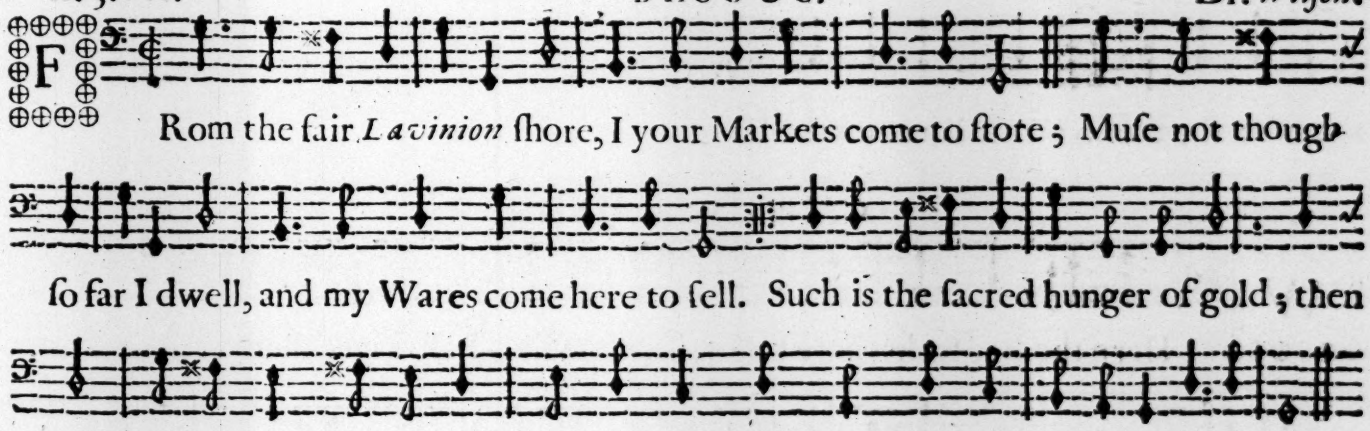


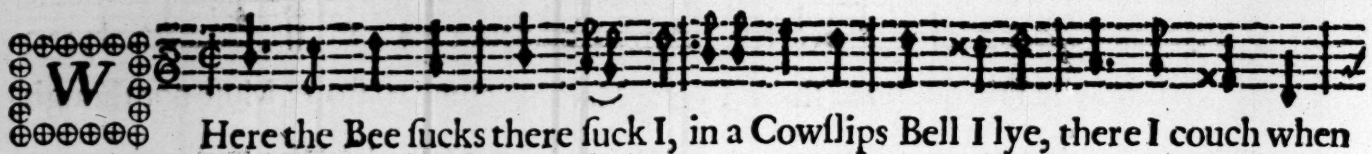
I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt,
Even the thing thou likeſt beſt.
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy gold,
Then come to me Lad,
Thou ſhalt have, what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be ſold.

Madam, come ſee what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinckled face.
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy gold,
Then thou ſhalt ſeem,
Like a Wench of fifteen,
Although you be threeſcore year old.



A. 3. Voc. *BASSUS.* Dr. *Wilſon.*





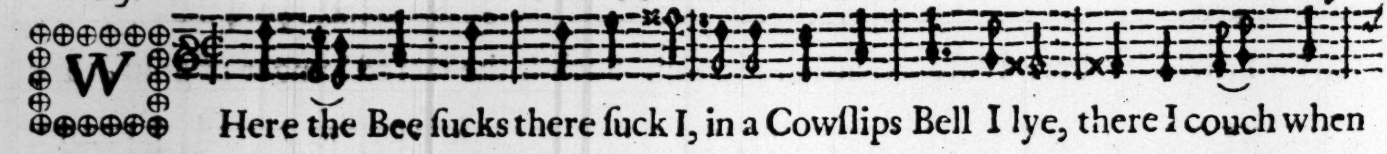
Here the Bee ſucks there ſuck I, in a Cowſlips Bell I lye, there I couch when

Owls do cry, on the *Bats* back I do fly after Summer merrily. Merrily merrily ſhall I

live now, under the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough. Merrily merrily ſhall I live now

under the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. Dr. *Wilſon.*



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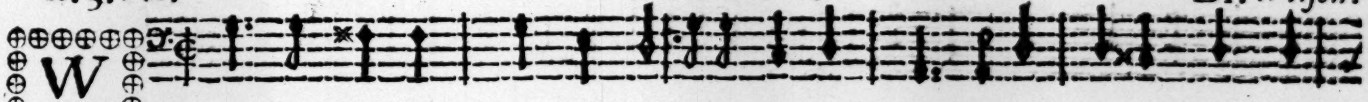
A. 3. Voc. *BASSUS.* Dr. *Wilſon.*



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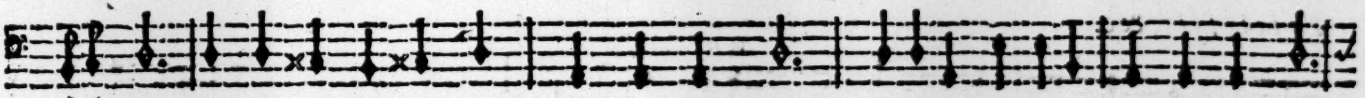
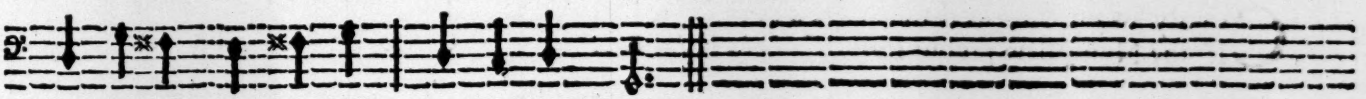
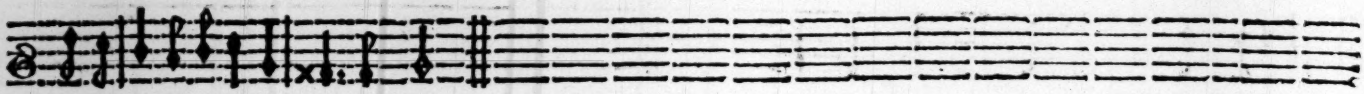


live now under the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough. Merrily merrily ſhall I live now



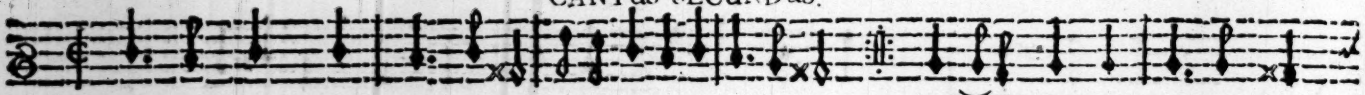
under the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

COmly Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? *Fa la la la la*, &c. Folded Arms are Signs of woe;
If thy Nymph no favour ſhow, *Fa la la la la*, &c. Chuſe another, let her goe.

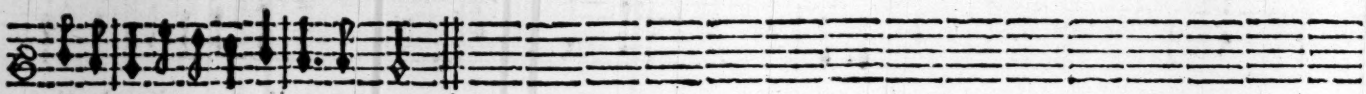


Fa la la la la, &c.
Fa la la la la, &c.

CANTUS SECUNDUS.

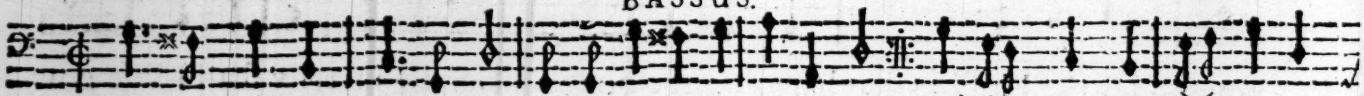


COmly Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? *Fa la la la la* &c. Folded Arms are Signs of woe;
If thy Nymph no favour ſhow, *Fa la la la la*, &c. Chuſe another; let her goe.



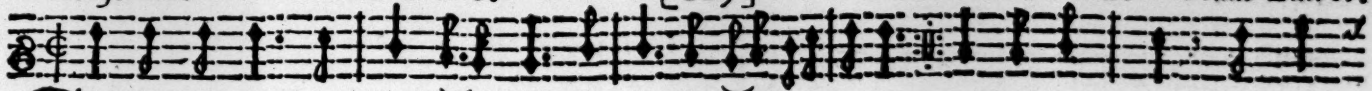
Fa la la la la, &c.
Fa la la la la, &c.

BASSUS.

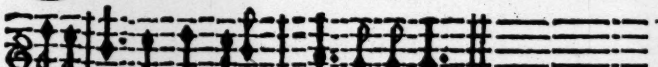


COmly Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? *Fa la la la la*, &c. Folded Arms are Signs of woe;
If thy Nymph no favour ſhow, *Fa la la la la*, &c. Chuſe another, let her goe.

Fa la la la la, &c.



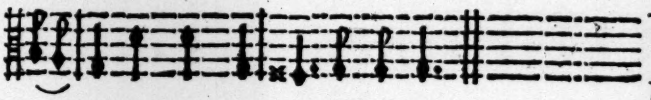
GAther your Roſe buds while you may, old Time is ſtill a--flying; And that ſame Flow'r that ſmiles



to day, to morrow will be dying.

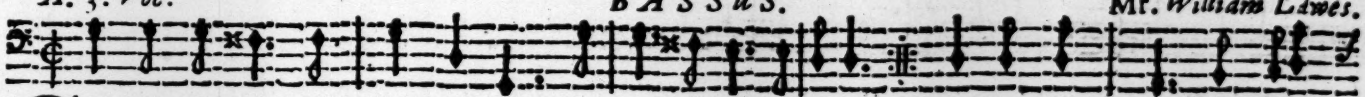
The Glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is a getting,
The ſooner will his Race be Run,
And neerer he's to Setting.

GAther your Roſe buds while you may, old Time is ſtill a-flying; And that ſame Flow'r that ſmiles



to day, to morrow will be dying.

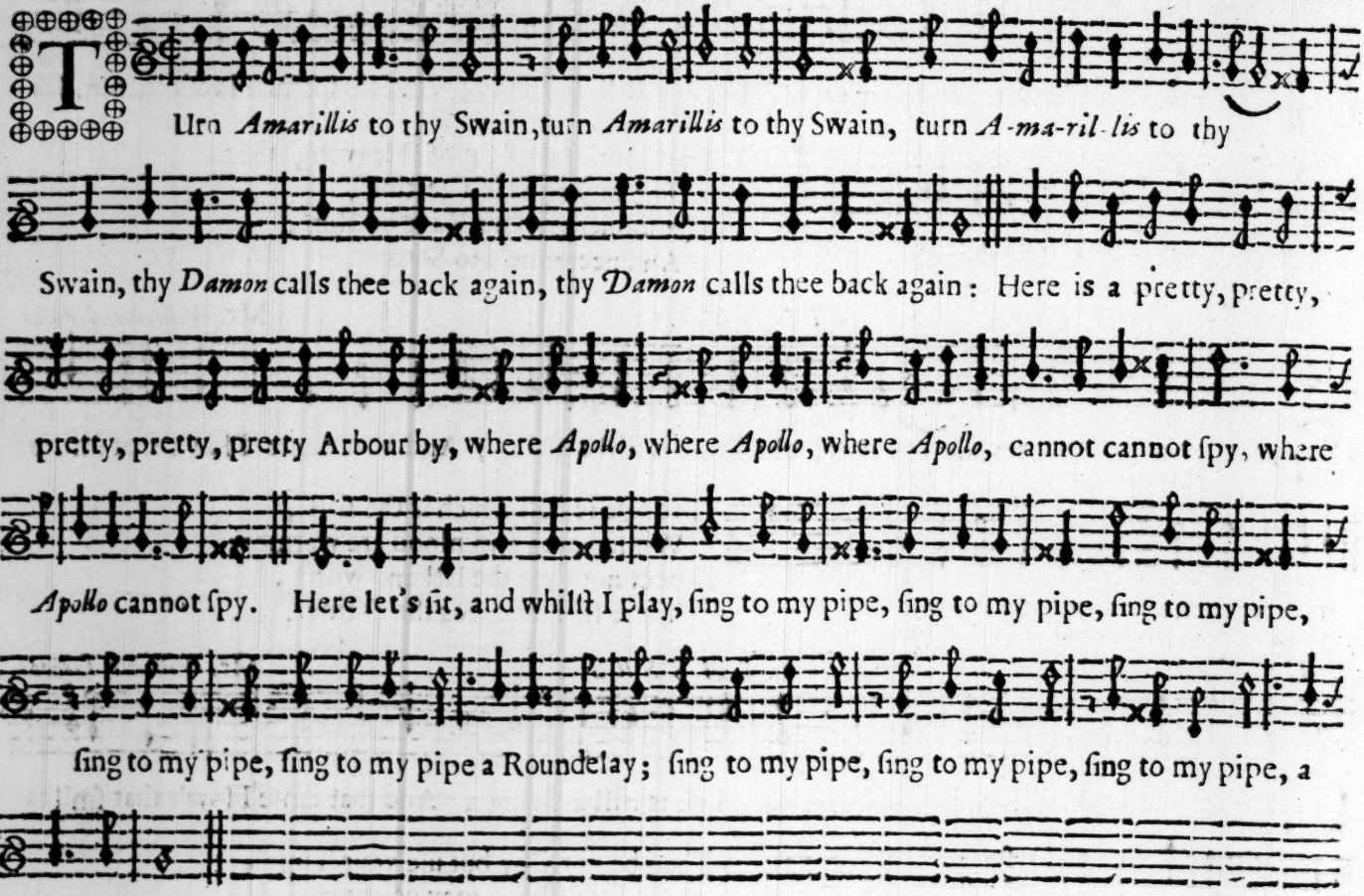
That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.



GAther your Roſe buds while you may, old Time is ſtill a-flying; And that ſame Flow'r that ſmiles

to day, to morrow will be dying.

Then be not Coy but uſe your Time,
And whilſt you may go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

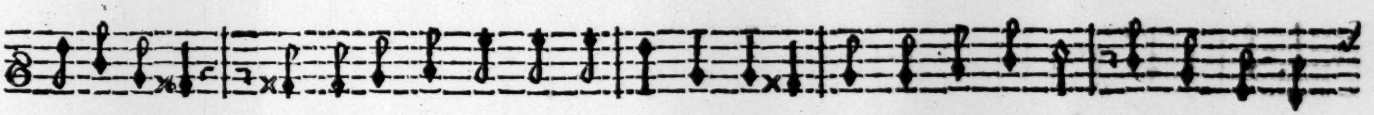

TUrn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *A-ma-ril-lis* to thy
Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty, pretty,
pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, cannot cannot spy, where
Apollo cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe,
sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe a Roundelay; sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, a
Roundelay.

Turn *Amaril-is* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Ama-ril--lis*

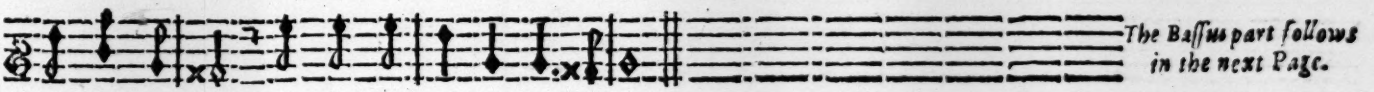
to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again. Here is a pretty, pretty,

pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *A pol-lo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, cannot spy, where *A-*

pollo cannot spy. There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe,

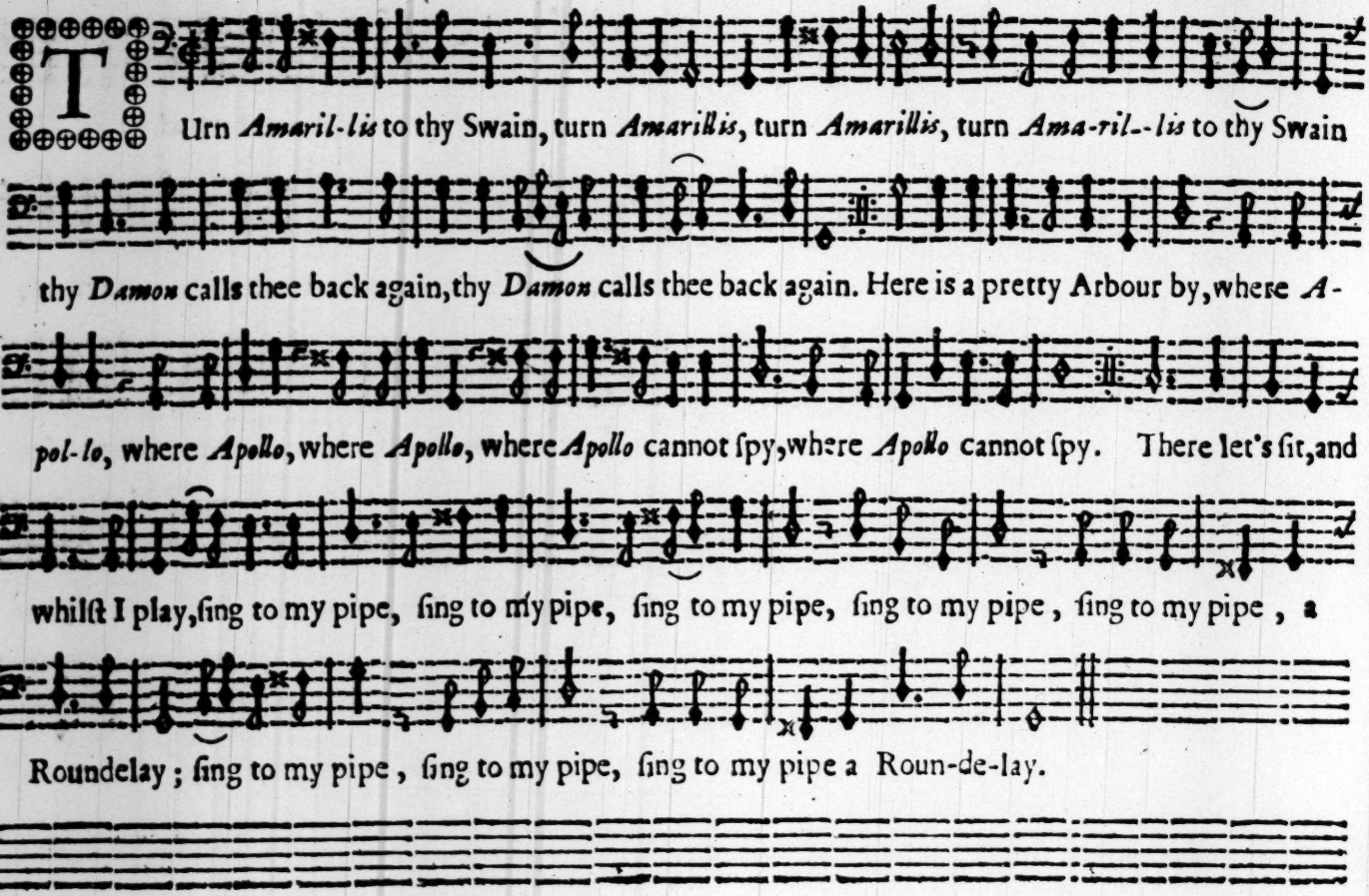


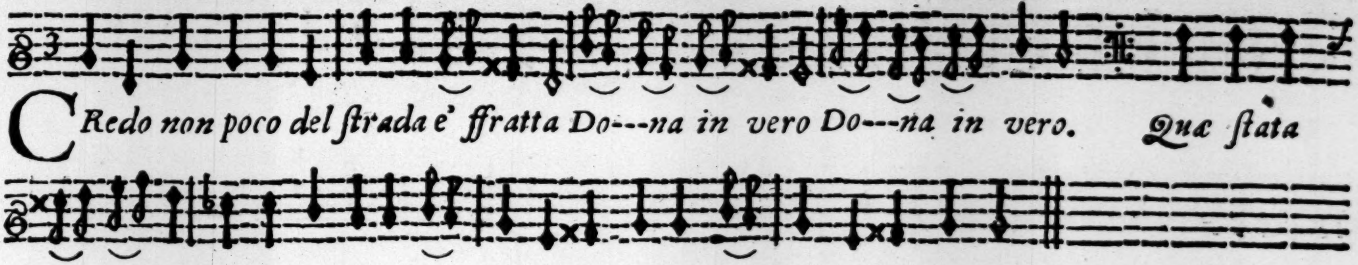
sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, a Roundelay; sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe,



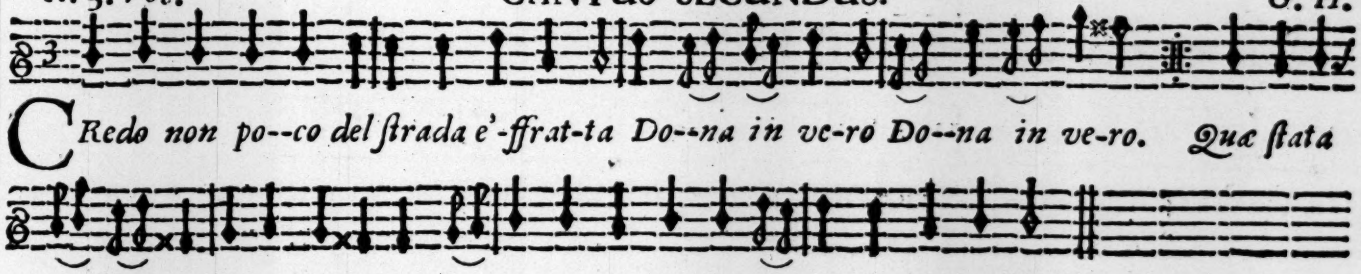
The Bassus part follows in the next Page.

sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe a Roun-de-lay.

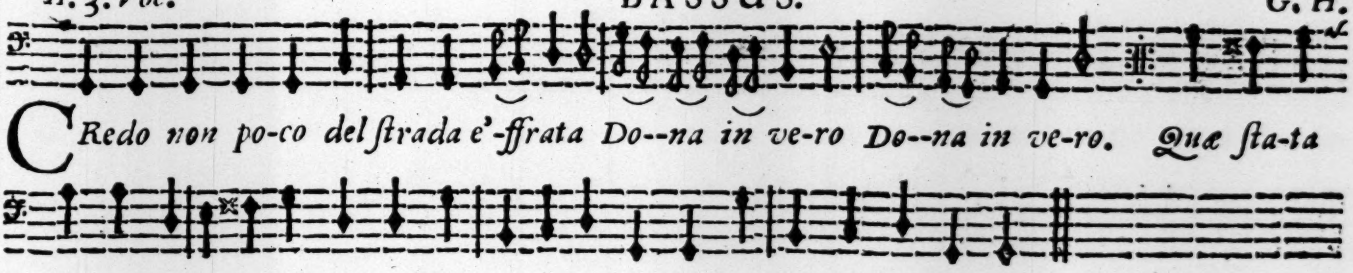

TUrn *Amaril-lis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Ama-ril--lis* to thy Swain
thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again. Here is a pretty Arbour by, where *A-*
pol-lo, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot ſpy, where *Apollo* cannot ſpy. There let's ſit, and
whilſt I play, ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe, a
Roundelay; ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe, ſing to my pipe a Roun-de-lay.

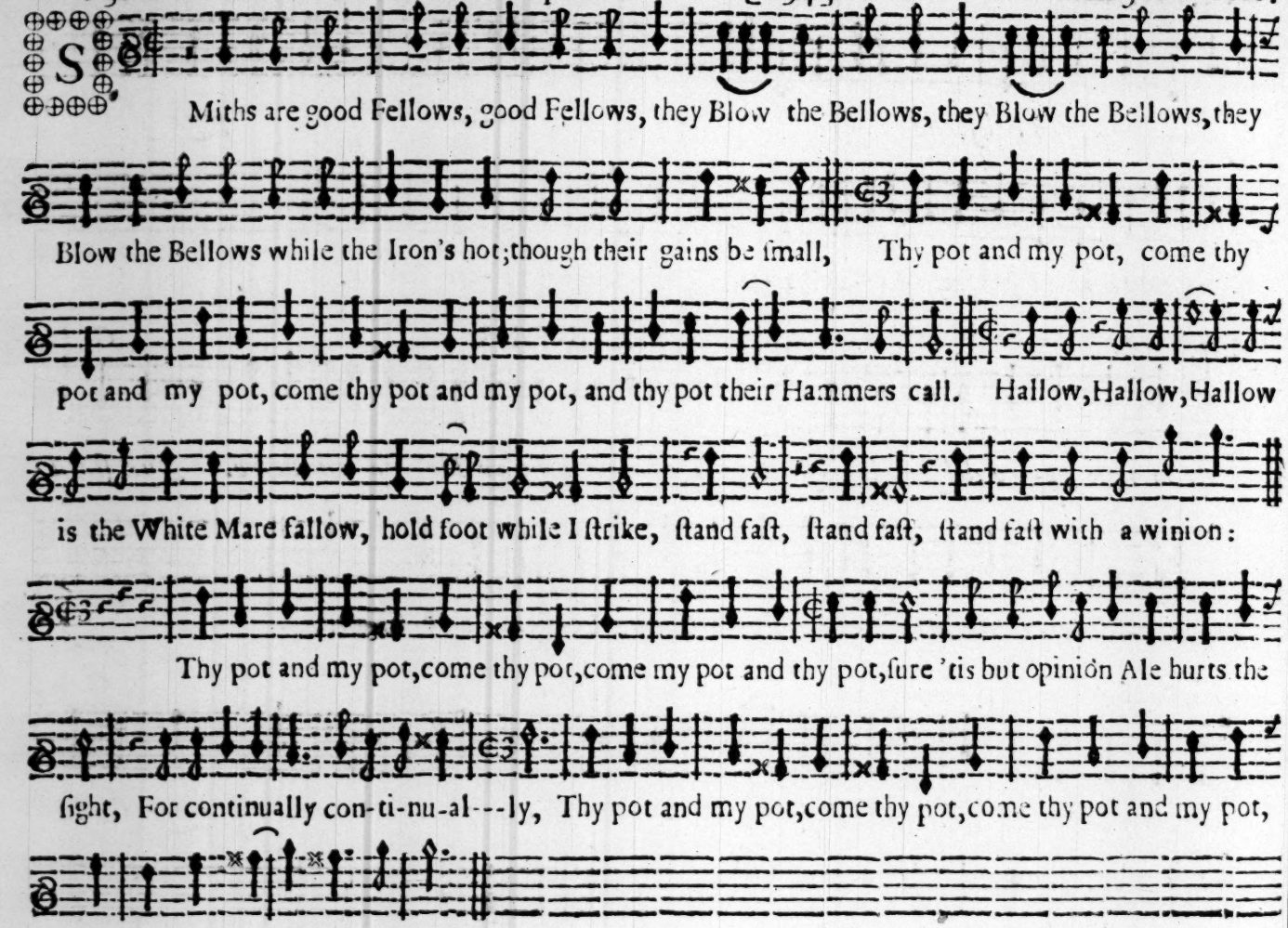


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. G. H.



A. 3. Voc. BASSUS. G. H.




Smiths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the Bellows, they
Blow the Bellows while the Iron's hot; though their gains be small, Thy pot and my pot, come thy
pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Hallow, Hallow, Hallow
is the White Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion:
Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure 'tis but opinion Ale hurts the
sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al---ly, Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot and my pot,
come thy pot their Hammers call.

Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the

Bellows, while the Iron's hot; though their gains be ſmall. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot,

and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the white Mare fallow,

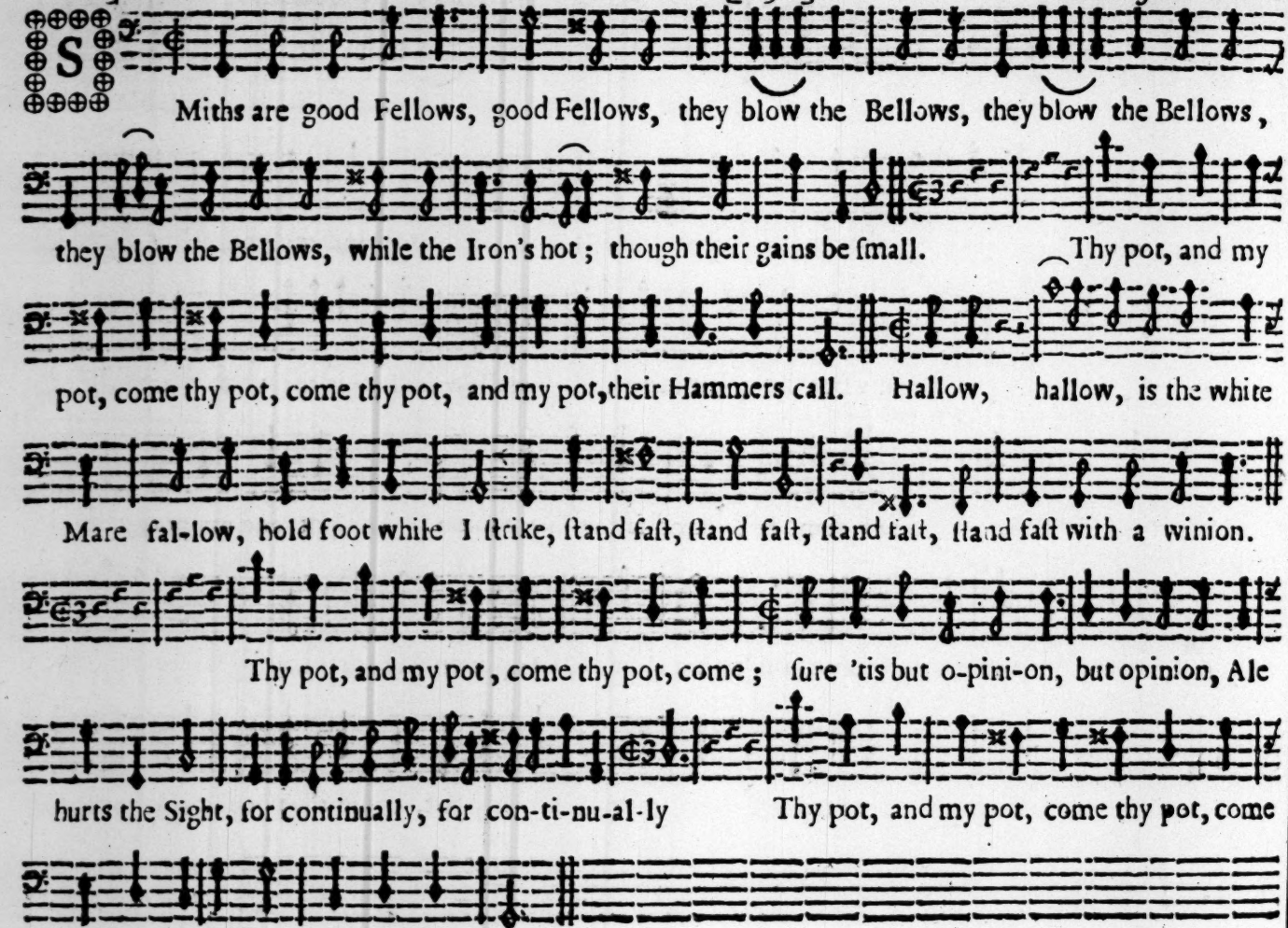
hold foot while I ſtrike, ſtand faſt, ſtand faſt, ſtand faſt with a winion. Thy pot, and my pot, come

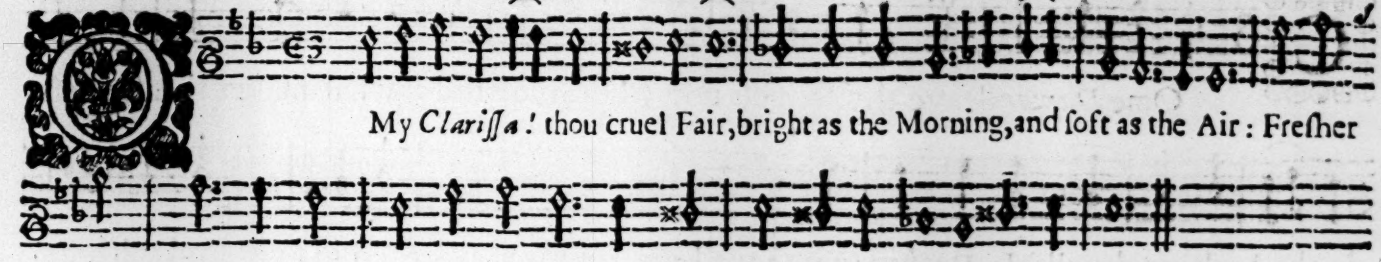
thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot, come ſure 'tis but opinion, but opinion Ale hurts the Sight, for continu-

al-ly Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their

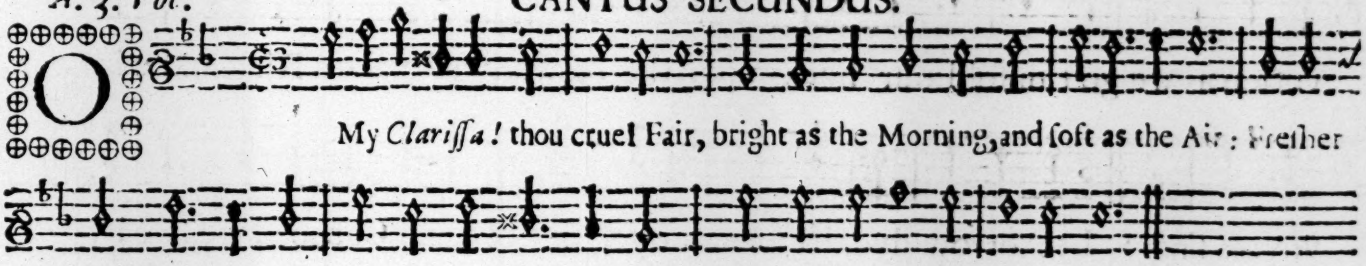
The Baſſus part follows in the next page.

Hammers call.

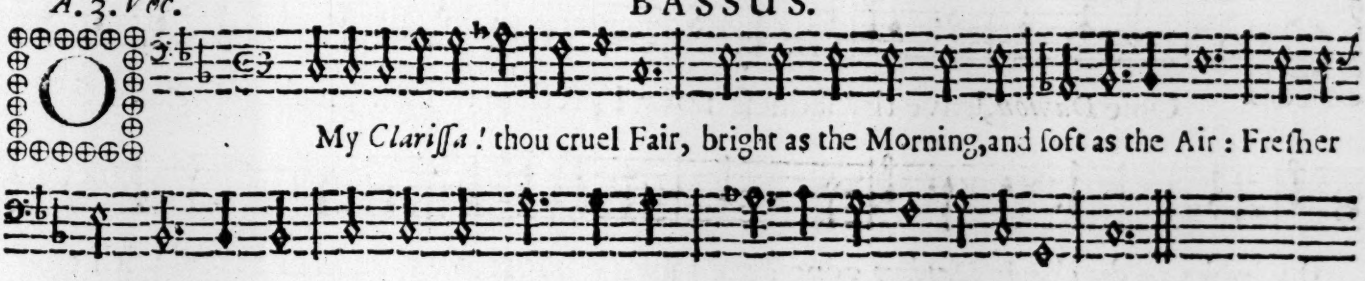

Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,
they blow the Bellows, while the Iron's hot; though their gains be ſmall. Thy pot, and my
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot, their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white
Mare fal-low, hold foot while I ſtrike, ſtand faſt, ſtand faſt, ſtand faſt, ſtand faſt with a winion.
Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come; ſure 'tis but o-pini-on, but opinion, Ale
hurts the Sight, for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come
my pot, and thy pot, their Hammers call.

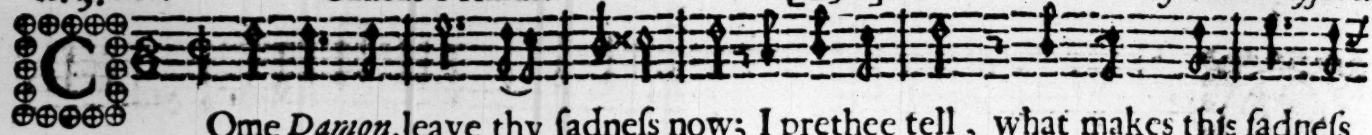


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



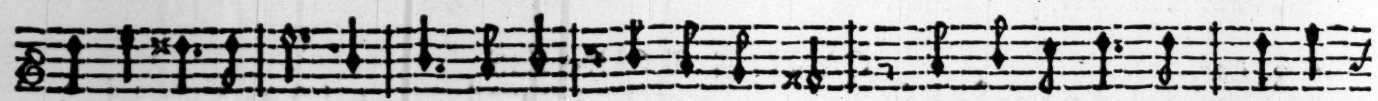
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



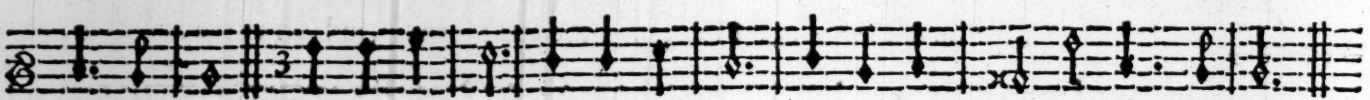


Come *Damon*, leave thy ſadneſs now; I prethee tell, what makes this ſadneſs

in thy looks to dwell? Is *Daphne* gone? we'l joyn our ſorrows then in one: and with de-

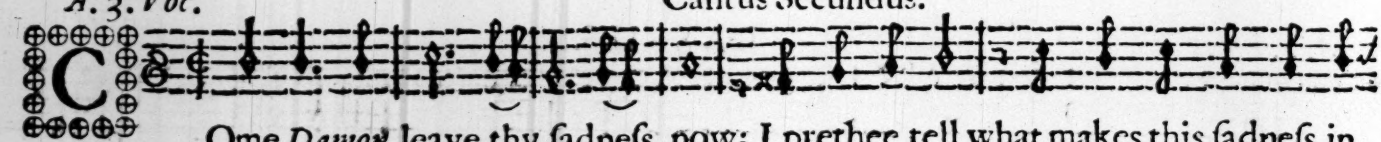


votion as we go t'unfold our flocks upon the Downs, we'l make a Ring, and with our

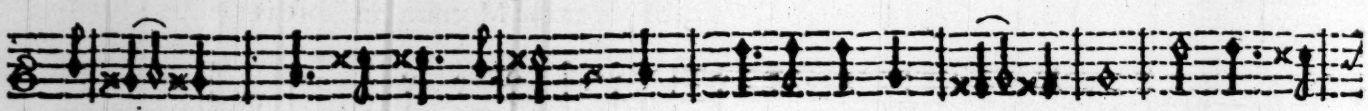


voyces ſing: Let ſorrow dye, let ſorrow dye, 'tis Love and Concord we live by.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

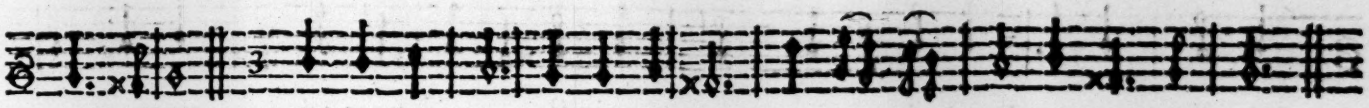


Come *Damon*, leave thy ſadneſs now; I prethee tell what makes this ſadneſs in



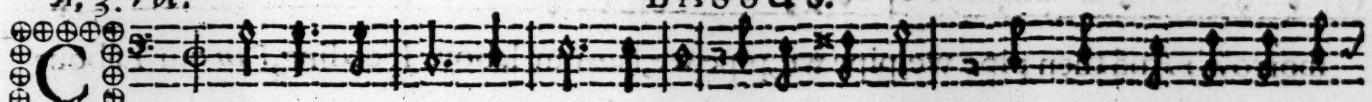
thy looks to dwell? Is *Daphne* gone? we'l joyn our ſorrows then in one: and with de-

votion as we go t' unfold our flocks upon the Downs, we'l make a Ring, and with our

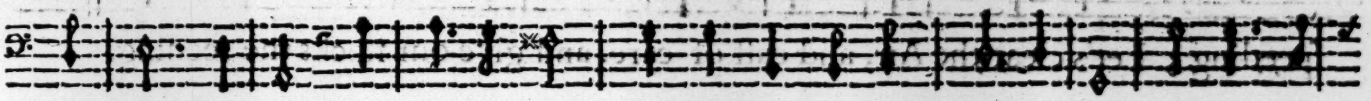


Voyces ſing : Let ſorrow dye, let ſorrow dye, 'tis Love and Concord we live by.

A, 3. Voc. BASSUS.

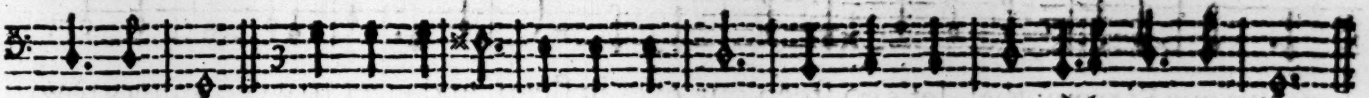


Come *Damon*, leave thy ſadneſs now; I prethee tell what makes this ſadneſs in

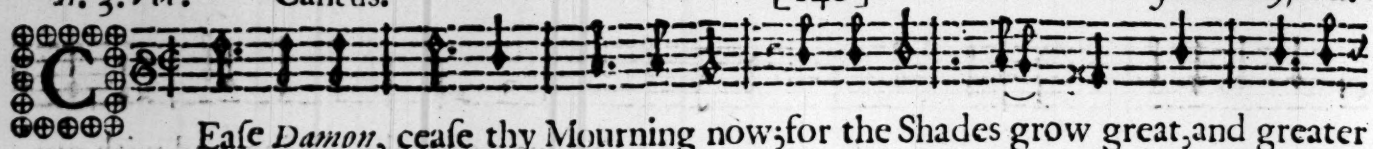


thy looks to dwell? Is *Daphne* gone? we'l joyn our ſorrows then in one: and with de-

votion as we go t'unfold our flocks upon the Downs, we'l make a Ring, and with our



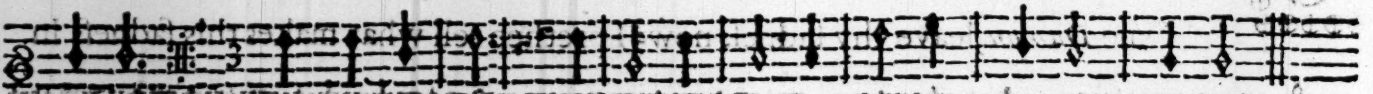
Voyces ſing : Let ſorrow dye, let ſorrow dye, 'tis Love and Concord we live by.



Eaſe *Damon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now; for the Shades grow great, and greater

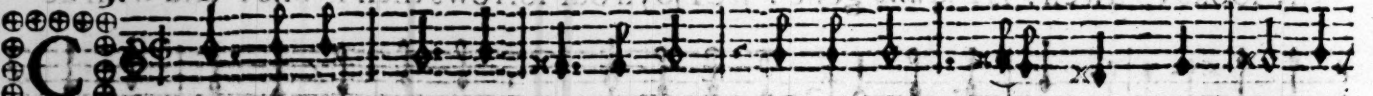
grows our Sorrow: then let's go ſteep our eyes in ſleep, and meet to weep, to weep to

morrow: And then pipe we, pipe we, pipe we, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding, *Pan* our Labour



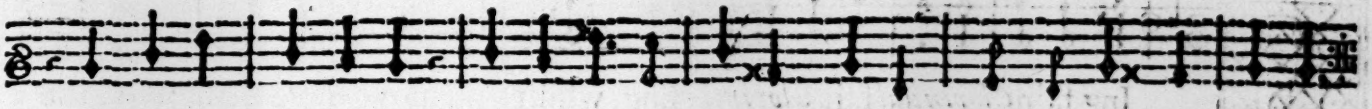
ſpeeding; Let's clear the Air, and caſt of care, and give our flocks the feeding.

A. 3. Voc. MEDIUS.

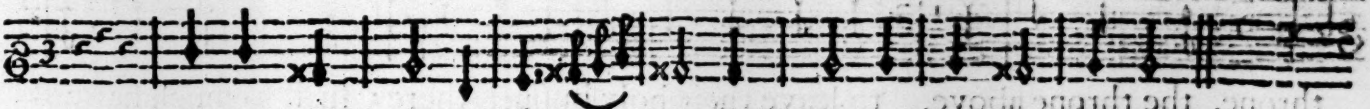


Eaſe *Damon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now; for the ſhades grow great, and greater

grows our Sorrow; then let's go ſteep our eyes in ſleep, and meet to weep to morrow.



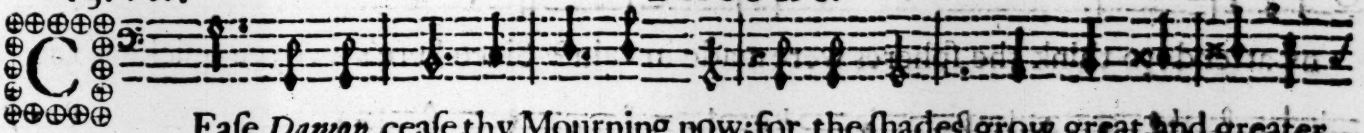
And then pipe we, pipe we, pipe we, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding, *Pan* our Labor ſpeeding;



Let's clear the Air, and caſt of care, and give our flocks the Feeding.

A. 3. Voc.

BASSUS.

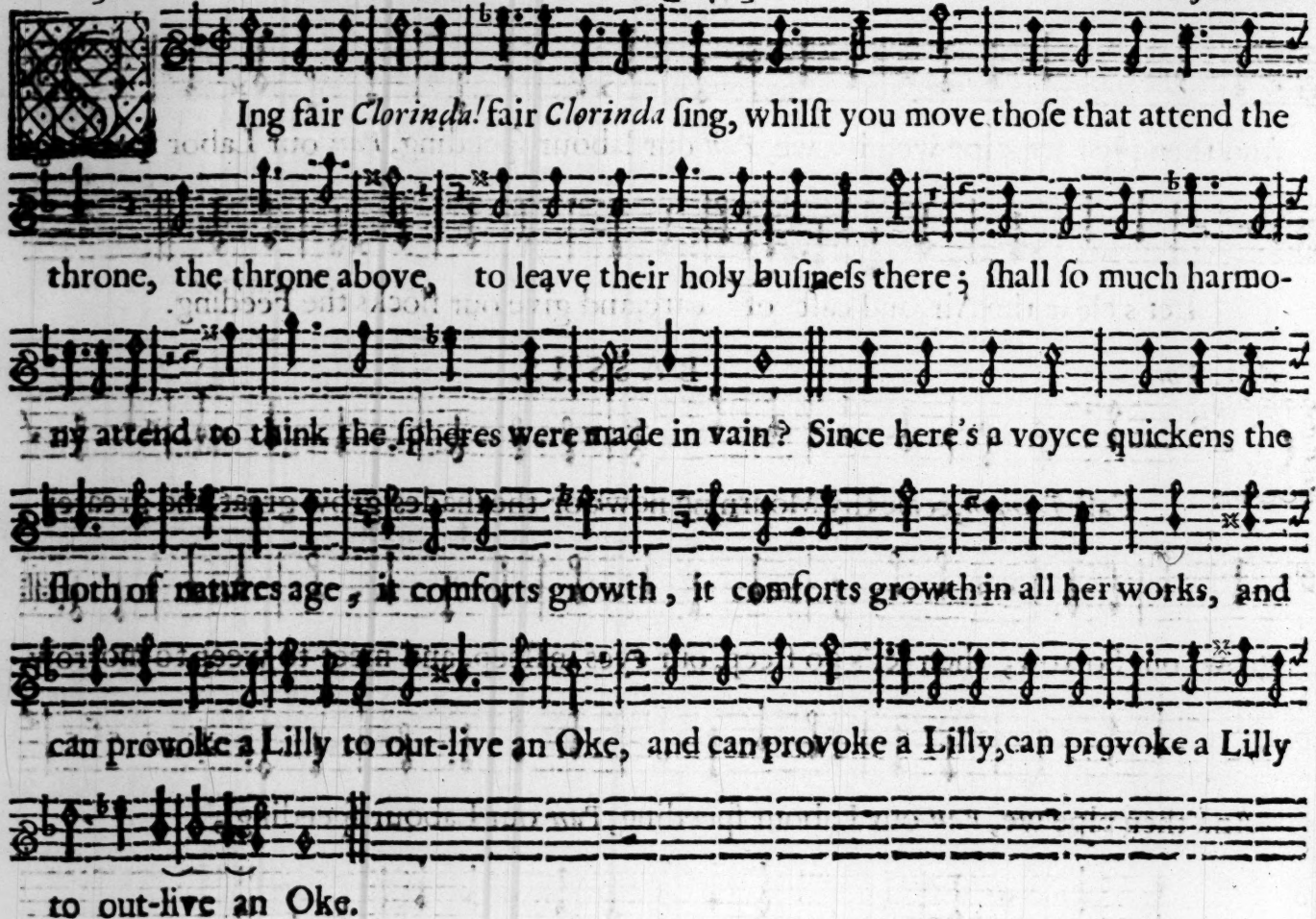


Eaſe *Damon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now; for the ſhades grow great, and greater

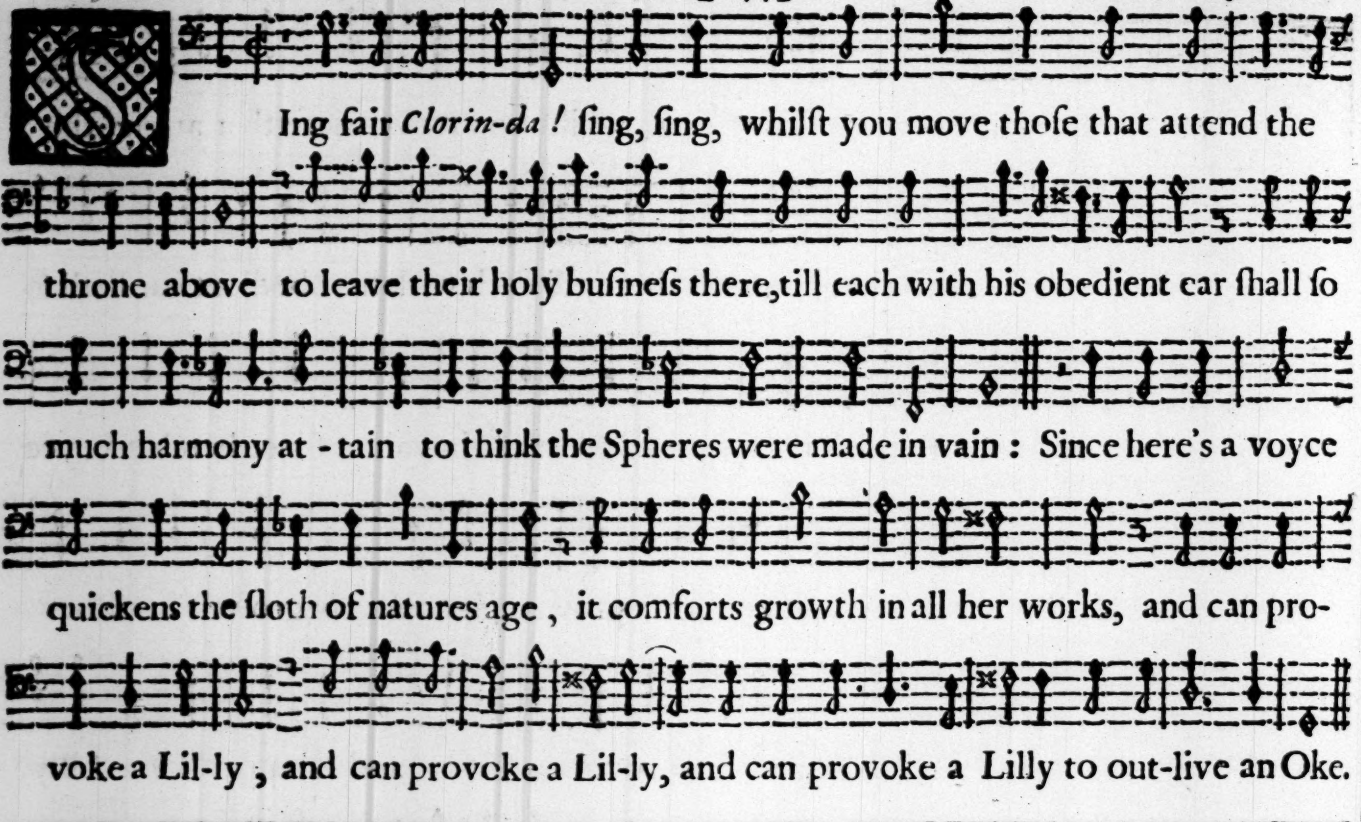
grows our Sorrow; then let's go ſleep, our eyes in ſleep, and meet to weep to morrow.

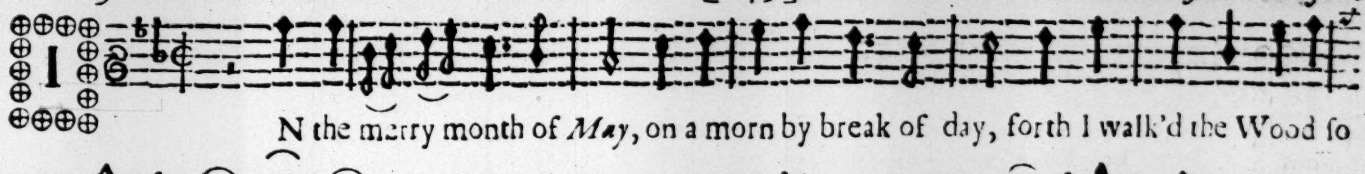
And then pipe we, *Pan* our Labour ſpeeding, *Pan* our Labour ſpeeding;

Let's Clear the Air, and caſt off care, and give our flocks the feeding.

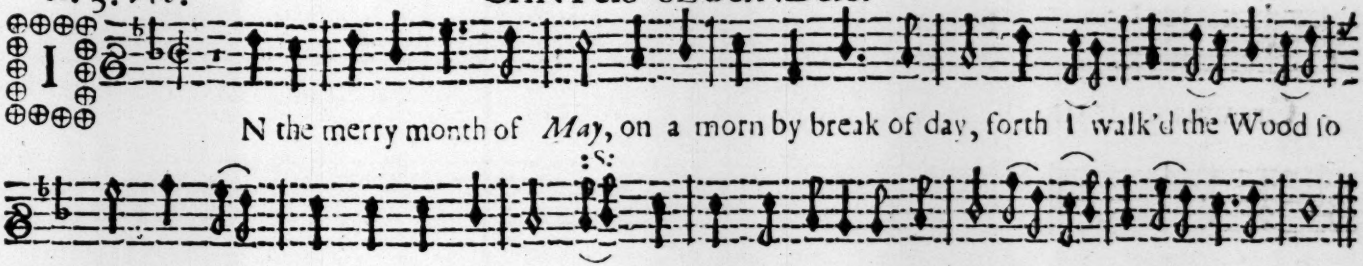

Ing fair *Clorinda!* fair *Clorinda* ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the
throne, the throne above, to leave their holy buſineſs there; ſhall ſo much harmo-
ny attend to think the ſpheres were made in vain? Since here's a voyce quickens the
ſloth of natures age, it comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and
can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oke, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly
to out-live an Oke.

Ing fair *Clorin-da!* ſing, ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the throne above, to leave their holy buſineſs there, till each with his obedient ear ſhall ſo much harmony at-tain, to think the ſpheres were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the ſloth of natures age, it comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oke.

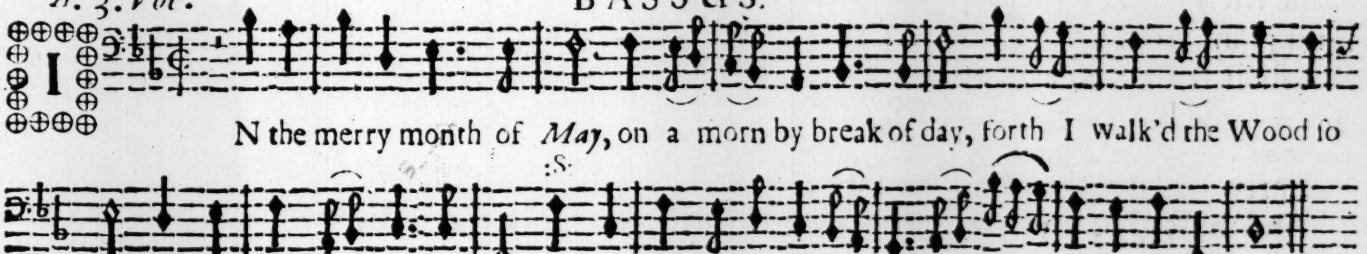

Ing fair *Clorin-da !* ſing, ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the
throne above to leave their holy buſineſs there, till each with his obedient ear ſhall ſo
much harmony at - tain to think the Spheres were made in vain : Since here's a voyce
quickens the ſloth of natures age , it comforts growth in all her works, and can pro-
voke a Lil-ly , and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oke.

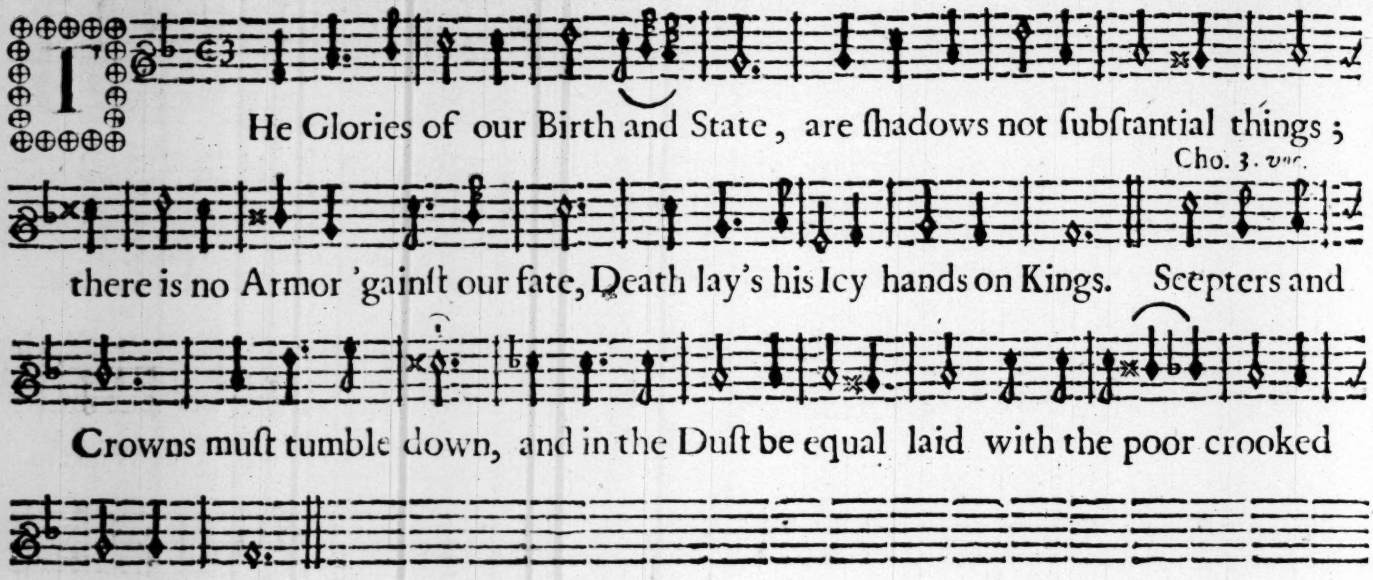


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.





Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant freſh Lawrells where they kill'd:
But their ſtrong Nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill.

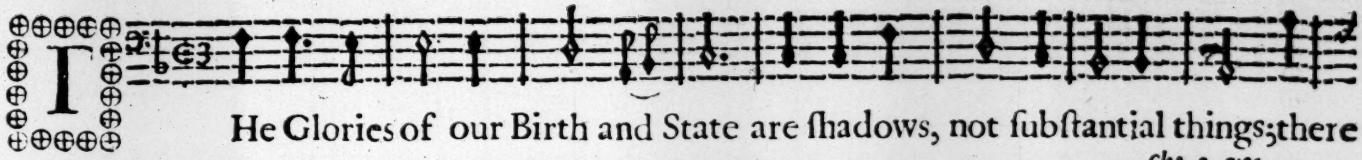
Chor. 3. voc.

Early, or late, they bend to fate,
And muſt give up their murmering Breath,
While the pale Captive creep to Death.

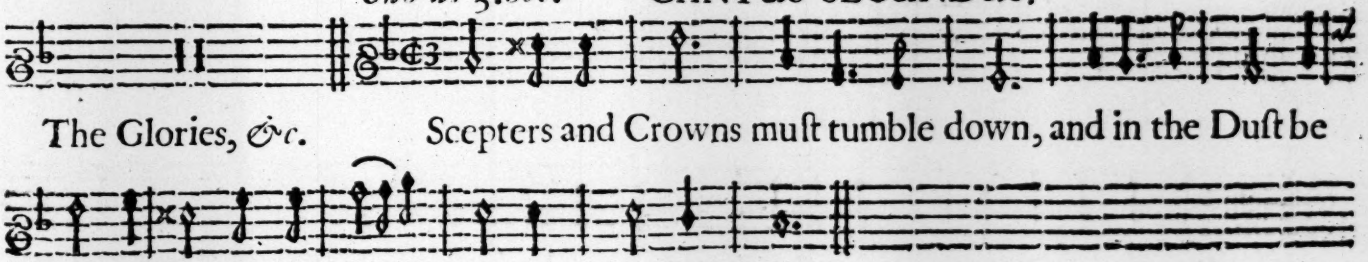
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty Deeds
Upon Death's Purple Altar now;
See, where the Victor Victim bleeds.

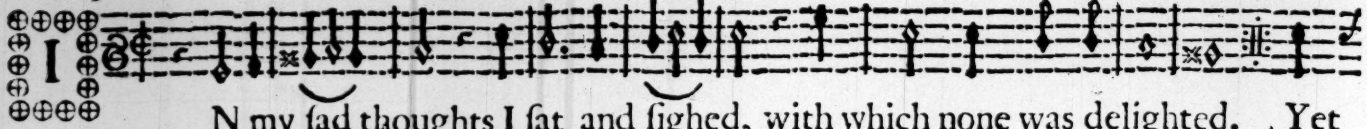
Chor. 3. voc.

All heads muſt come to the cold Tomb;
Only the Actions of the Juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in their Duſt.

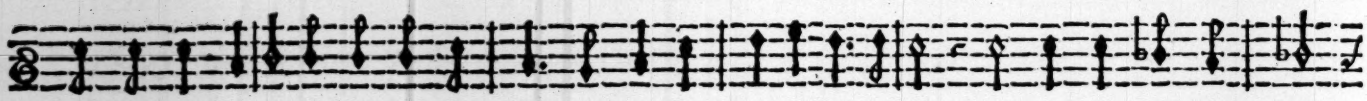


Chorus 3. voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

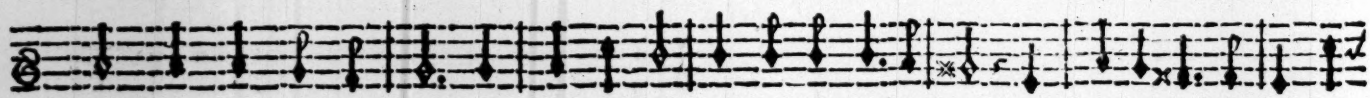




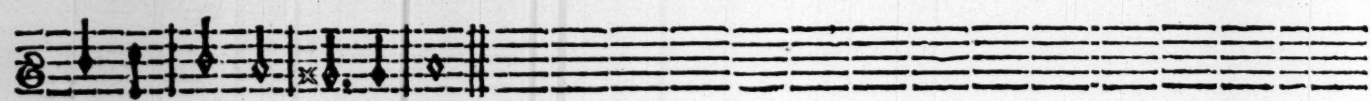
IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſighed, with which none was delighted. Yet



was it ſtill to me a rejoycing, there to be in good Societie. Then farewel ſadneſs now,

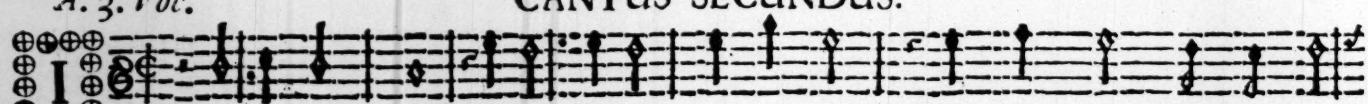


Then farewell ſadneſs now, let's all agree to joyn in Harmonie, to joyn in Harmonie, to



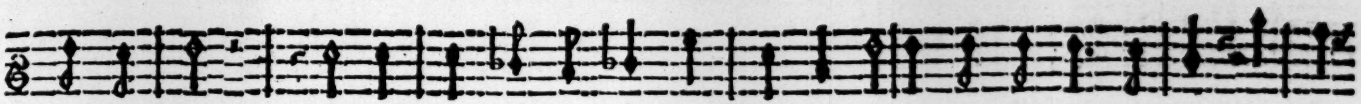
joyn, to joyn in Harmonie.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

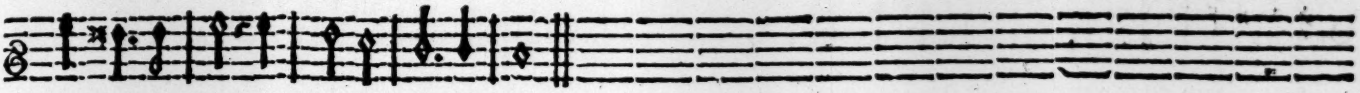


IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſighed, with which with which none was delight-

ed. Yet was it ſtill to me a rejoycing, there to be in good Societie. Then farewel

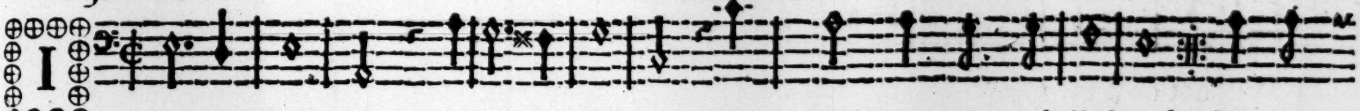


ſadneſs now, Then farewel ſadneſs now, let's all agree to joyn in Harmonie, to joyn

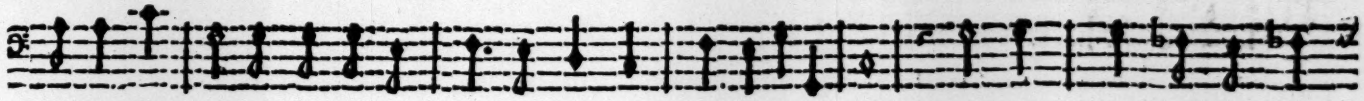


in Harmonie, to joyn in Harmonie.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

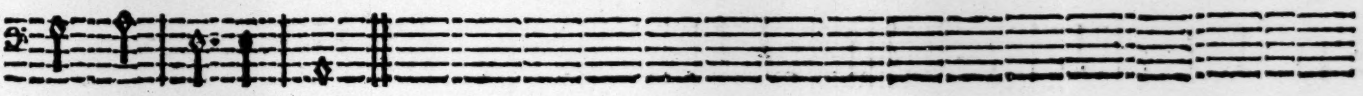


IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſighed, with which none was delighted. Yet was



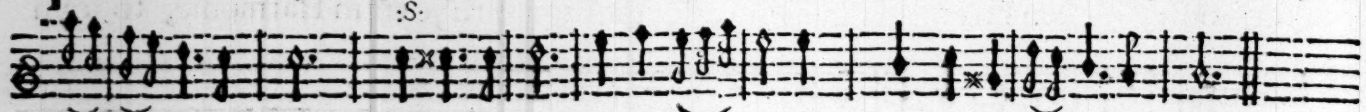
it ſtill to me a rejoycing, there to be in good So-ci-e-tie. Then farewel ſadneſs now,

then farewel ſadneſs now, let's all agree to joyn in Harmonie, to joyn in Harmonie, to



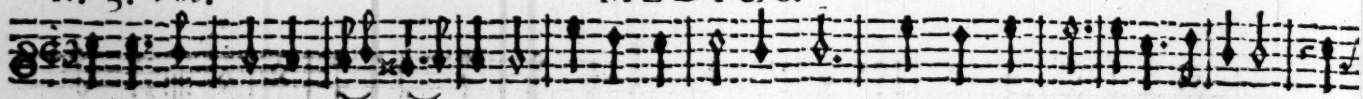
joyn in Harmonie.

I Will not truſt thy temp-ting graces, nor thy deceitful Charms; nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces, nor

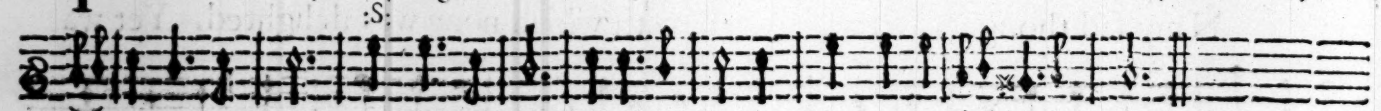


fetter'd in thy Arms. No, *Cœlia* no, not all thy Art can wound or captivate my heart.

A. 3. Voc. MEDIUS.

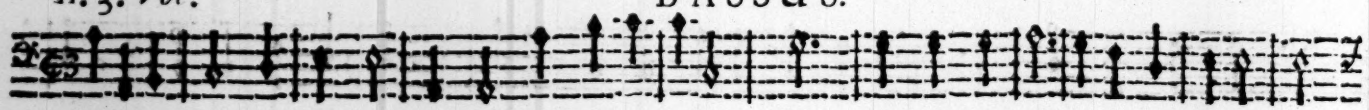


I Will not truſt thy tempting Graces, nor thy Deceitful Charmes; nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces, nor

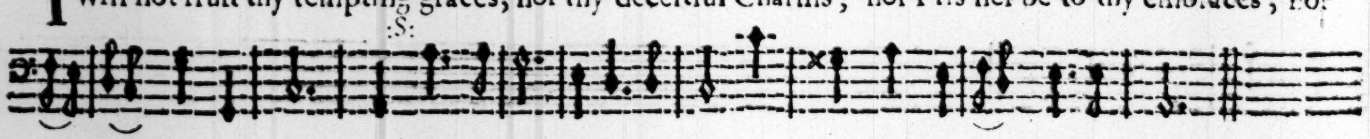


fetter'd in thy Arms. No, *Cœlia* no, not all thy Art can wound or captivate my heart.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

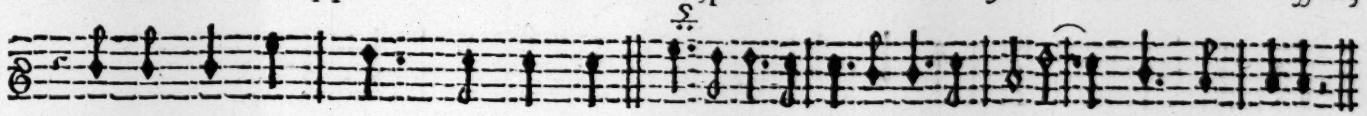


I will not truſt thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitful Charms; nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces, nor



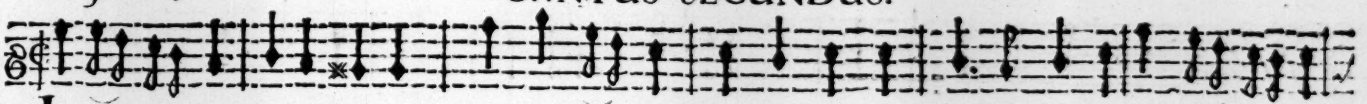
fetter'd in thy Arms. No, *Cœlia* no, not all thy Art, can wound or cap-ti-vate my heart.

IN a Seaſon all oppreſſed with ſad Sorrow, poor diſtreſſed *Troylos* ſaid unto his *Creſſed*,

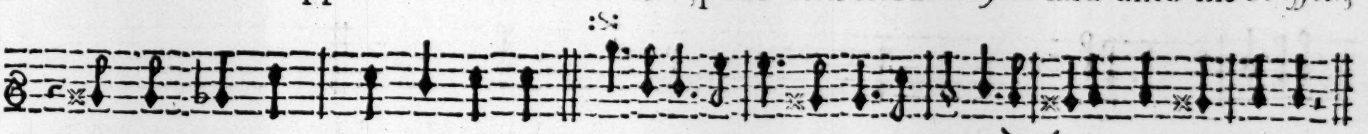


Yield, O yield thee, Sweet! and ſtay not; O no no no no no no no no, ſweet Love, I may not

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



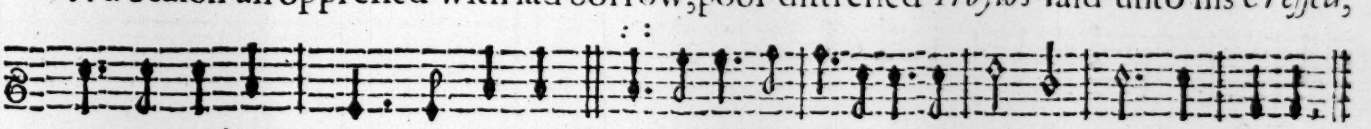
IN a Seaſon all oppreſſed with ſad Sorrow, poor diſtreſſed *Troylos* ſaid unto his *Creſſed*,



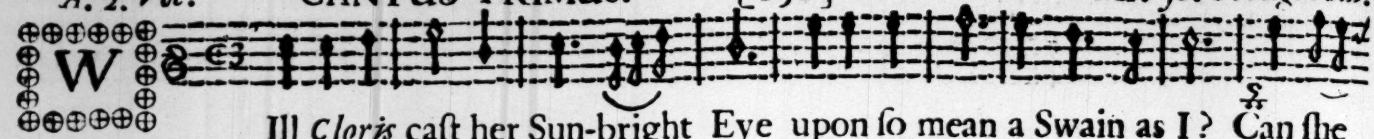
Yield, O yield thee, ſweet! & ſtay not; O no no no no no no no no, ſweet Love, I may not.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

IN a Seaſon all oppreſſed with ſad Sorrow, poor diſtreſſed *Troylos* ſaid unto his *Creſſed*,



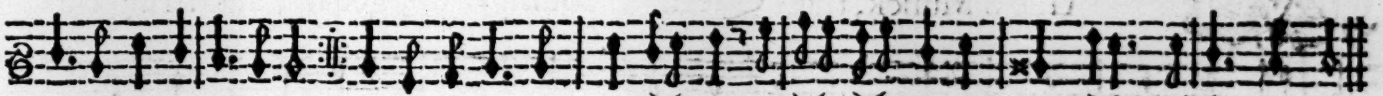
Yield, O yield thee, ſweet! & ſtay not; O no no no no no no no no, ſweet Love, I may not.



A. 3. voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

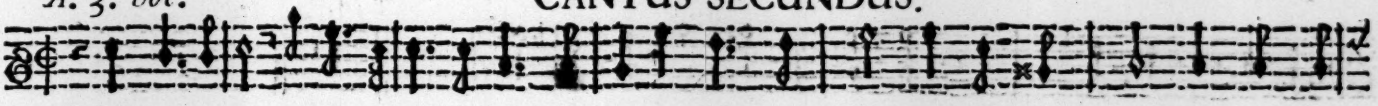
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

SWeet Tyranneſs, I now reſign my heart, for ever more 'tis thine; Thoſe Magick ſweets, force me, my

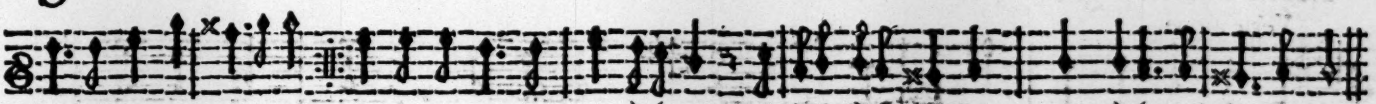


Arts, my ſelf, to Slavery: what need I care? thy Beauty flings ſuch flow'ry ſmiling charms would conquer Kings

A. 3. voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



SWeet Tyraneſs, I now reſign my heart, for ever more 'tis thine; Thoſe Magick ſweets force me, my

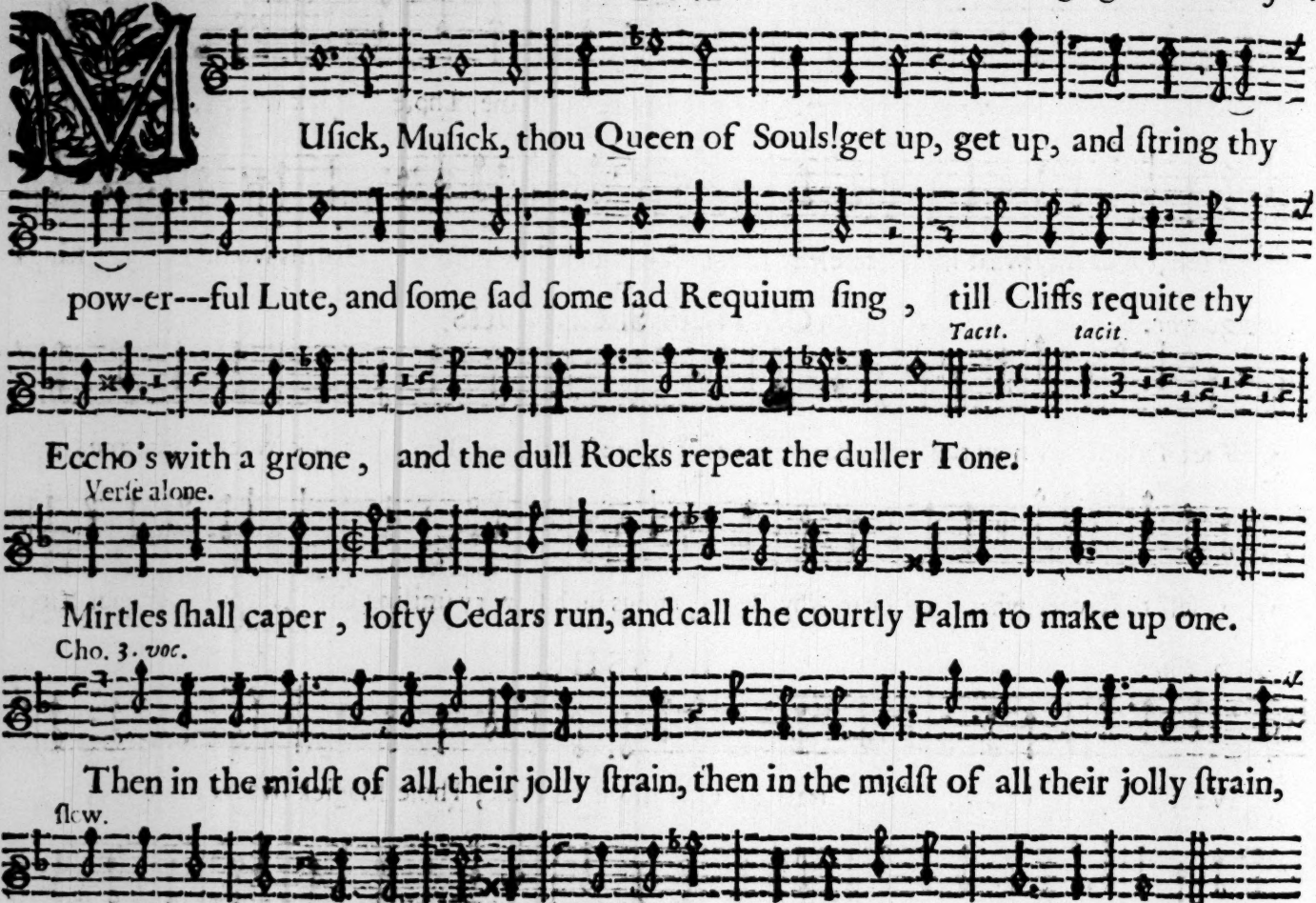


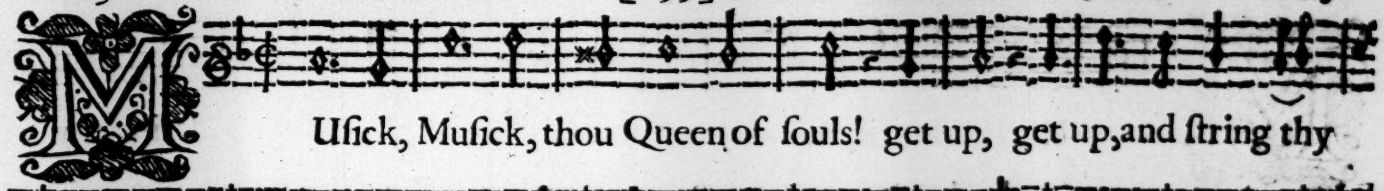
Arts, my ſelf to ſlavery: what need I care? thy Beauty flings ſuch flow'ry ſmiling charms would conquer Kings

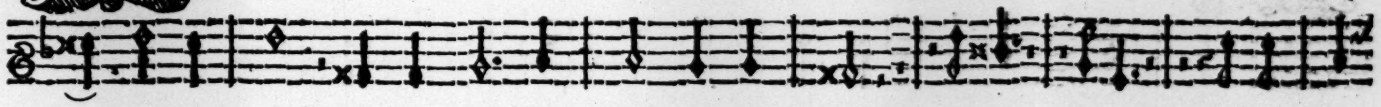
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

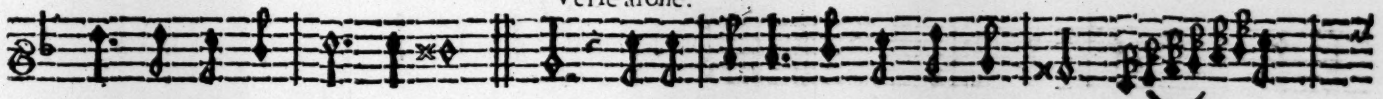
SWeet Tyraneſs, I now reſign my heart, for ever more 'tis thine; Thoſe Magick ſweets force me, my

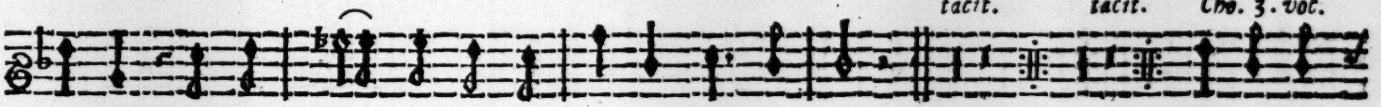
Arts, my ſelf to ſlavery: what need I care? thy Beauty flings ſuch flow'ry ſmiling charms would conquer Kings

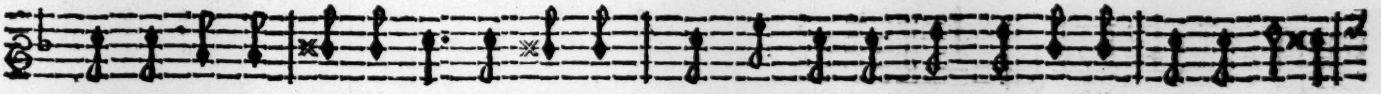

Usick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls! get up, get up, and string thy
pow-er---ful Lute, and some sad some sad Requium sing, till Cliffs requite thy
Tacit. tacit
Eccho's with a grone, and the dull Rocks repeat the duller Tone.
Verse alone.
Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars run, and call the courtly Palm to make up one.
Cho. 3. voc.
Then in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jolly strain,
slow.
strike a sad note, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um trees a--gain.

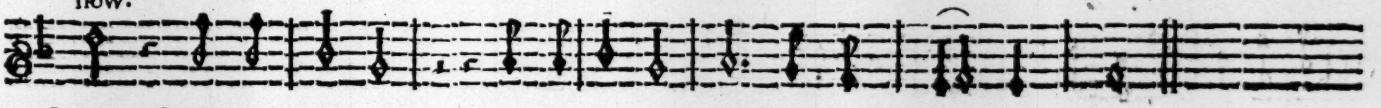

Muſick, Muſick, thou Queen of ſouls! get up, get up, and ſtring thy

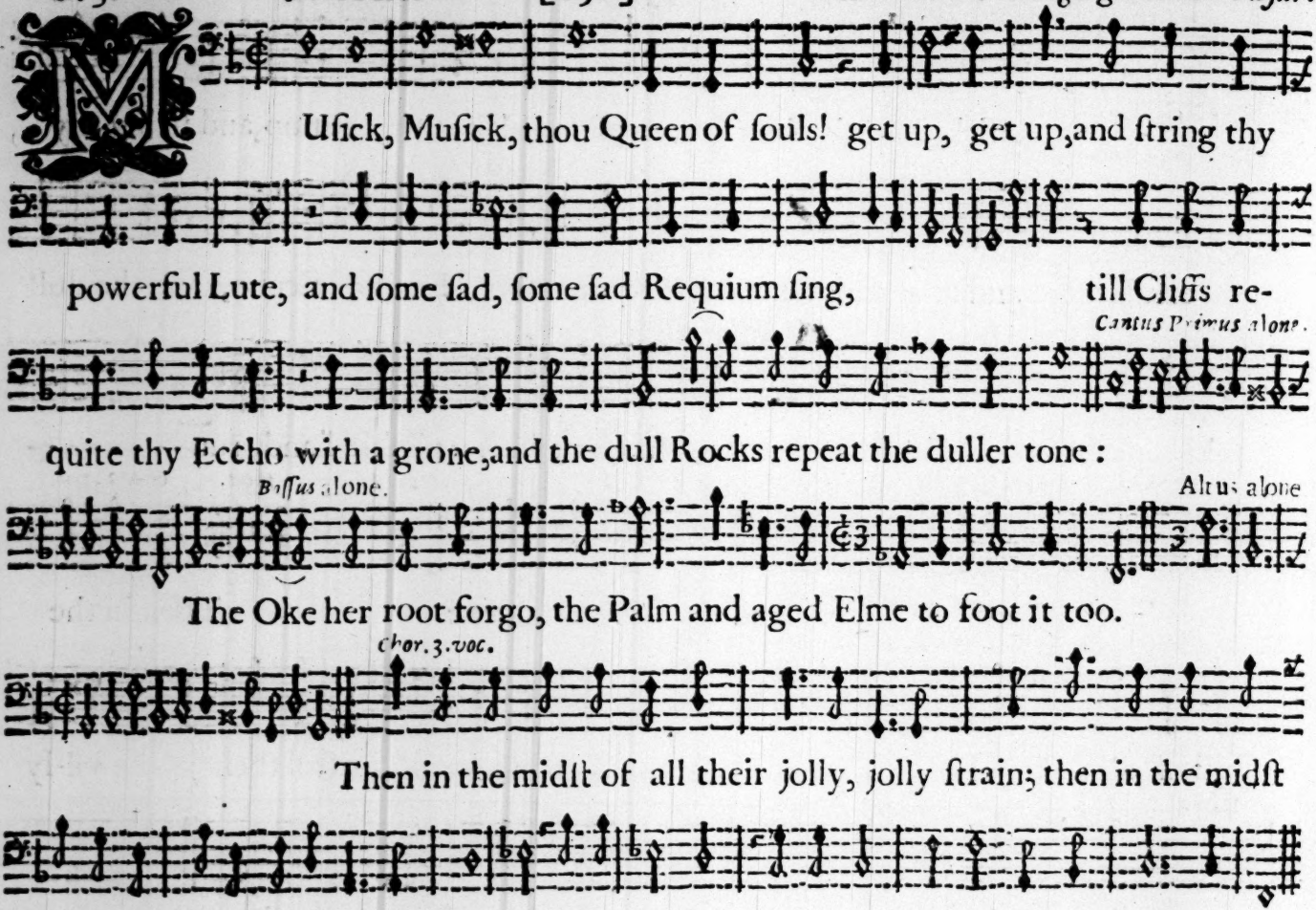

powerful Lute, and ſome ſad, ſome ſad Requium ſing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull

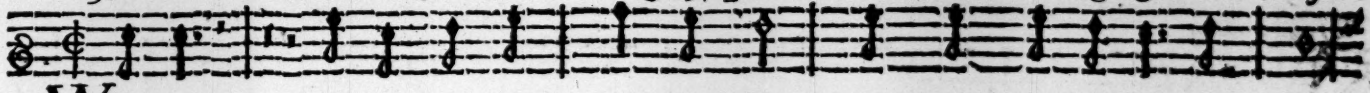

Verſe alone.
Rocks repeat the duller tone: Then on a ſudden, with a nimble hand, run - - - - - - - -


tacit.
tacit.
Cho. 3. voc.
gently o're the Cords, and ſo comand the Pine to dance: Then in the

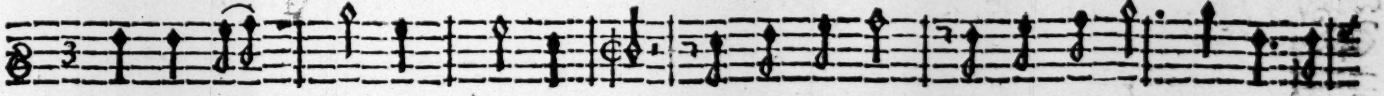

midſt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly ſtrain; then in the midſt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly


ſlow.
ſtrain, ſtrike a ſad note, ſtrike a ſad note, and fix 'um Trees a---gain.


Musick, Musick, thou Queen of souls! get up, get up, and string thy
powerful Lute, and some sad, some sad Requium sing, till Cliffs re-
Cantus Primus alone.
quite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks repeat the duller tone:
Bassus alone.
Altus alone
The Oke her root forgo, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too.
Chor. 3. voc.
Then in the midst of all their jolly, jolly strain; then in the midst
of all their jolly, jolly, jolly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, & fix 'um Trees again.

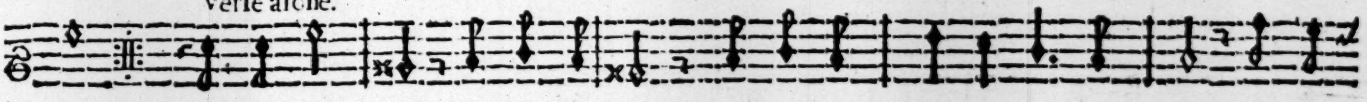


WElcome, welcome, to the Grove, theſe Bowers, this embroidred Bed of flow'rs.



Here with a Song more ſweet than long, we will beguile, we will beguile, the ſliding

Verſe alone.

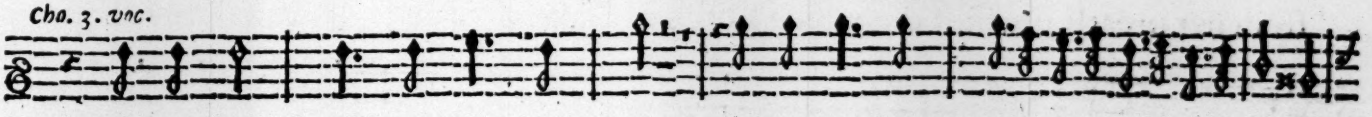


hours. See a new Spring, and every plant, which of perfection finds a want, doth from

Chor. 3. voc. *Baſſ. alone.* *Cant. Secund. alone*

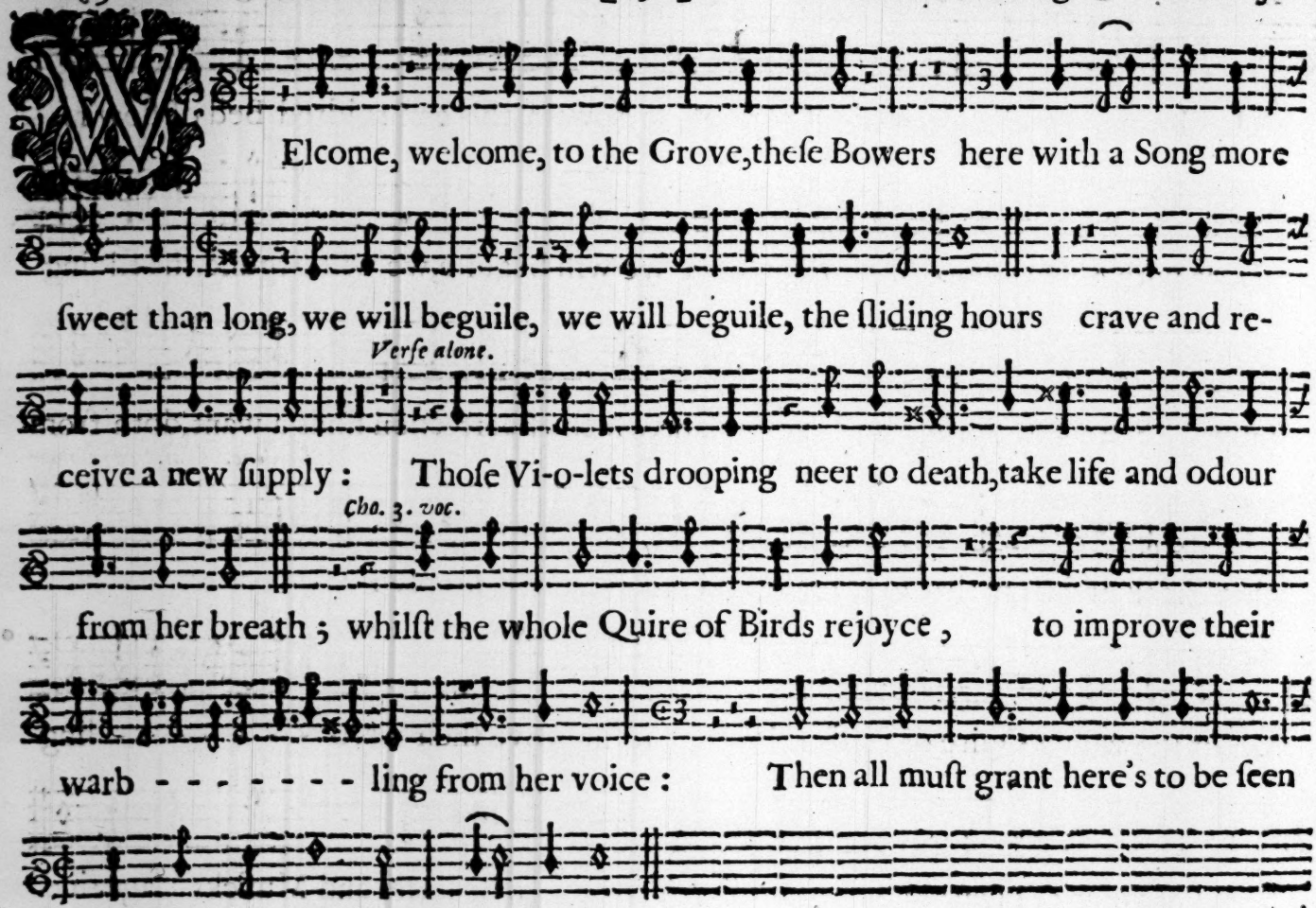
that cheek, and from that eye, crave and receive a new ſupply:

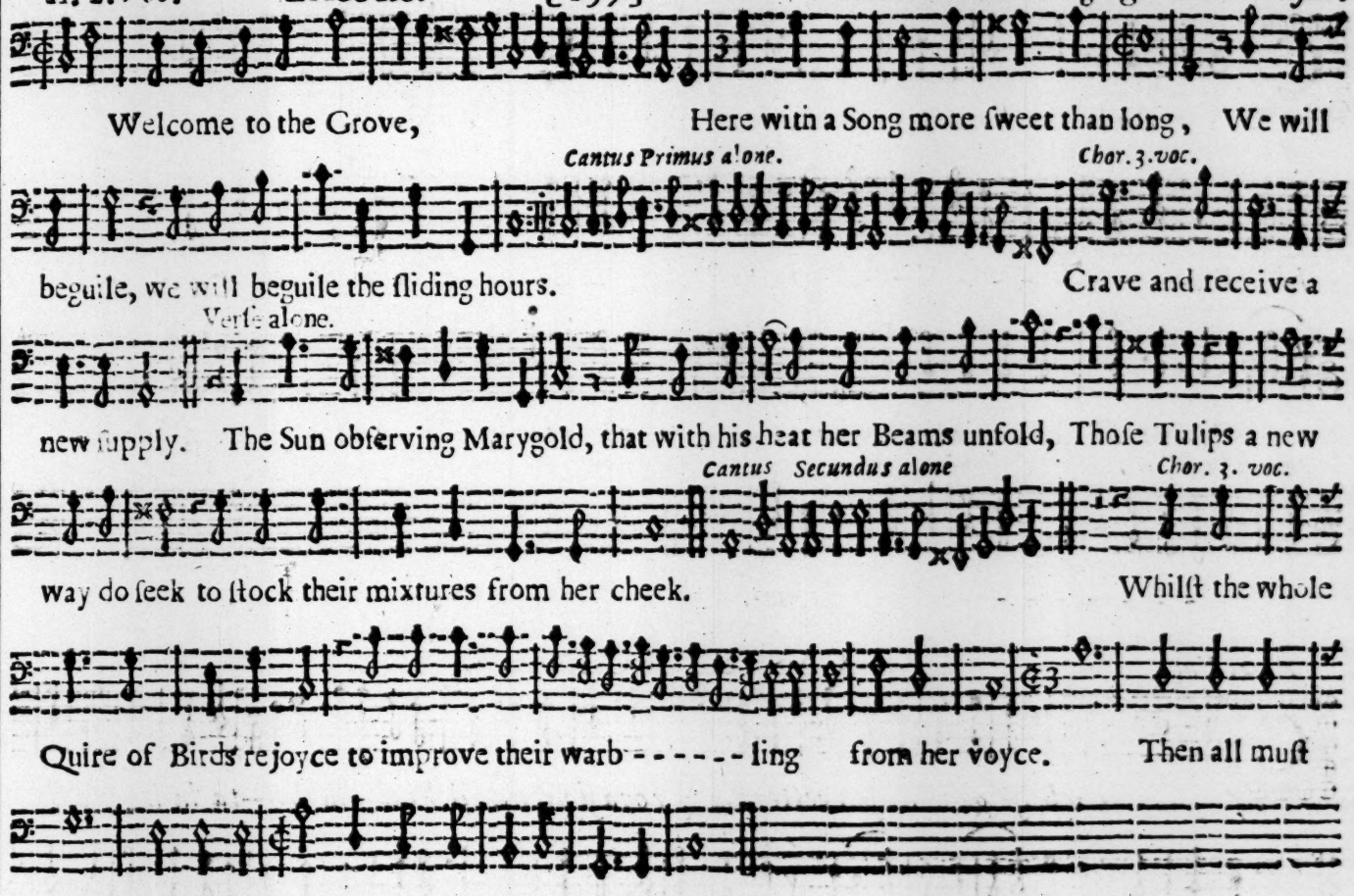
Cho. 3. voc.

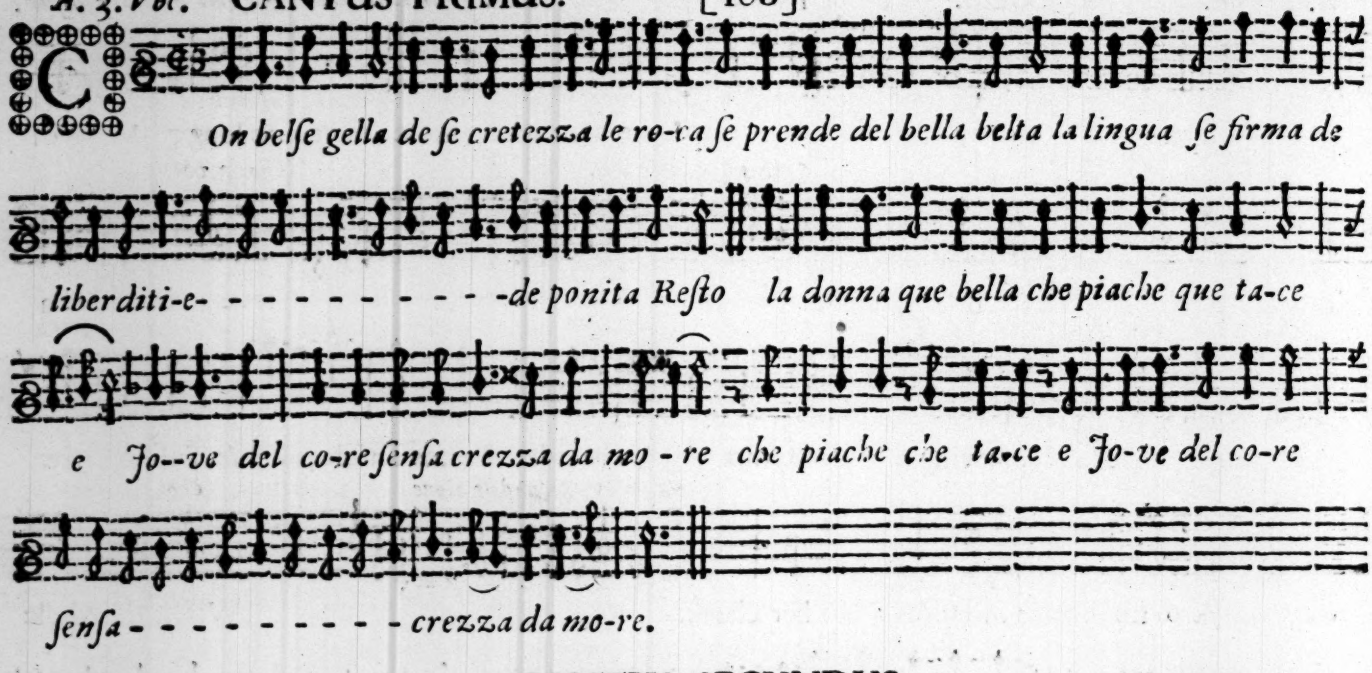


whilſt the whole Quire of Birds rejoyce, to improve their warb - - - - - - - ling

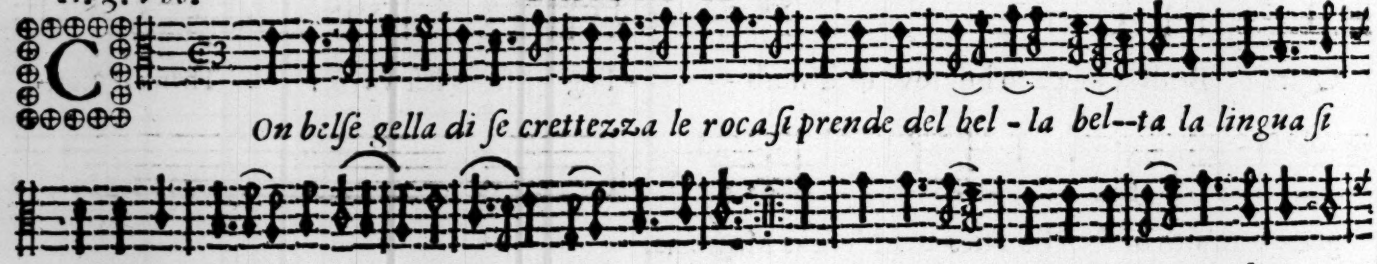
from her voice: Then all muſt grant here's to be ſeen Beauties and Muſicks Magazine.

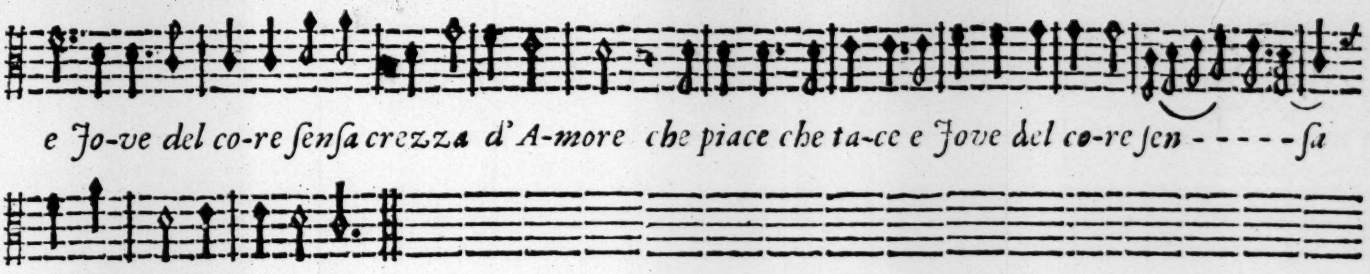

Welcome, welcome, to the Grove, these Bowers here with a Song more
sweet than long, we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours crave and re-
Verse alone.
ceive a new supply: Those Vi-o-lets drooping neer to death, take life and odour
Cho. 3. voc.
from her breath; whilst the whole Quire of Birds rejoyce, to improve their
warb - - - - - - - ling from her voice: Then all must grant here's to be seen
Beauties and Musicks Ma---gazine.


Welcome to the Grove, Here with a Song more sweet than long, We will
Cantus Primus alone.
Chor. 3. voc.
beguile, we will beguile the sliding hours. Crave and receive a
Verse alone.
new supply. The Sun observing Marygold, that with his heat her Beams unfold, Those Tulips a new
Cantus Secundus alone
Chor. 3. voc.
way do seek to stock their mixtures from her cheek. Whilst the whole
Quire of Birds rejoyce to improve their warb - - - - - - ling from her voyce. Then all must
grant here's to be seen Beauties and Musicks Magazine.



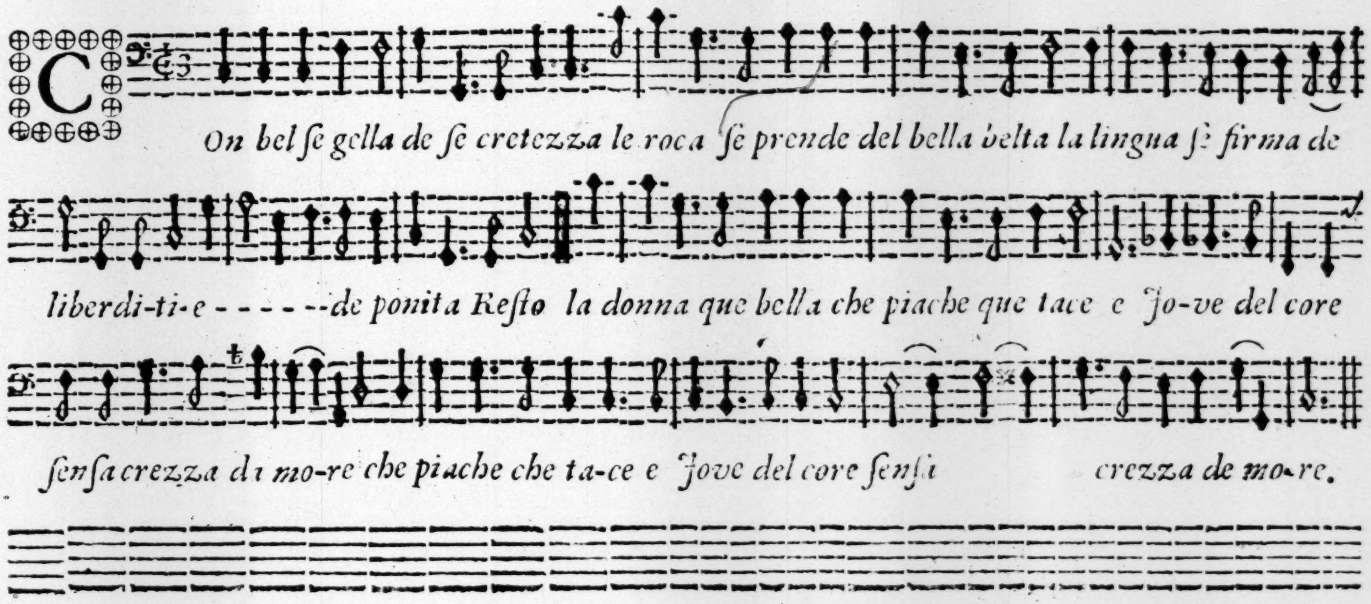
A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

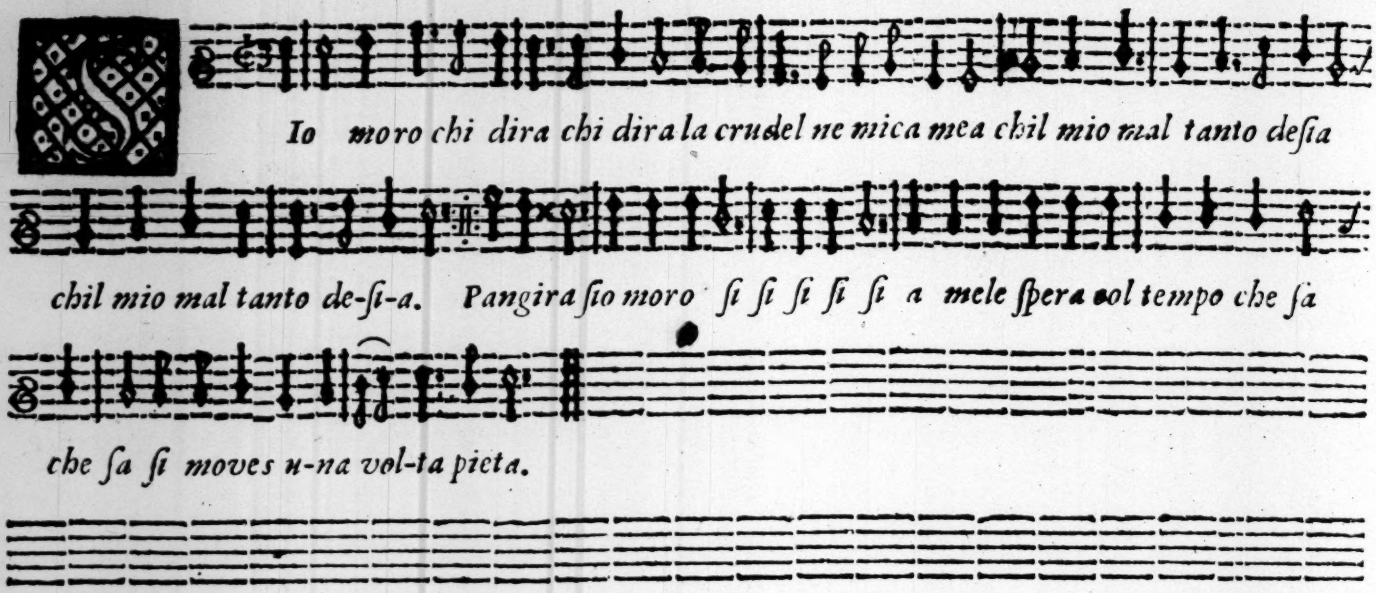




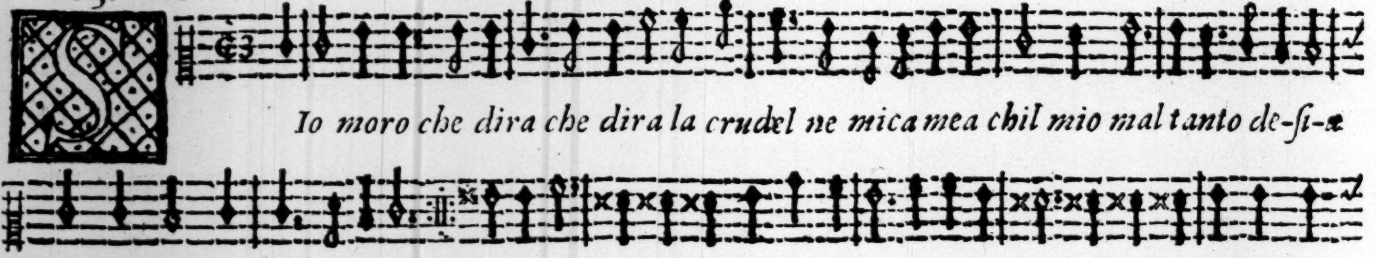
A. 3. Voc.

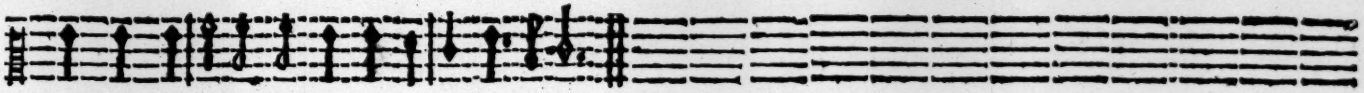
BASSUS.



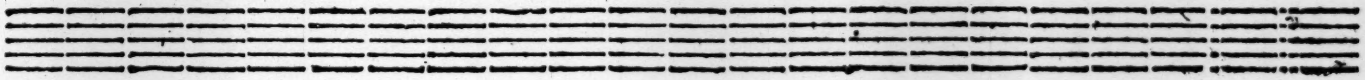


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



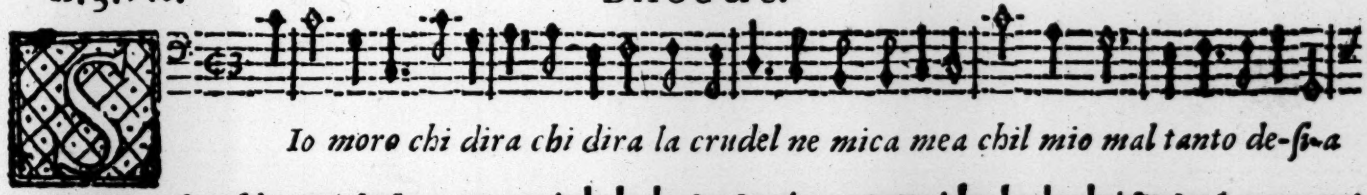


tempo che ſa ſi moves u-na volta pieta.

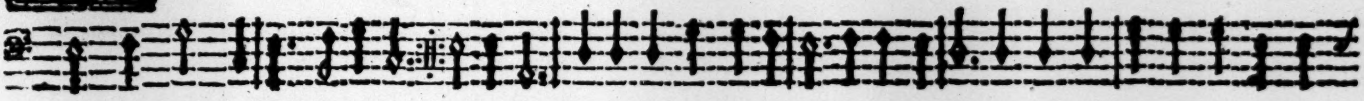


A. 3. Voc.

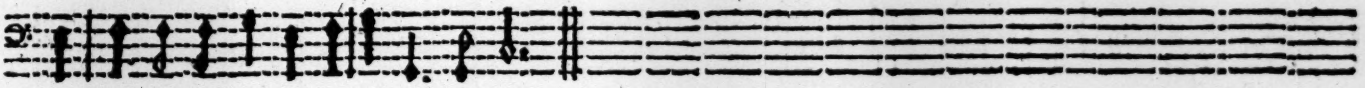
BASSUS.



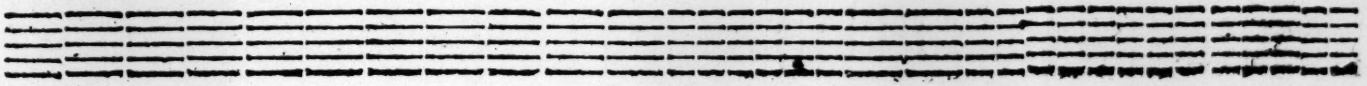
Io moro chi dira chi dira la crudel ne mica mea chil mio mal tanto de-ſi-a

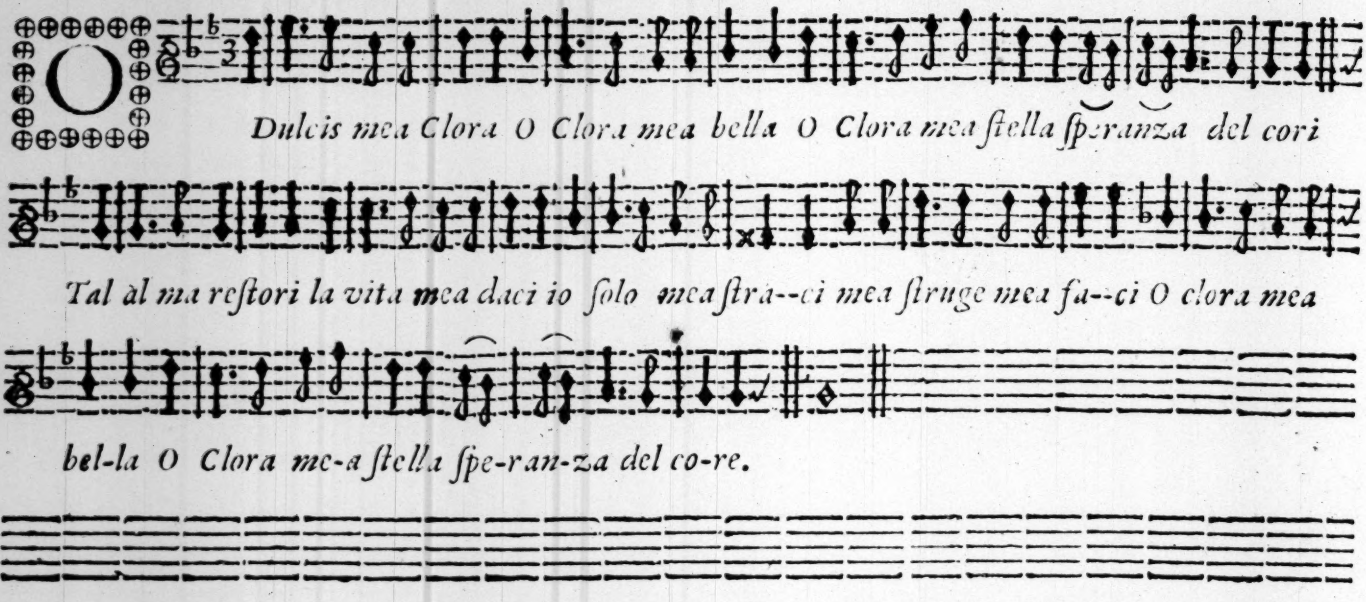


chil mio mal tanto de-ſia. Pangira ſio moro ſi ſi ſi ſi ſi ſi ſi ſi a mele. ſpera col tempo



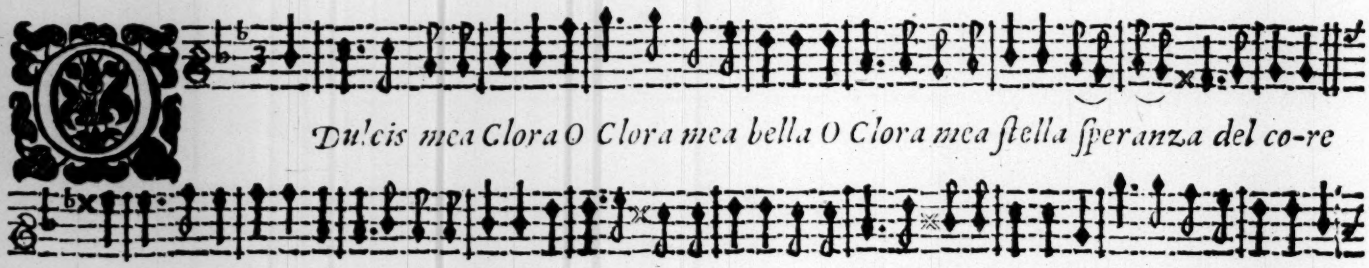
che ſa ſi moves una volta pieta.

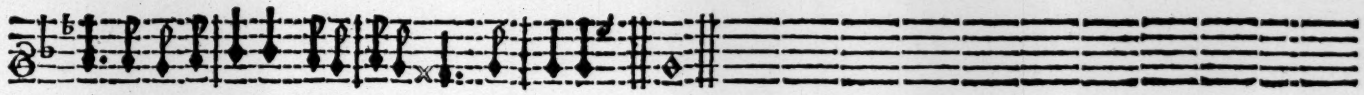




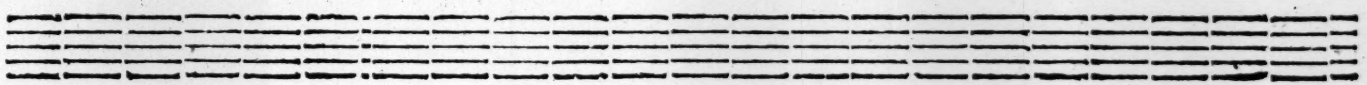
A. 3. voc.

CANTUS SECUNDUS.





clora mea ſtella ſpe-ran-za del co-re.



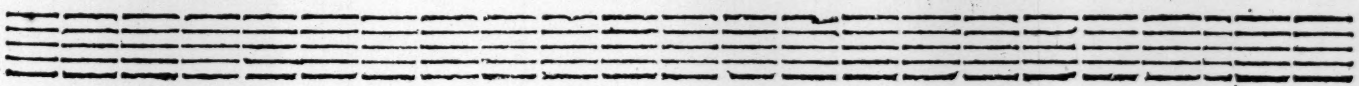
A. 3. Voc.

BASSUS.

Dulcis mea Clora O Clora mea bella O Clora mea ſtella ſperanza del

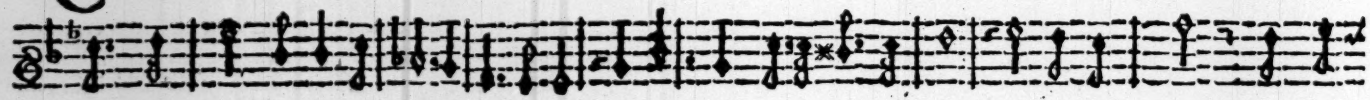
core. Tal la ma reſtori la vita mea daci io ſolo mea ſtraci mea ſtruge

me-a faci O clora me-a bel-la O clora me-a ſtella ſperanza del co-re.



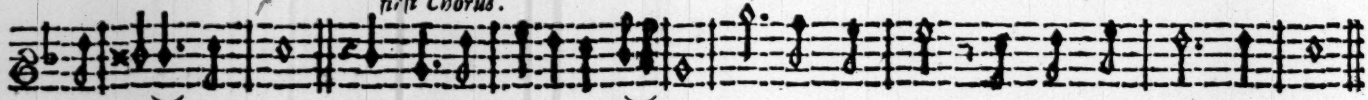
(*First verſ.*)

COme from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and ſtrait be none; Reign then a while, that



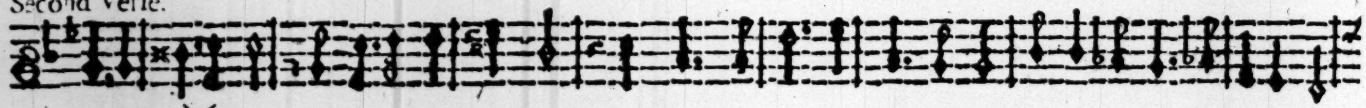
thou may'ſt be fitter to fall by Majeſtie: So Beaſts for ſacrifice we feed, firſt they are Crown'd, & then

firſt Chorus.



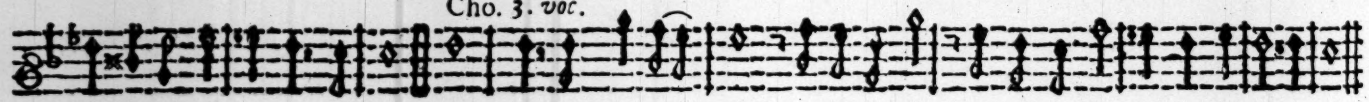
they bleed, they bleed: So beaſts for ſacrifice we feed, firſt they are crown'd, & then they bleed, they bleed.

Second Verſe.



O thou bright Sun, who ſeeſt all! look down, look down upon our Captives fall, never was purer ſacrifice,

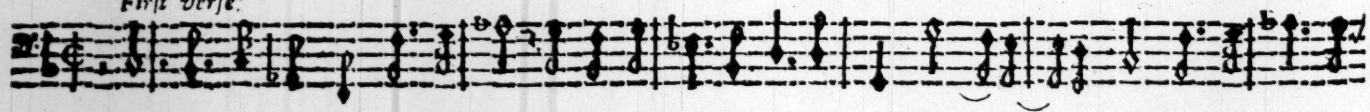
Cho. 3. *voc.*



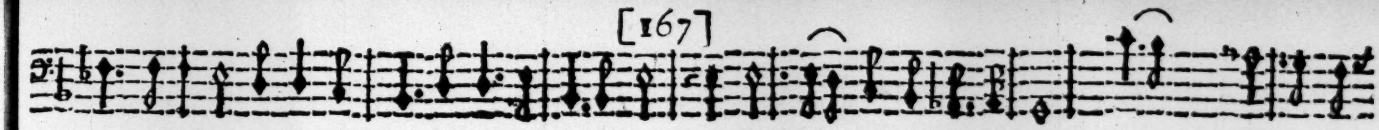
'tis not a man but virtue dies. *While thus we pay our thanks propitious be, & give us either peace or victorie.*

A. 2. Voc. Alt. & Baſſ. with Cho. for 3. voc. BASSUS.

Firſt verſe.



COme from the Dungon to the Throne to be a King & ſtrait be none, Reign then a while then a while that

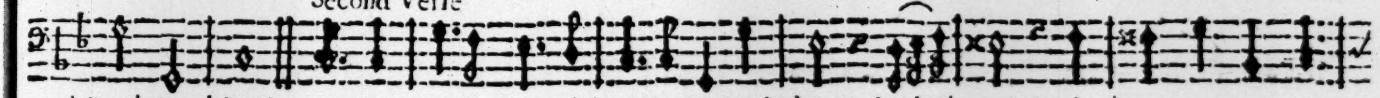


thou mayst be fitter to fall to fall by Majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we feed, first they are

first Chorus.

crown'd, and then they bleed: So Beasts for sa-cri-fice we feed, first they are crown'd, and then they

Second Verse



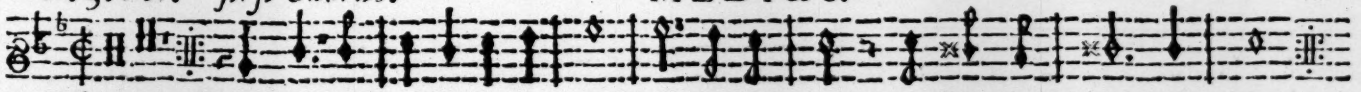
bleed they bleed. O thou bright Sun, who seest all! look down, look down, look down, upon our

Chor. 3. voc.

Captives fall; never was purer sa-cri-fice, 'tis not a man but virtue dyes. *While thus we pay our*

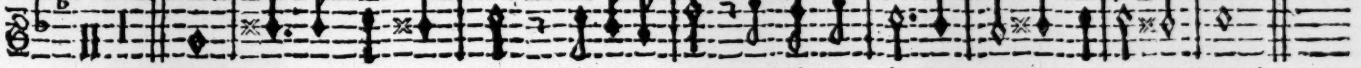
Thanks propitious be, and give us either peace peace or vi--cto--rie.

A. 3. Voc. first Chorus. MEDIUS.

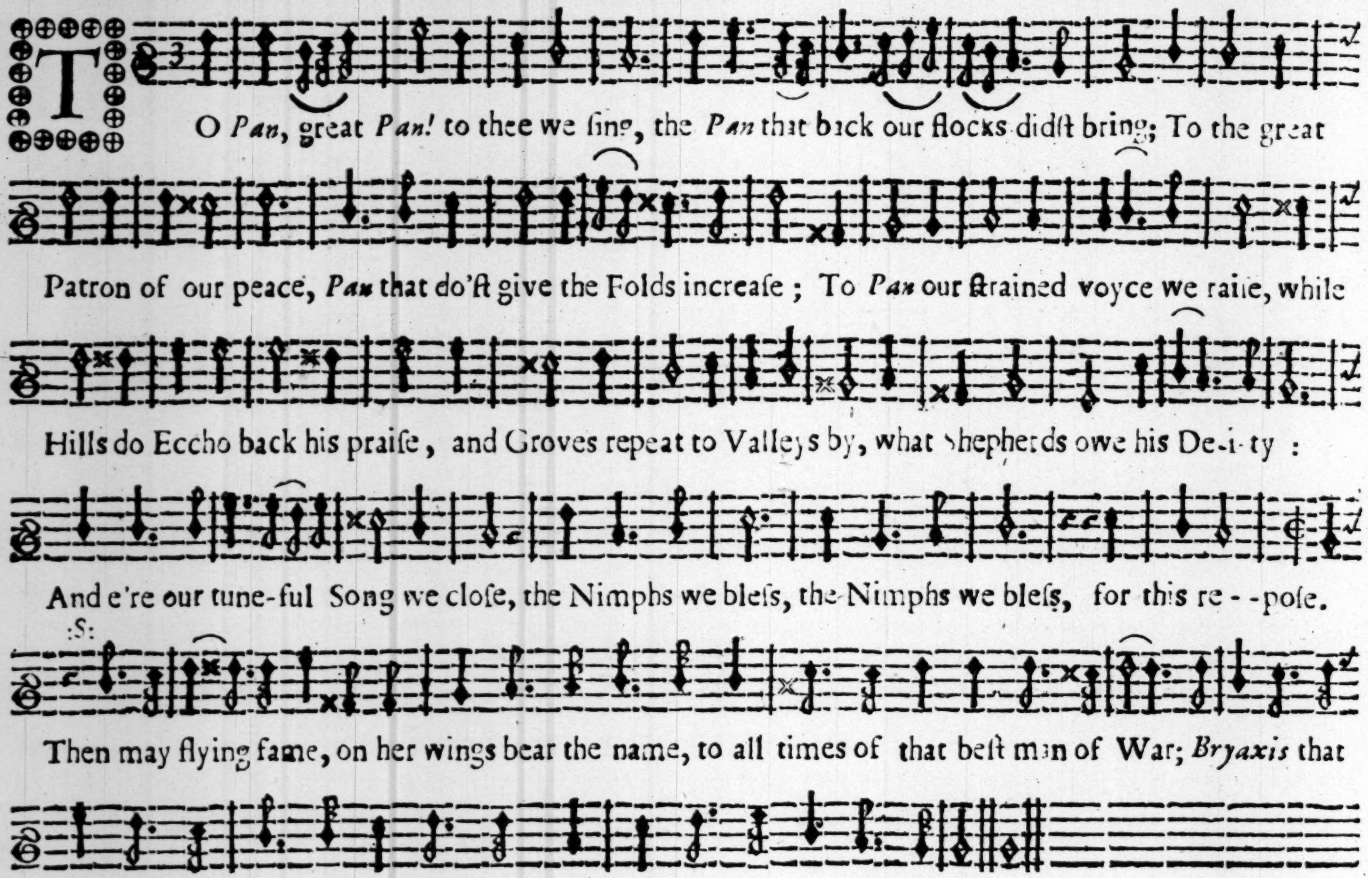


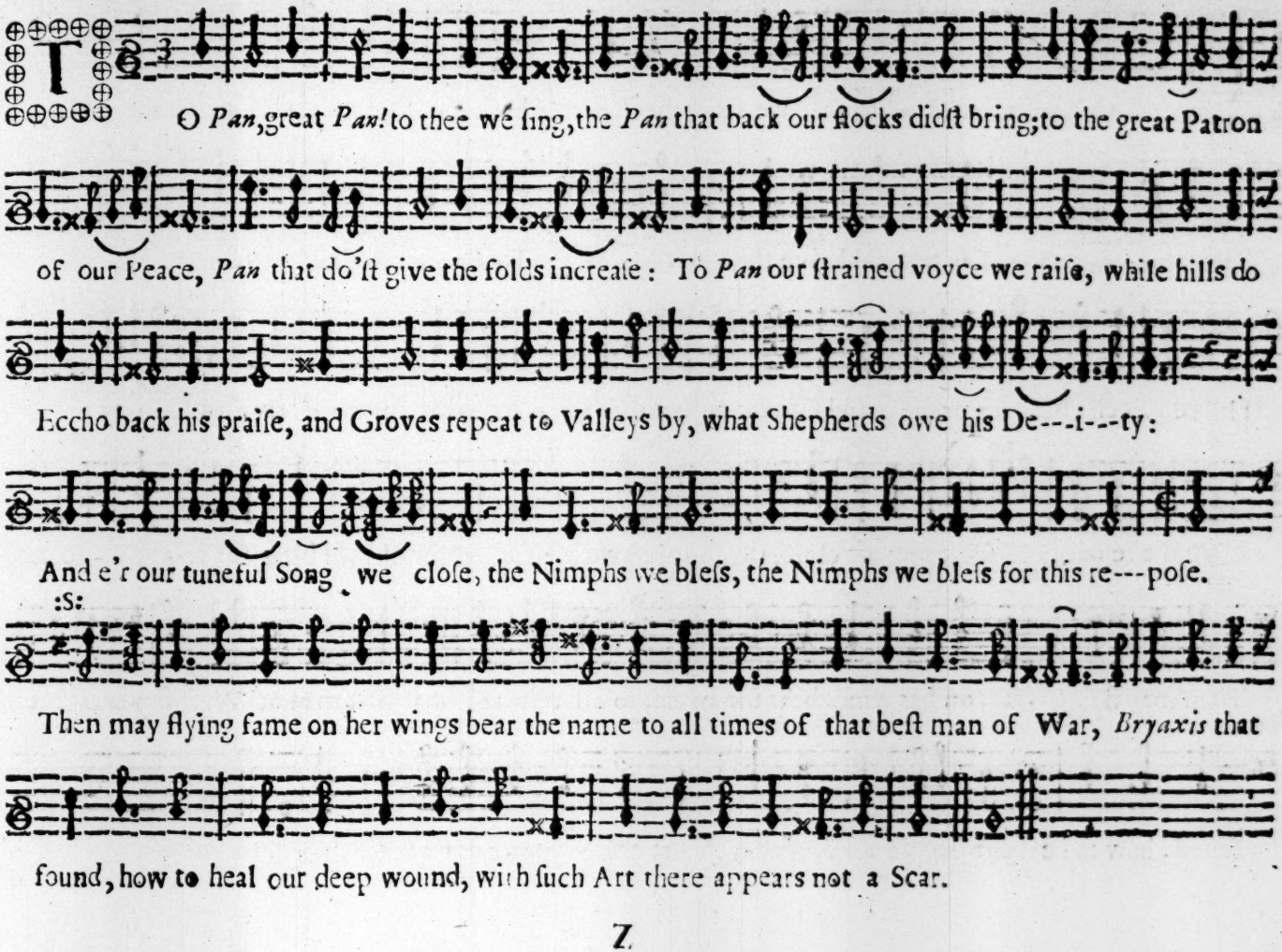
Come from the Dungeon. &c. So Beasts for Sacrifice we feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

last Chorus.



While thus we pay, our Thanks propitious be, and give us either peace peace or vi--cto--rie.


O *Pan*, great *Pan!* to thee we ſing, the *Pan* that back our flocks didſt bring; To the great
Patron of our peace, *Pan* that do'ſt give the Folds increaſe; To *Pan* our ſtrained voyce we raiſe, while
Hills do Eccho back his praiſe, and Groves repeat to Valleys by, what Shepherds owe his De-i-ty:
And e're our tune-ful Song we cloſe, the Nimphs we bleſs, the Nimphs we bleſs, for this re--poſe.
Then may flying fame, on her wings bear the name, to all times of that beſt man of War; *Bryaxis* that
found, how to heal our deep wound, with ſuch Art there appears not a Scar.


O *Pan*, great *Pan!* to thee we ſing, the *Pan* that back our flocks didſt bring; to the great Patron
of our Peace, *Pan* that do'ſt give the folds increaſe: To *Pan* our ſtrained voyce we raiſe, while hills do
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And e'r our tuneful Song we cloſe, the Nimphs we bleſs, the Nimphs we bleſs for this re---poſe.
:S:
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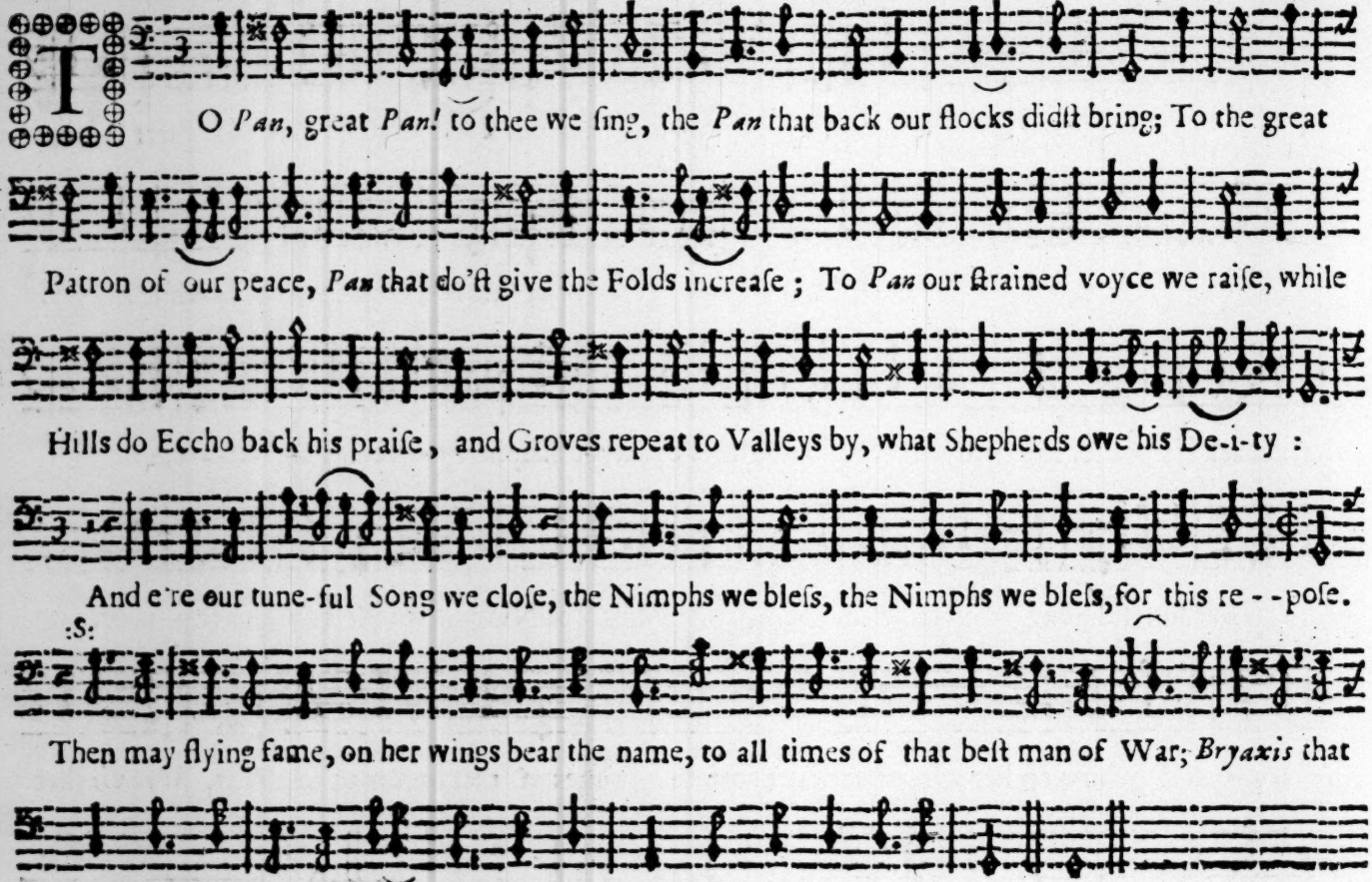
TO Pan, great Pan! to thee we ſing, the Pan that back our flocks didſt bring; To the great
Patron of our peace, Pan that do'ſt give the Folds increaſe; To Pan our ſtrained voyce we raiſe, while
Hills do Eccho back his praiſe, and Groves repeat to Valleys by, what Shepherds owe his De-i-ty:
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:S:
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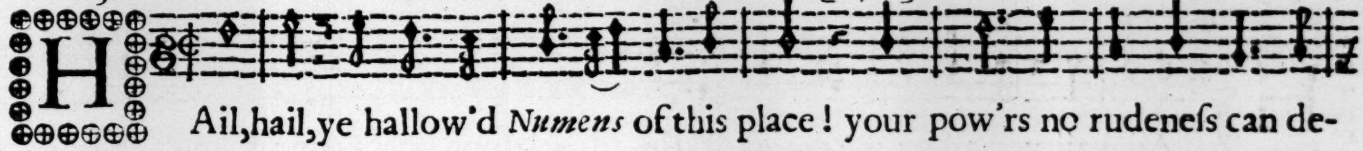
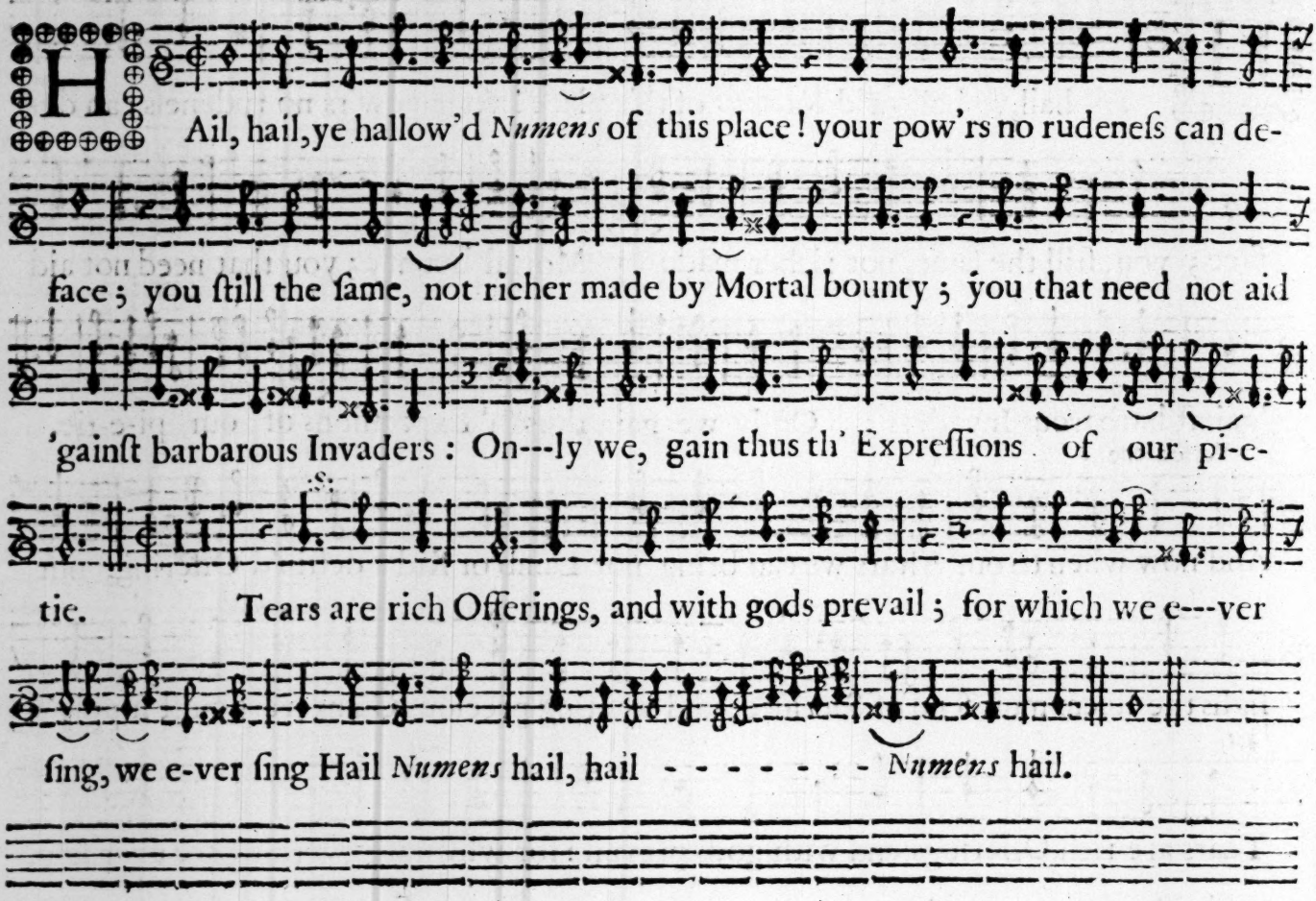

Hail, hail, ye hallow'd *Numens* of this place! your pow'rs no rudeneſs can de-
face; you, ſtill the ſame, not richer made by Mortal bounty; you that need not aid
'gainſt barbarous Invaders: On-ly we gain thus th' Expreſſions of our pi-e-tie.
Verſe alone.
And now when to our Altars we can bring, nor Lamb or Kid a deſtin'd Offering, our
ſighs the ſteem muſt ſend of Sacrifice: and wanting precious Gums tears muſt ſupply's.
:S:
Tears are rich Offerings and with gods prevail: for which we ever ſing we ever ſing,
Hail *Numens* hail hail - - - - - - - - - - - - *Numens* hail.


Hail, hail, ye hallow'd *Numens* of this place! your pow'rs no rudeneſs can de-
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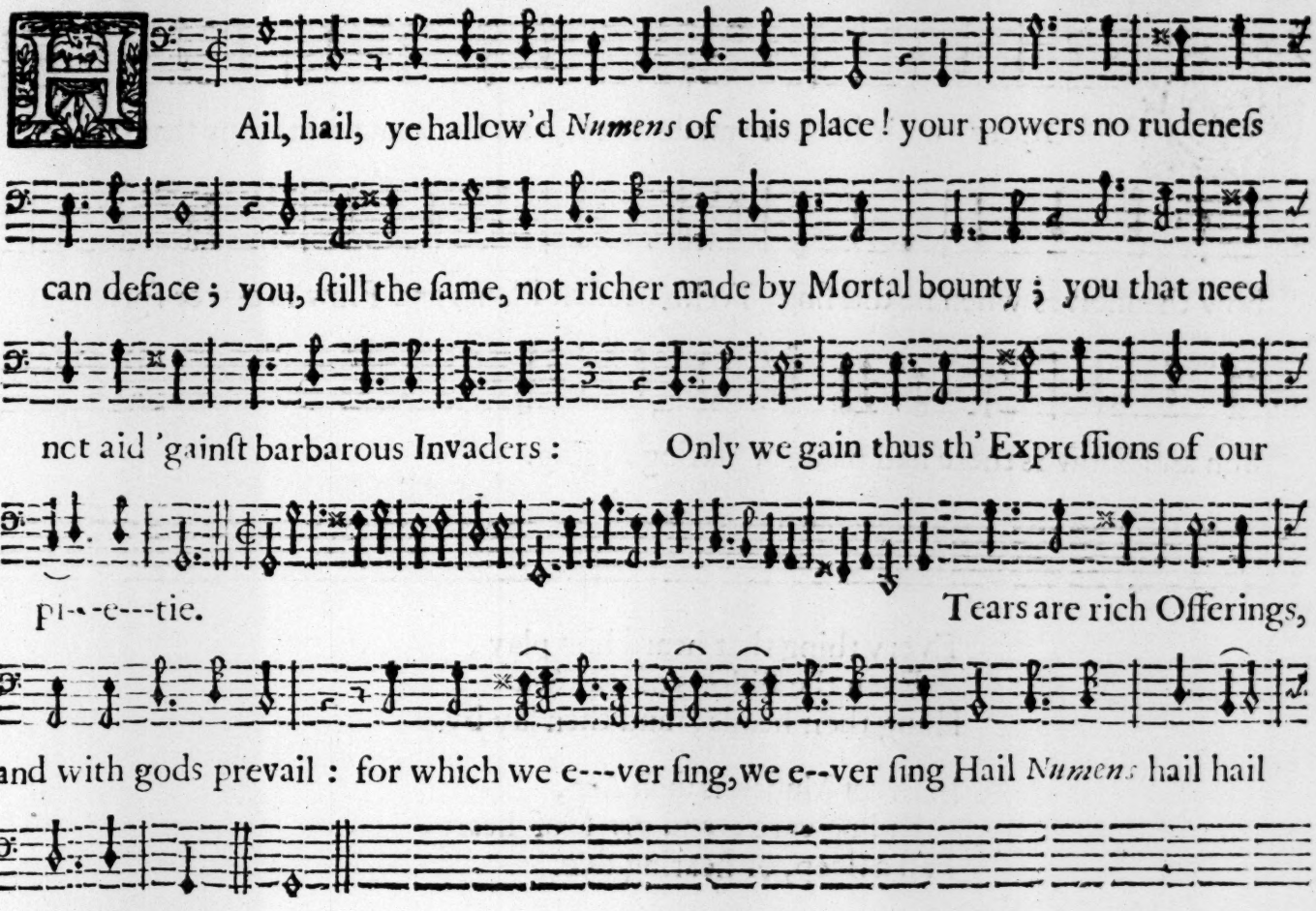
'gainſt barbarous Invaders: On---ly we, gain thus th' Expreſſions of our pi-e-
tie. Tears are rich Offerings, and with gods prevail; for which we e---ver
ſing, we e-ver ſing Hail *Numens* hail, hail - - - - - - - *Numens* hail.


Hail, hail, ye hallow'd *Numens* of this place! your powers no rudeneſs
can deface; you, ſtill the ſame, not richer made by Mortal bounty; you that need
not aid 'gainſt barbarous Invaders: Only we gain thus th' Expreſſions of our
pi---e---tie. Tears are rich Offerings,
and with gods prevail: for which we e---ver ſing, we e--ver ſing Hail *Numens* hail hail
Numens hail.

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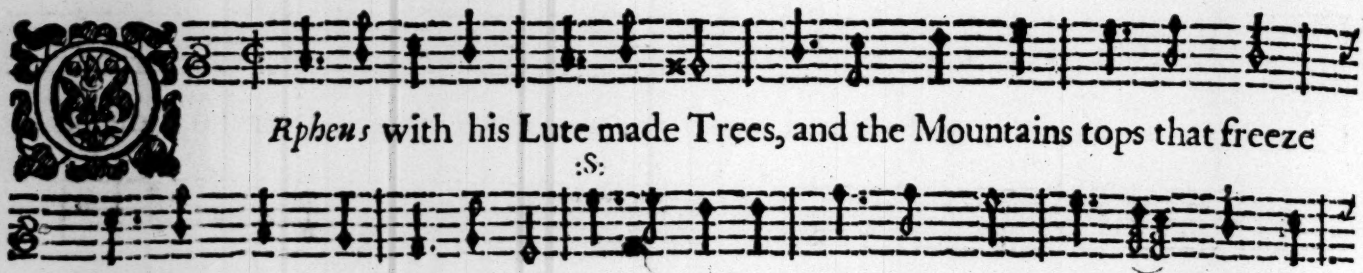
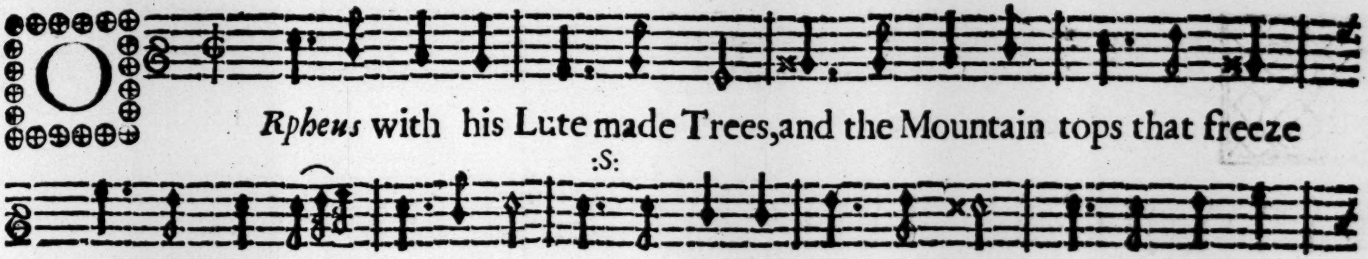
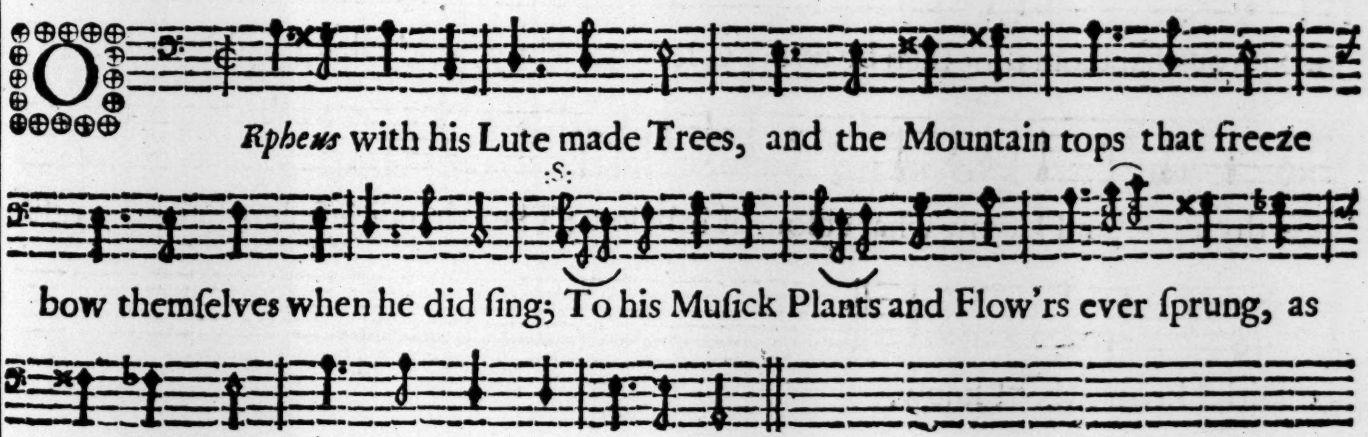


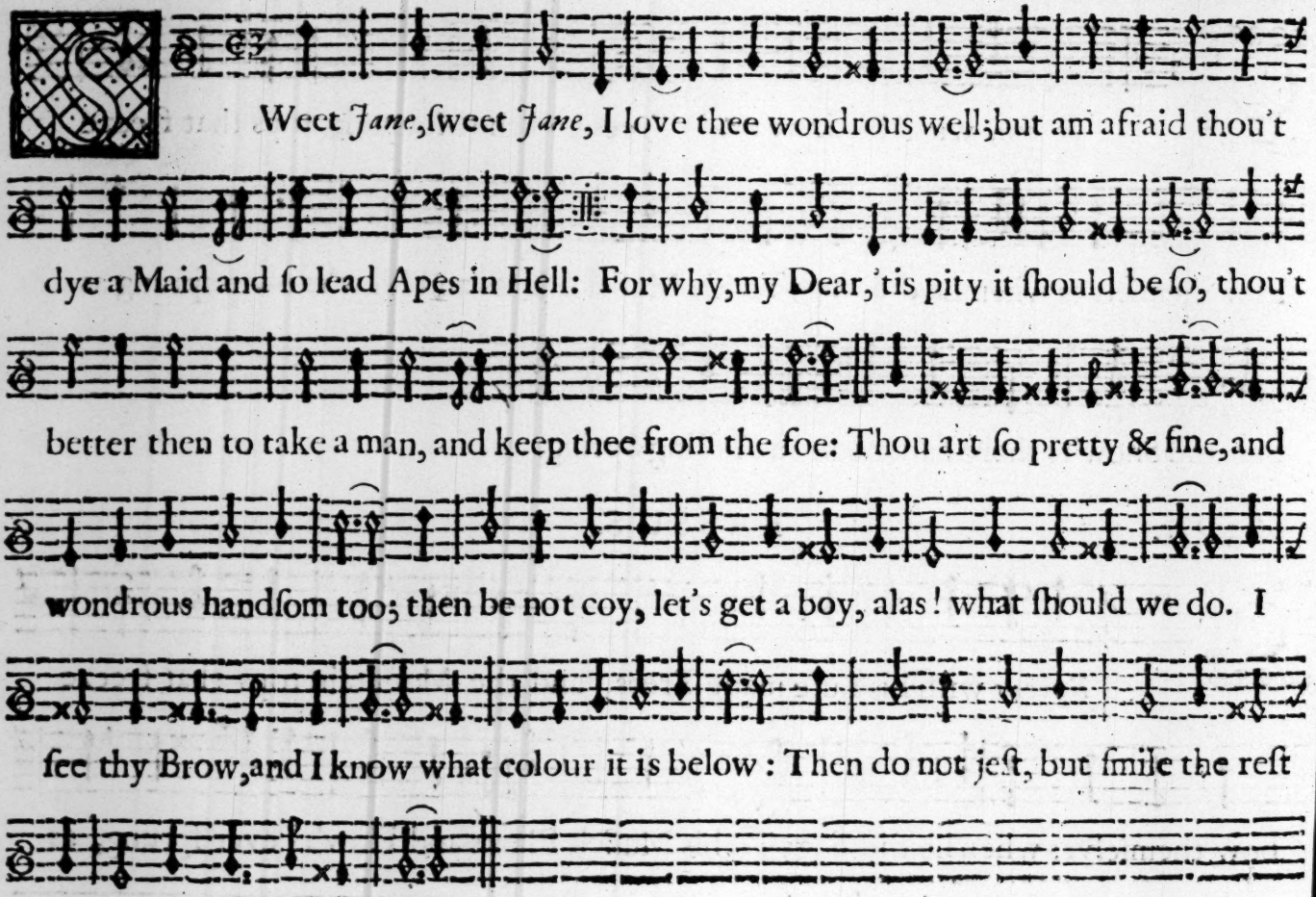
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billows of the Sea
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

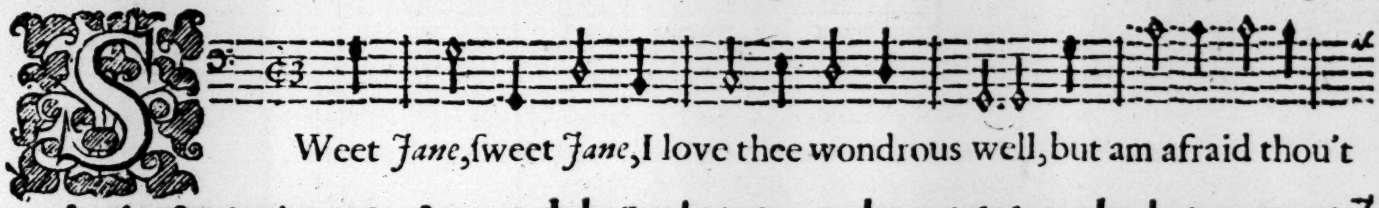
In ſweet Muſick is ſuch Art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing dye.



A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



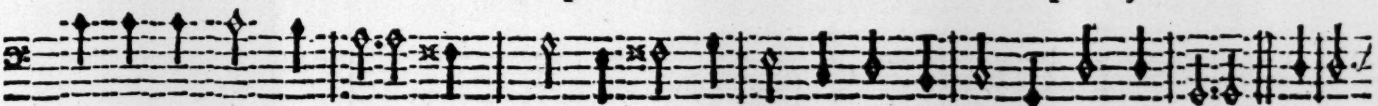

Sweet Jane, ſweet Jane, I love thee wondrous well; but am afraid thou't
dye a Maid and ſo lead Apes in Hell: For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſo, thou't
better then to take a man, and keep thee from the foe: Thou art ſo pretty & fine, and
wondrous handſom too; then be not coy, let's get a boy, alas! what ſhould we do. I
ſee thy Brow, and I know what colour it is below: Then do not jeſt, but ſmile the reſt
e'faith I know what I know.



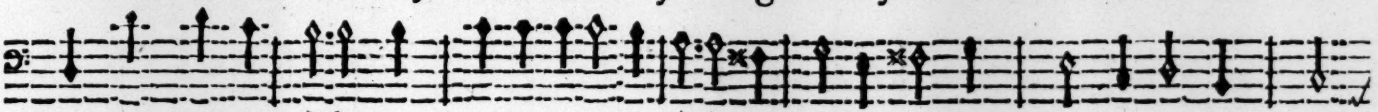
Weet *Jane*, ſweet *Jane*, I love thee wondrous well, but am afraid thou't

dye a Maid and ſo lead Apes in Hell. For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſo, thou't

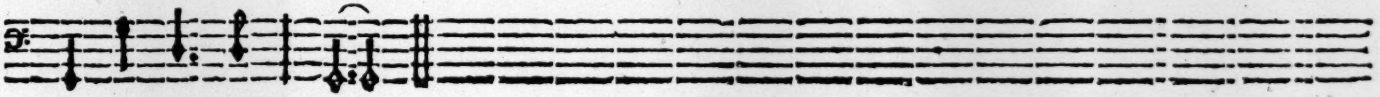
better then to take a man and keep the from the foe. Thou art ſo pretty and fine and



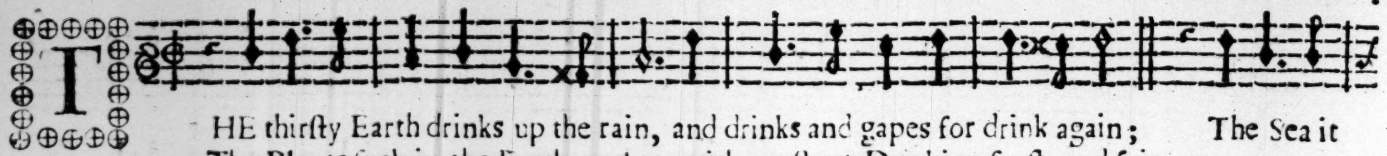
wonderons handſom too, then be not coy let's get a boy alas what ſhould we do. I ſee



thy brow and I know what colour it is below, then do not jeaſt but ſmile the reſt e'faith

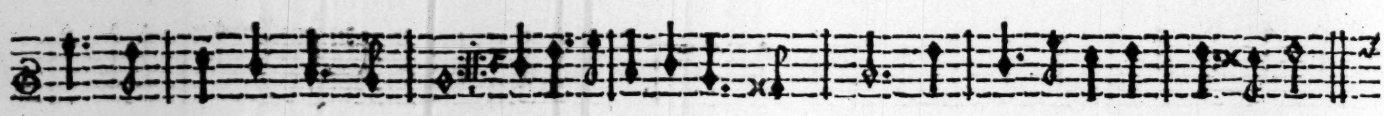


I know what I know.

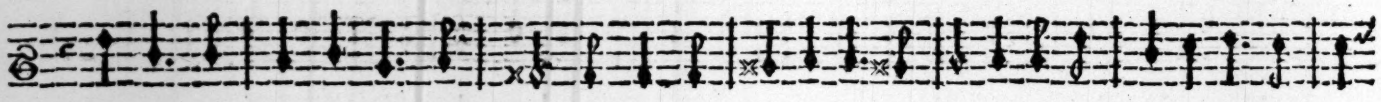


THE thirſty Earth drinks up the rain, and drinks and gapes for drink again; The Sea it
The Plants ſuck in the Earth, and are with conſtant Drinking freſh and fair.

ſelf, which one would think ſhould have but little need of Drink, drinks ten thouſand Rivers up, ſo



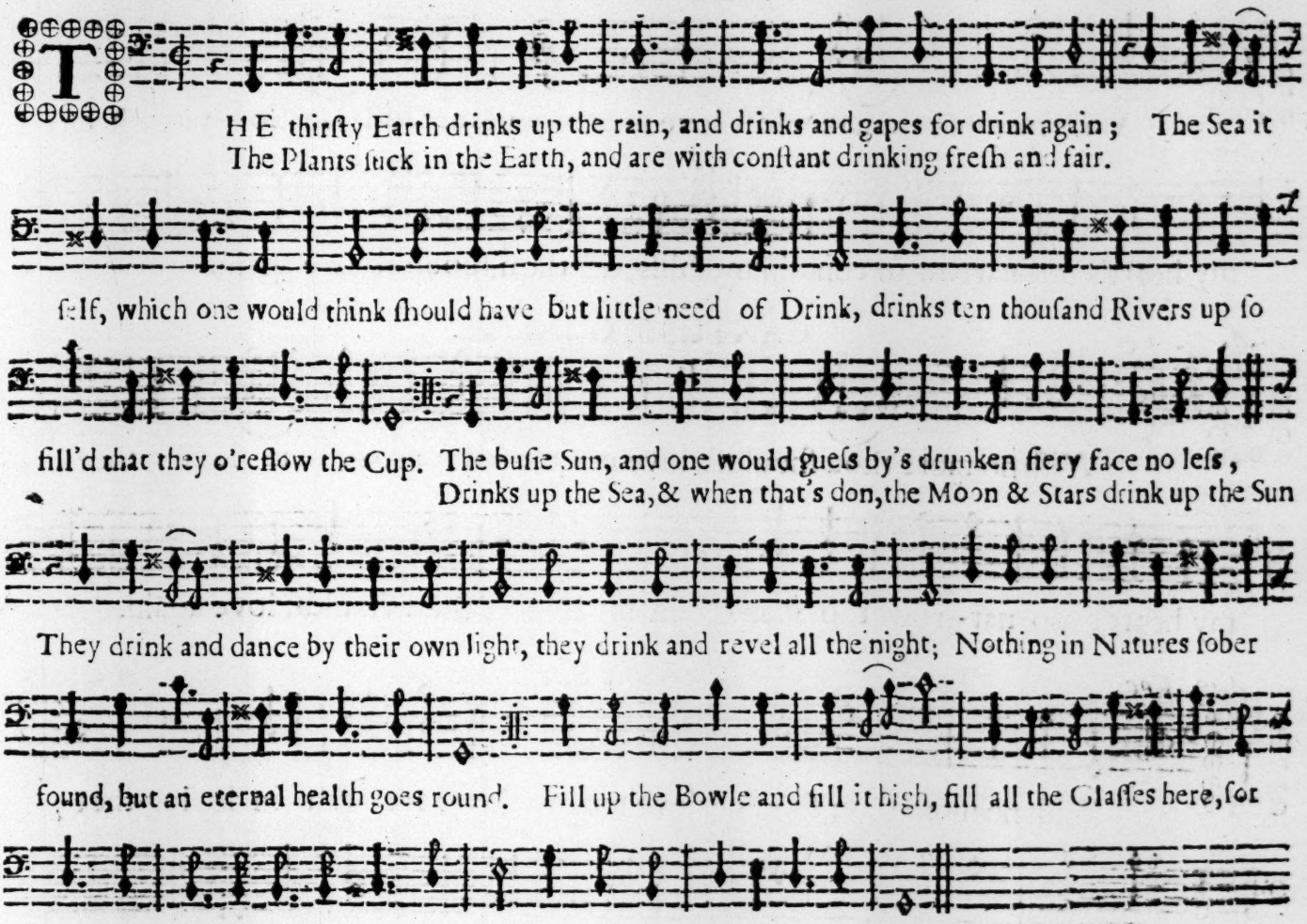
fill'd that they o're flow the Cup. The buſie Sun, and one would gueſs, by's drunken fiery face no leſs',
Drinks up the Sea, & when that's don, the Moon & Stars drink up the Sun



They drink and dance by their own light, they drink and revel all the night; nothing in natures ſober found,

But an eternal health go round. Fill up the Bowle and fill it high, fill all the Glaſſes here, for why ſhould

every Creature drink but I? why Man of Mortals tell me why?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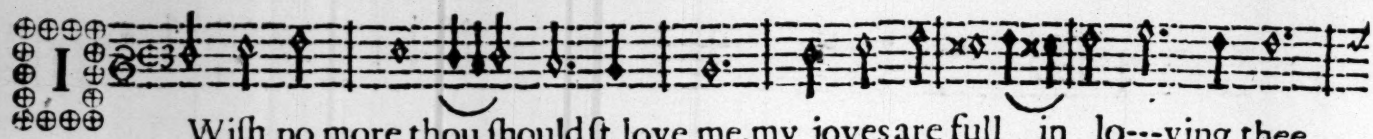
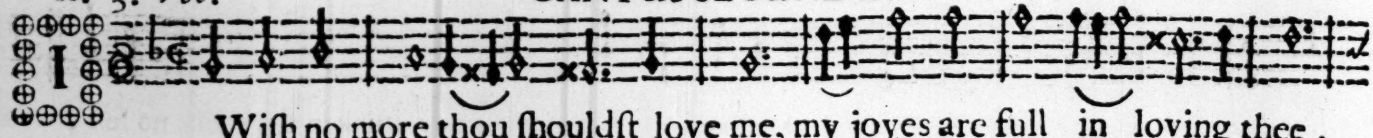
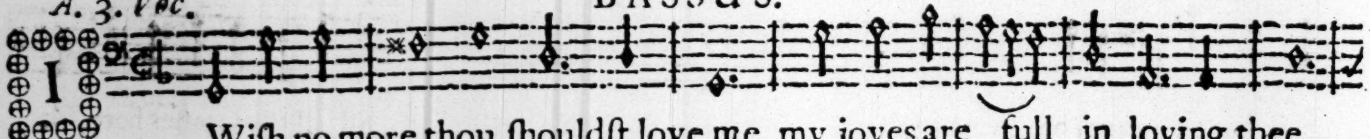
found, but an eternal health goes round. Fill up the Bowle and fill it high, fill all the Glaſſes here, for
why ſhould every Creature drink but I? why Man of Mortals tell me why?

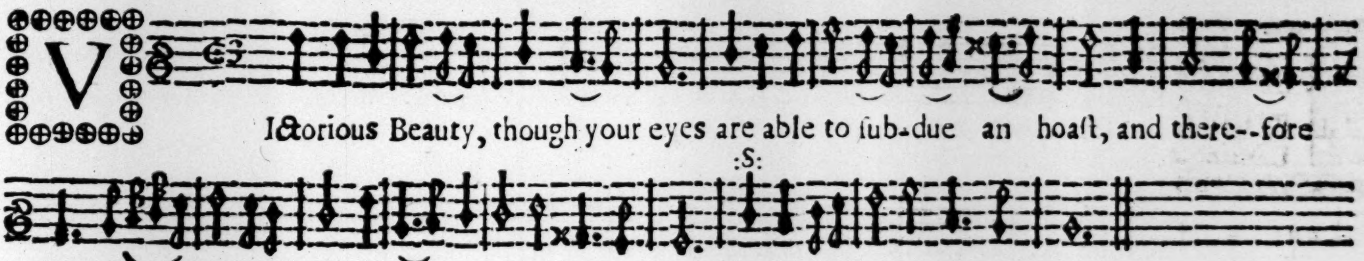


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

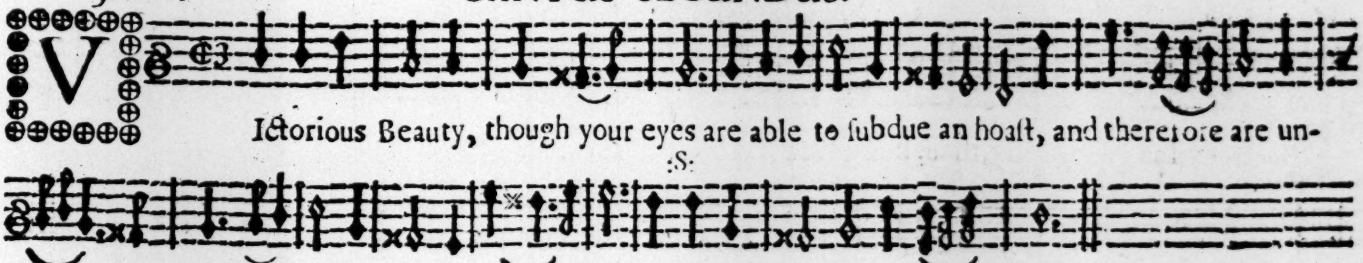


A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

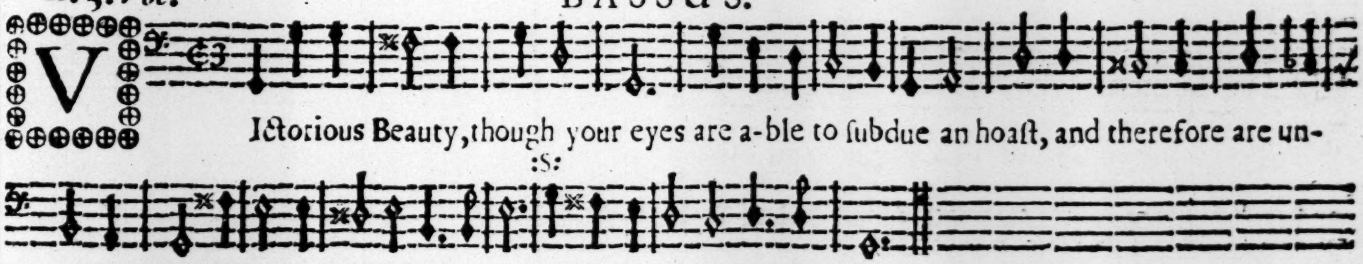


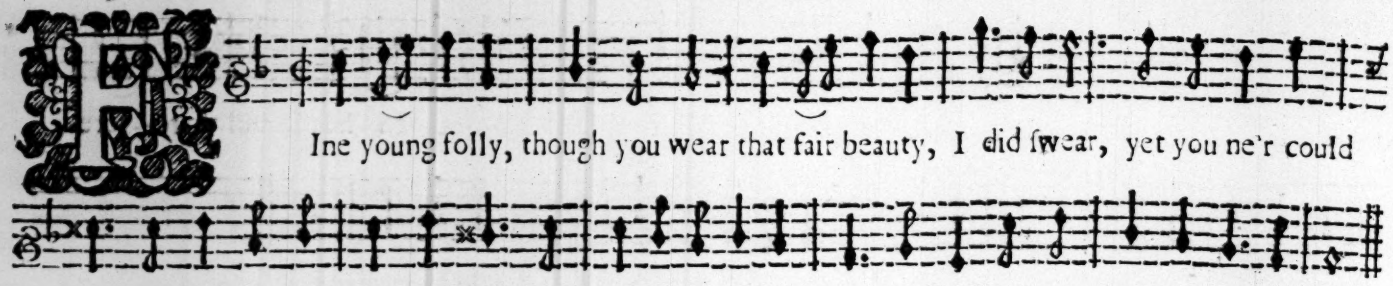


A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



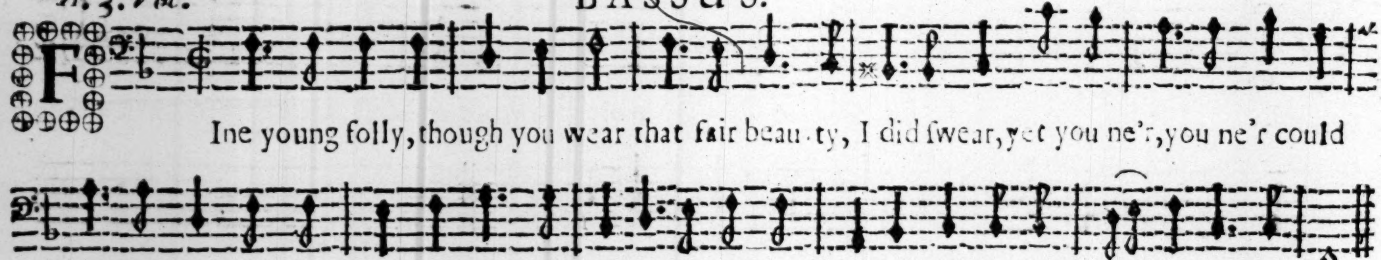
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

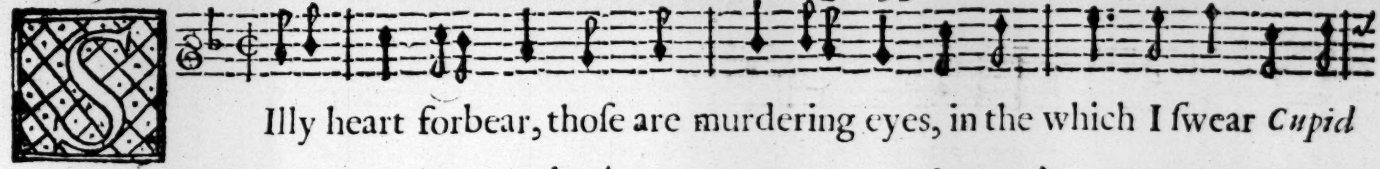




A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

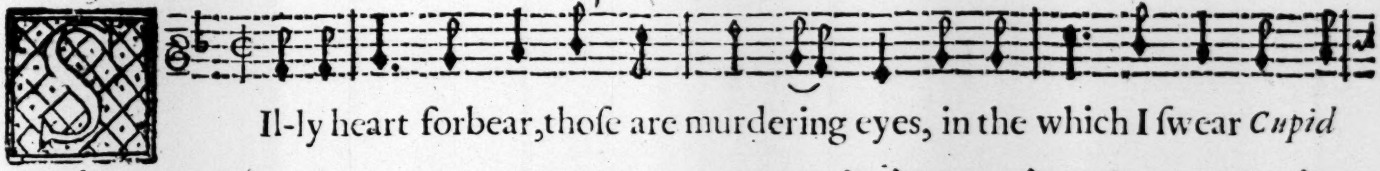




Illy heart forbear, thoſe are murdering eyes, in the which I ſwear *Cupid*

lurking lyes. See his quiver, ſee his bow too, ſee his dart; fly, o fly! fly, o fly! thou fooliſh heart.

A. 3. Voc. MEDIUS.



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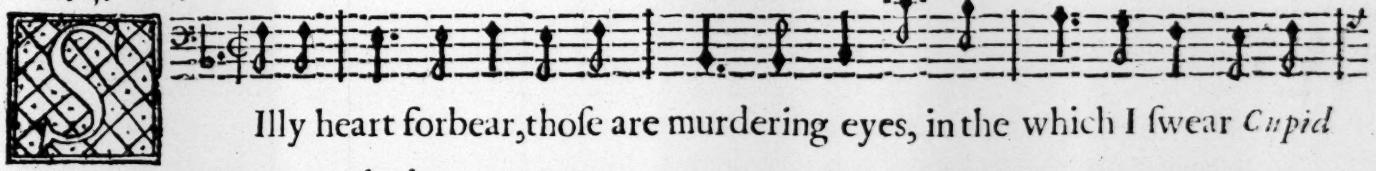

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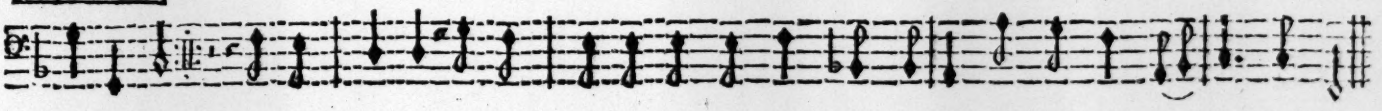

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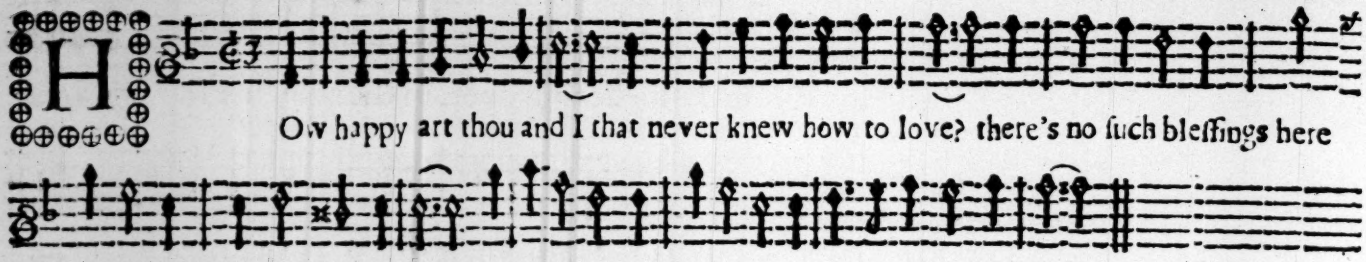
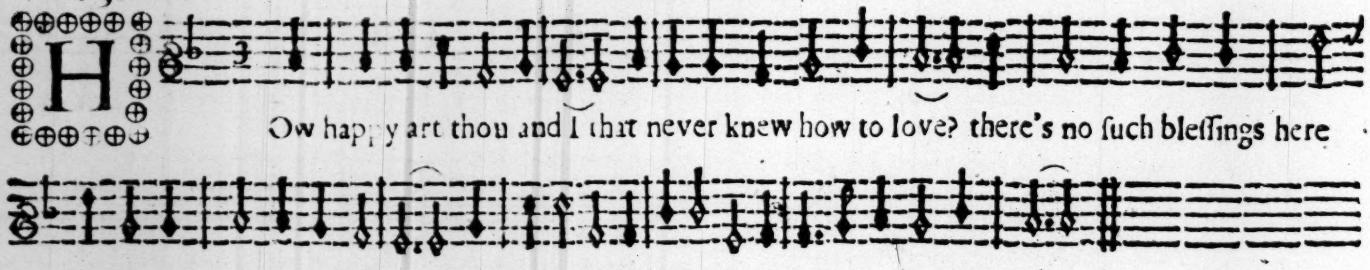
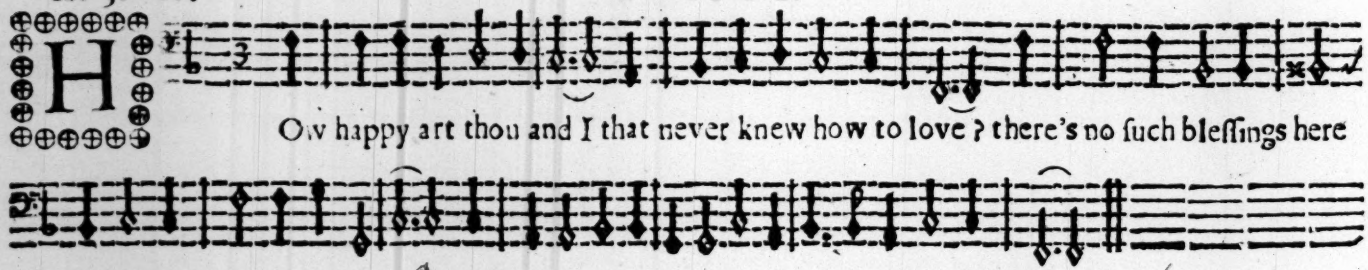
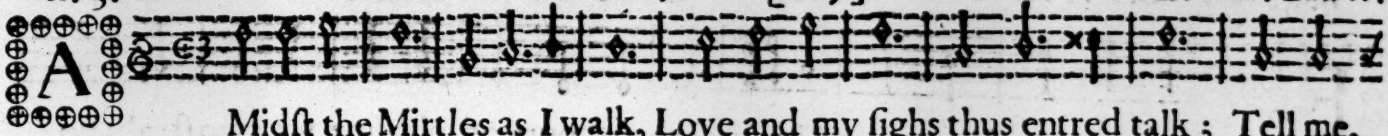


A. 3. Voc. MEDIUS.

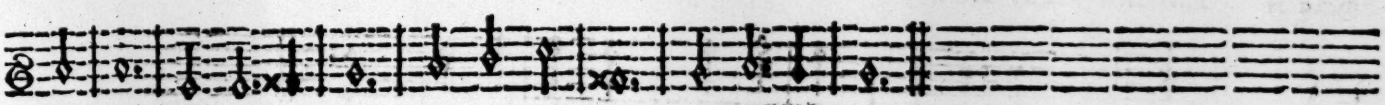


A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



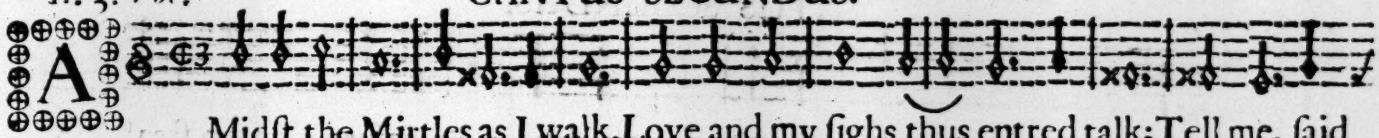


Midſt the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my ſighs thus entred talk ; Tell me,

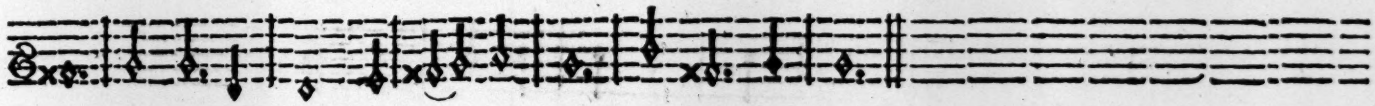


ſaid I in deep diſtreſs, where I may find my Shepherdeſs?

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.

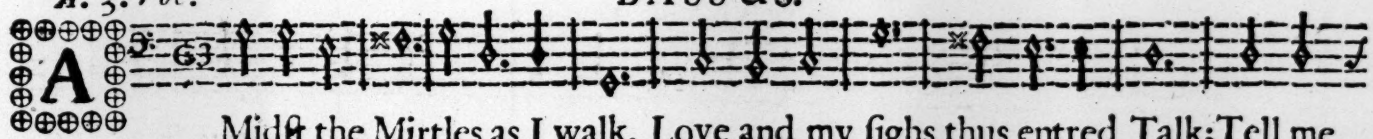


Midſt the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my ſighs thus entred talk; Tell me, ſaid



I in deep diſtreſs, where I may find my Shepherdeſs?

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



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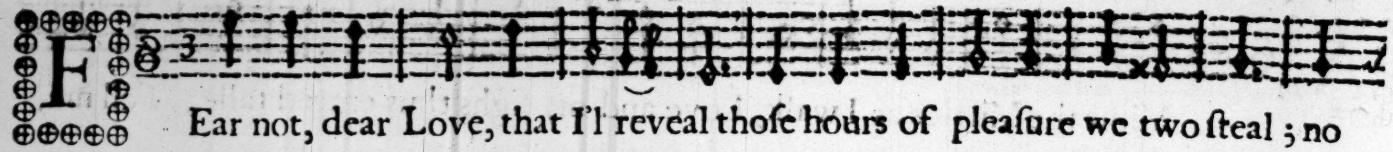
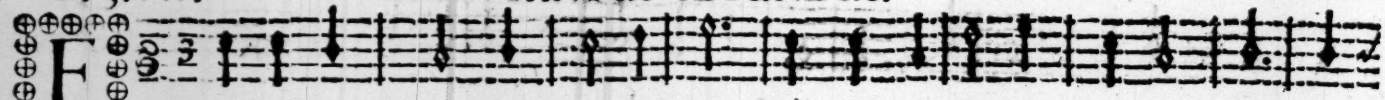


Ear not, dear Love, that I'l reveal thoſe hours of pleaſure we two ſteal; no

Eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the Sun deſcry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS.



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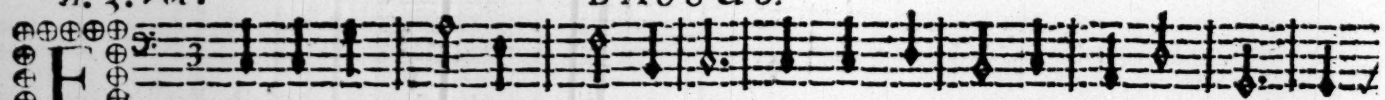

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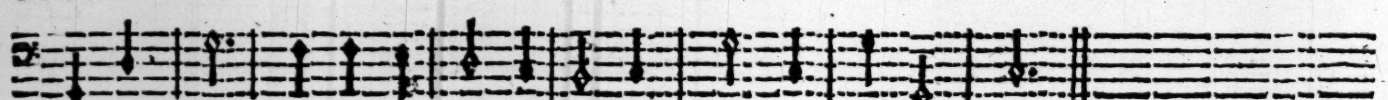

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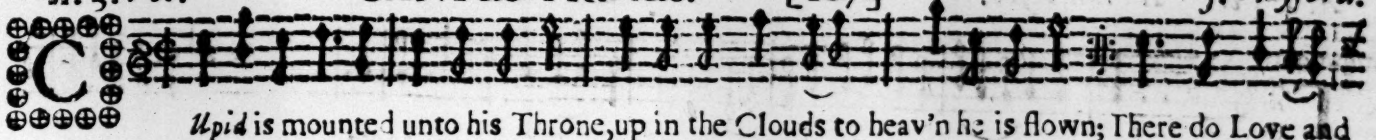
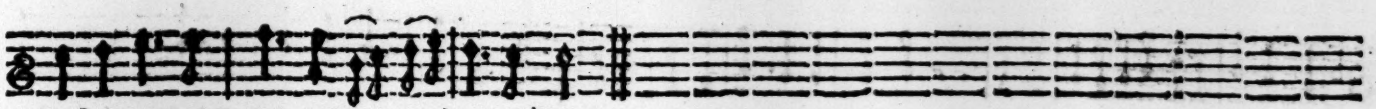
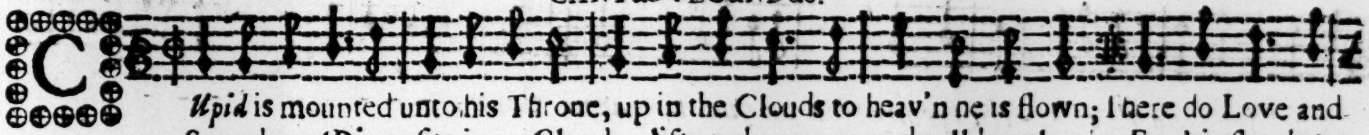


Upid is mounted unto his Throne, up in the Clouds to heav'n he is flown; There do Love and
See where *Diana* ſits in a Cloud, lift up thy voyce and call her aloud; For 'tis ſhe that



he ſit making Darts to ſhoot at thee and mee.
only can preſerve thee ſtill an honeſt man.

CANTUS SECUNDUS.



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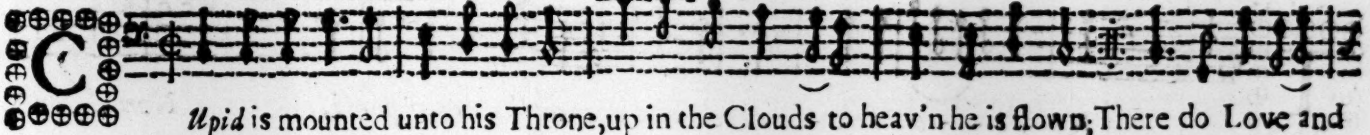
BASSUS.



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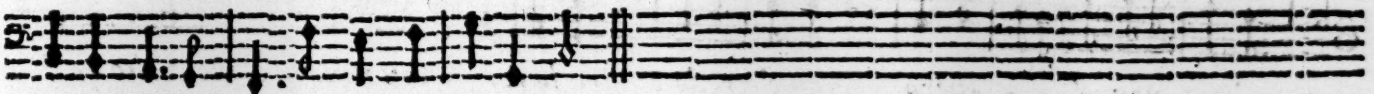

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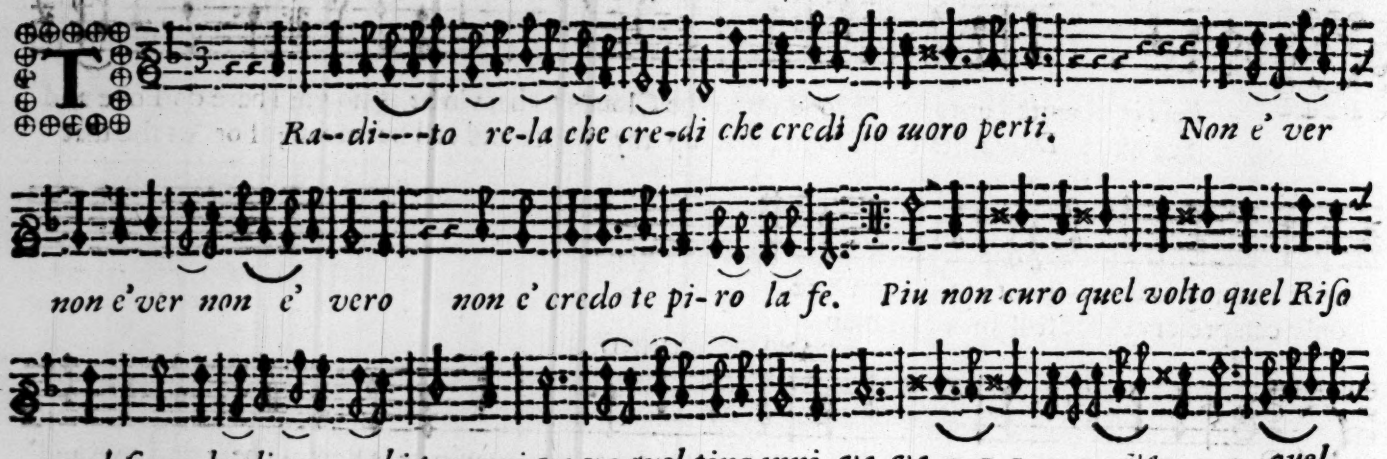
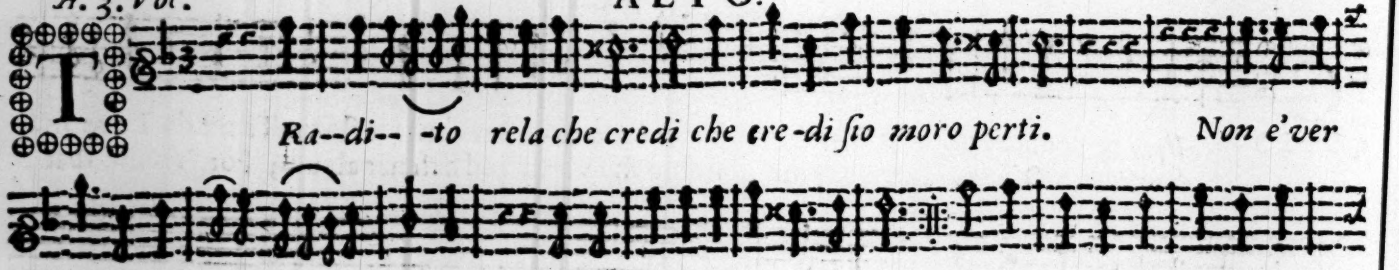
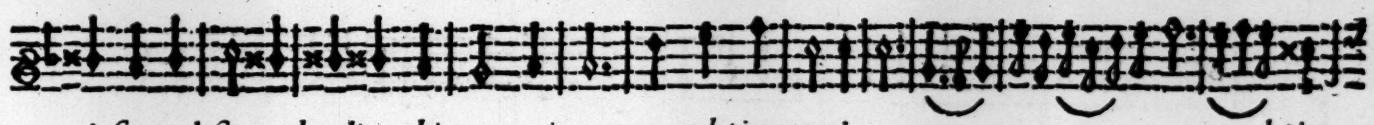
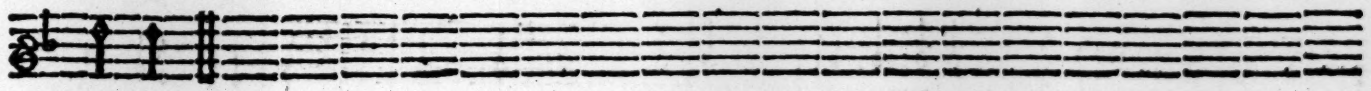

Ra--di----to re-la che cre-di che credi ſio moro perti. Non e' ver
non e'ver non e' vero non e' credo te pi-ro la fe. Piu non curo quel volto quel Riſo
quel ſguardo gli oc - -chi tyranni va va quel tinganni va va - - - - - - -va- - - quel
tin - - ganni.

A. 3. Voc. ALTO.


Ra--di-- -to rela che credi che cre-di ſio moro perti. Non e'ver
non e'ver non e' - - -vero non e' credo te piro la fe. Piu non curo quel volto quel



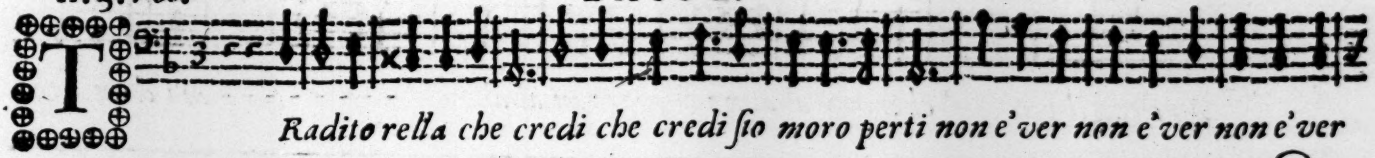
ri-ſo quel ſguardo gli occhi tyranni va va quel tinganni va va- - -va- - - - quel tin-



gan - ni.

A. 3. Voc.

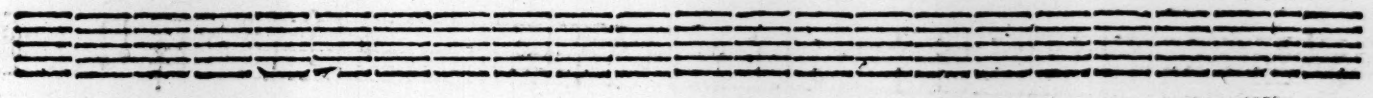
BASSO.



Radito rella che credi che credi ſio moro perti non e' ver non e' ver non e' ver

non e' ver non e' vero non e' credo te piro la fe. Piu non curo quel volto quel riſo quel

ſguardo gli occhi tyranni va va quel tinganni va va va va va quel tinganni.



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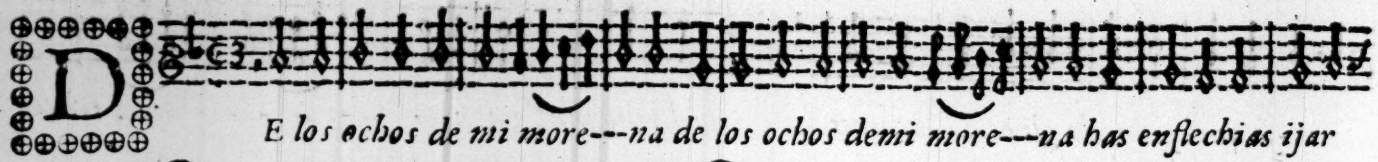
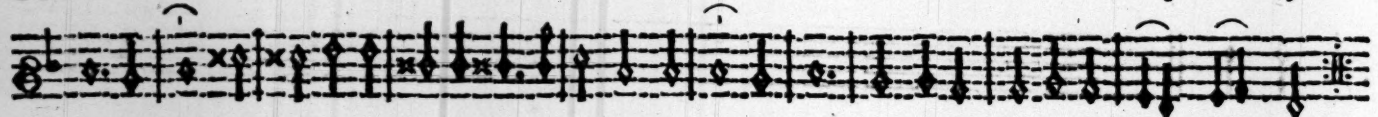
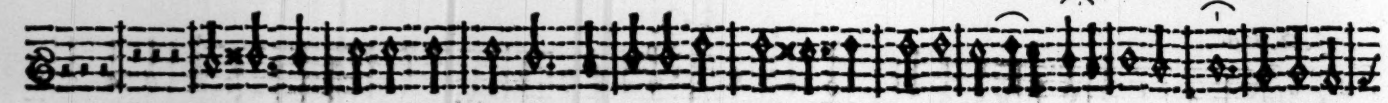
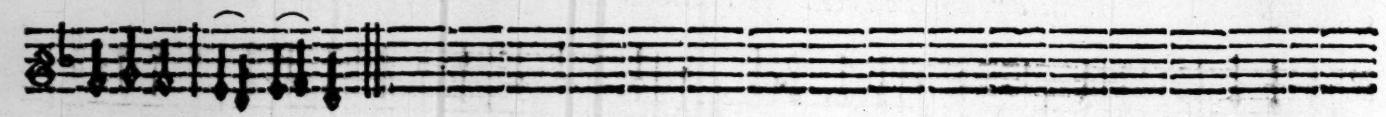
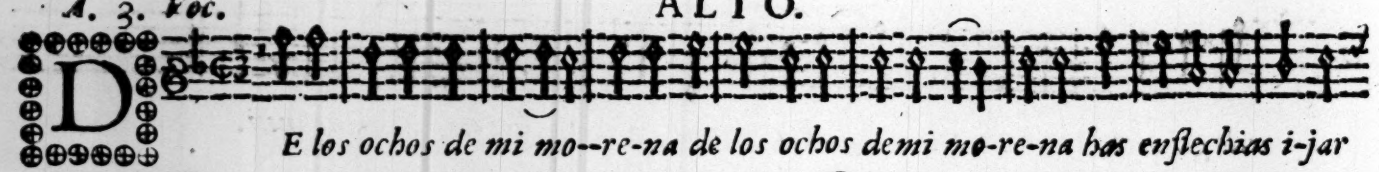

D
E los ochos de mi more---na de los ochos demi more---na has enflechias ijar

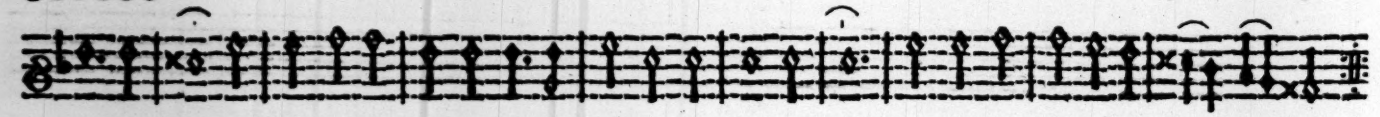

coa la mor has enflechias ijar coa la mor ijar coa la mor has enflechias ijar coa--la--mor.


Tyranno il peccio e' chernan al alma e' chernan al alma al - - - - - - - - ma danze te

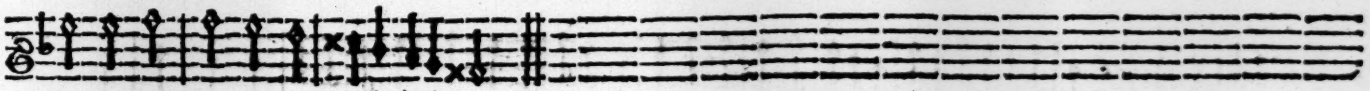

dos e'n el co-ro-zon.

A. 3. Voc. ALTO.


D
E los ochos de mi mo--re-na de los ochos demi mo-re-na has enflechias i-jar


coa la mor has enflechias i-jar coa la mor i-jar coa la mor has enflechias i-jar coa la mor.

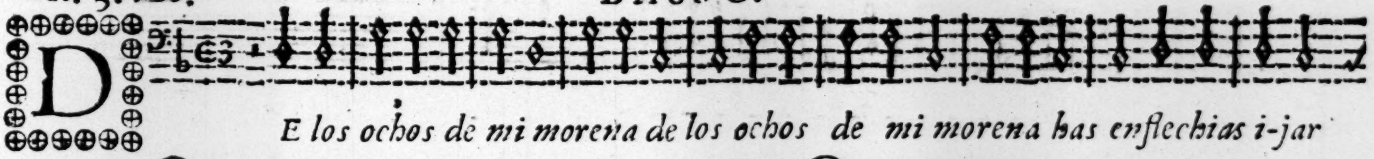
Tyranno il peccio Tyranno il peccio e'cher'nan al alma echernan al alma al- - - - - - - - ma



danze te dos en el co----ro---zon.

A. 3. Voc.

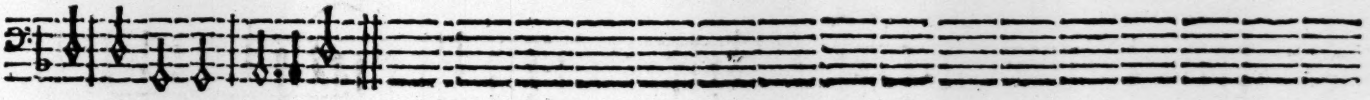
BASSO.



E los ochos de mi morena de los ochos de mi morena has enflechias i-jar

coa la mor has enflechias i-jar coa la mor i-jar coa la mor has enflechias i-jar coa la mor.

Tyranno il peccio Tyranno il peccio e'cher'nan al alma e'chernan al alma al - - ma danze



te dos en el corozon.

H2039

A cruda la bella mia paſtorella d'amor Eg- -nu- -da non ha- - -

pi-e - ta. Ri -che - - - - - - tel riſo di pa-ra-diſa ma'il cru- -do petto non ha di

fe non ha di fe non - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ha di fe.

A. 3. Voc. ALTO.

A cruda la bella mia paſto-rella da mor eg - nu-da non ha - - -

- - - pieta Ri -che - - - til riſo di paradiſo mail crudo petto non ha

di se non ha di se non - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ha di se.

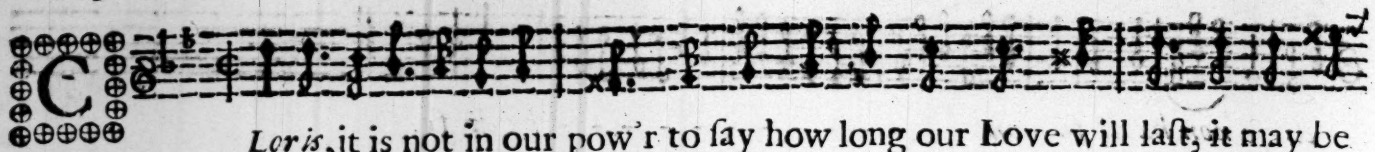
A. 3. Voc.

BASSO.

A cruda la bella mia pastorella d'amor Eg'nudi non ha pie - ta

Ri - che - til riso di paradiso mail crudo petto non ha di se non ha di se non

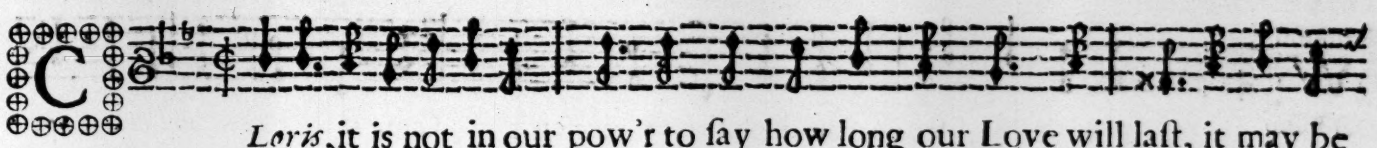
non - - ha di se.



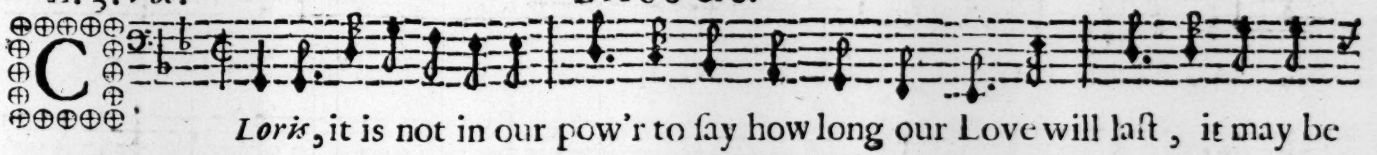
And though you now Immortal ſeem,
Such is th' exactneſs of your frame;
Thoſe that your Beauty ſo eſteem,
Will find it cannot laſt the ſame:
Love from your Eyes has ſtoln my fire,
As apt to waſt, and to expire.

Then ſince we Mortal Lovers are,
Let's queſtion not how long 'twill laſt,
But while we Love let us take care,
Each Minute be with pleaſure paſt:
It were a Madneſs to deny
To live becauſe w' are ſure to dye.

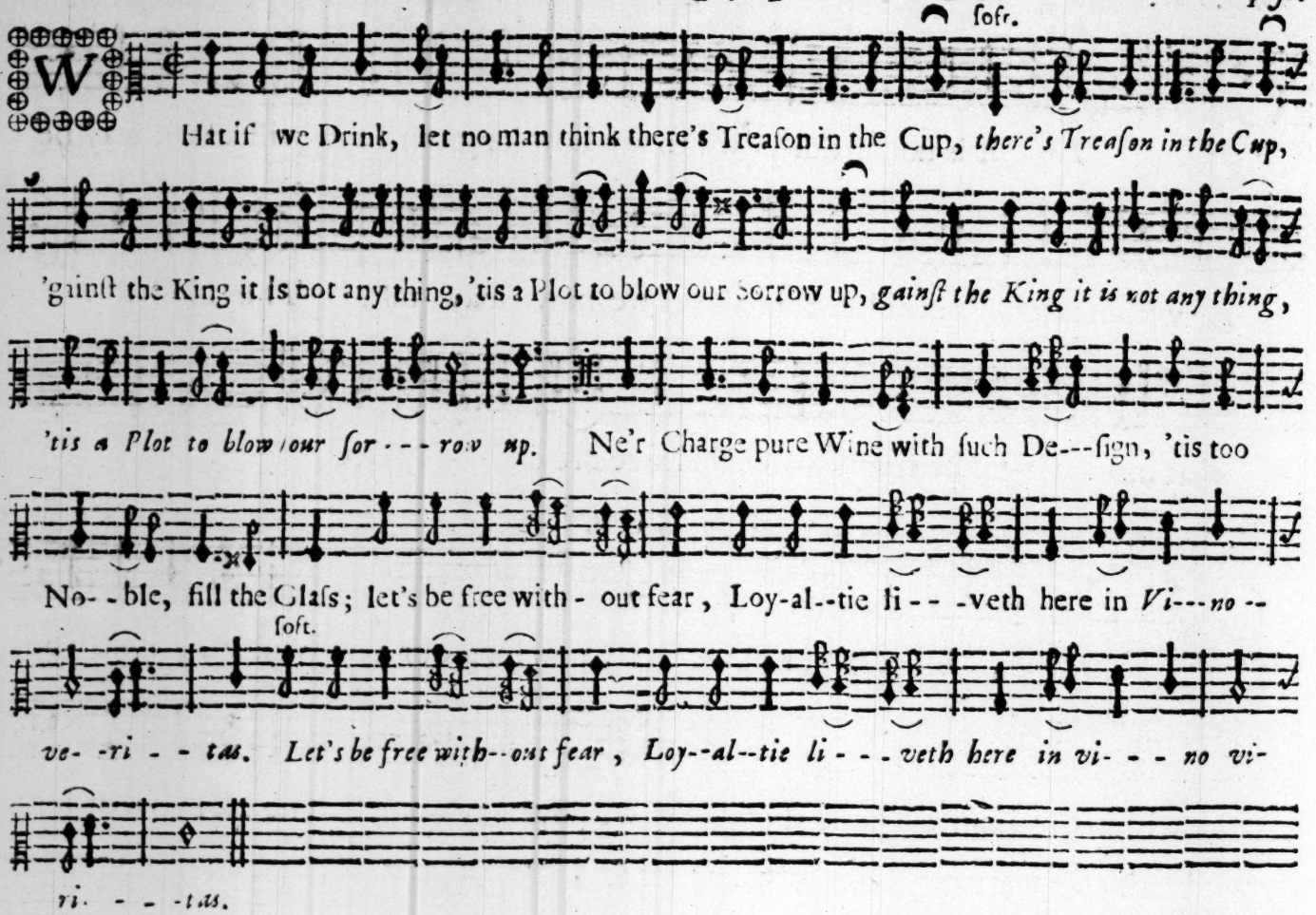
Fear not though Love and Beauty fail,
My reaſon ſhall my heart direct;
Your Kindneſs now will then prevail,
And Paſſion turn into reſpect:
Cloris, at worſt, you'l in the end,
But Change your Lover for a Friend.

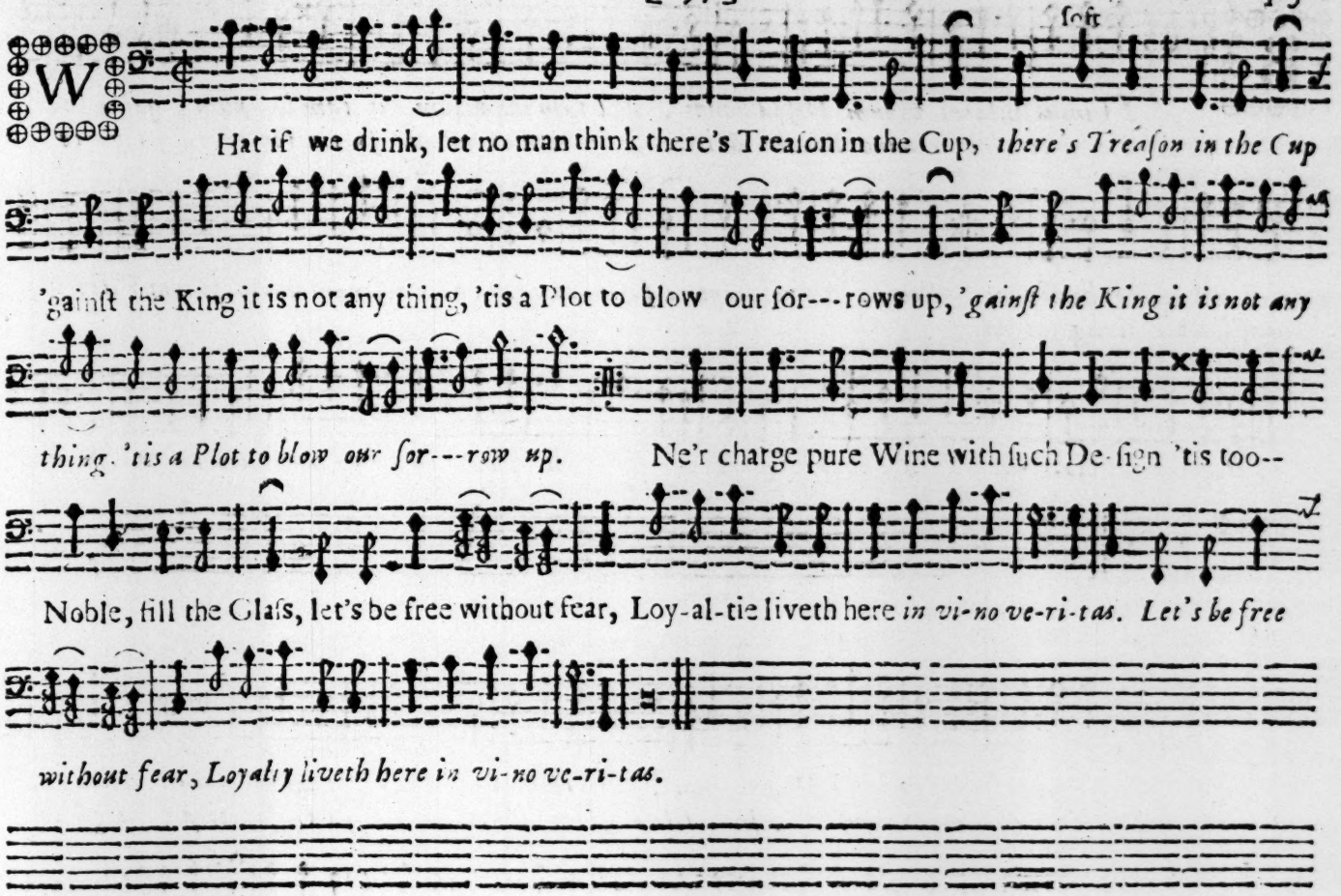


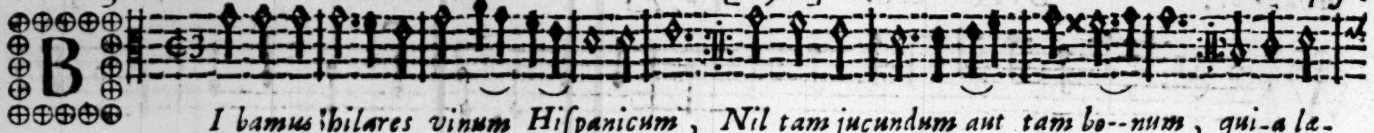
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.



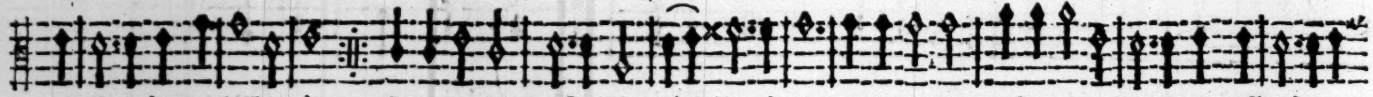
H2039

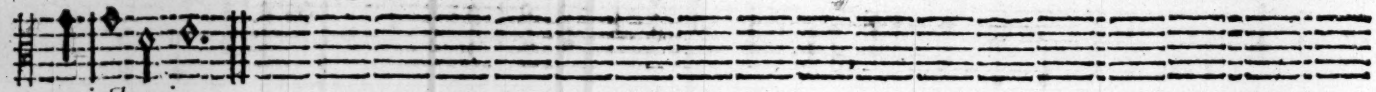

ſofr.
WHat if we Drink, let no man think there's Treaſon in the Cup, *there's Treaſon in the Cup,*
'gainſt the King it is not any thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our ſorrow up, *gainſt the King it is not any thing,*
'tis a Plot to blow our ſor - - - row up. Ne'r Charge pure Wine with ſuch De---ſign, 'tis too
No- - ble, fill the Glaſs; let's be free with - out fear, Loy-al--tie li - - -veth here in *Vi---no --*
ſoft.
ve- -ri - - tas. Let's be free with--out fear, Loy--al--tie li - - - veth here in vi- - - no vi-
ri - - - tas.


ſoft
What if we drink, let no man think there's Treaſon in the Cup, *there's Treaſon in the Cup*
'gainſt the King it is not any thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our ſor---rows up, *'gainſt the King it is not any*
thing. 'tis a Plot to blow our ſor---row up. Ne'r charge pure Wine with ſuch De-ſign 'tis too--
Noble, fill the Glaſs, let's be free without fear, Loy-al-tie liveth here *in vi-no ve-ri-tas. Let's be free*
without fear, Loyalty liveth here in vi-no ve-ri-tas.

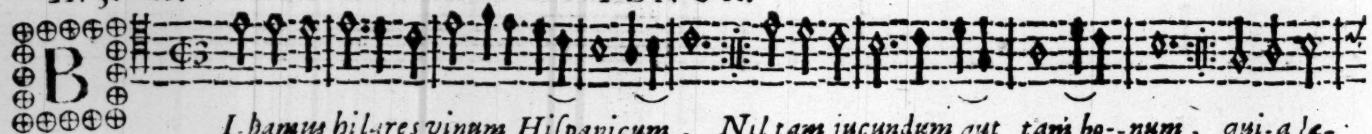

I bamus hilares vinum Hiſpanicum, Nil tam jucundum aut tam bo--num, qui-a læ-
Ve-ni-te alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, Su mentes ar-ma ſa-tis for-ti-a, fu ga-te

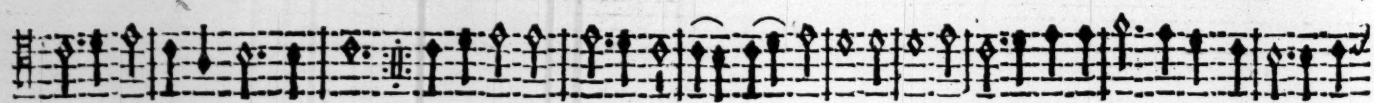
ti-fi-cat mentes hominum. Pocula dum reſonant re-ſo--nant vacua dum reſonant dum reſonant Victoria,
mœſti-a cor-dis ag-mi-na.

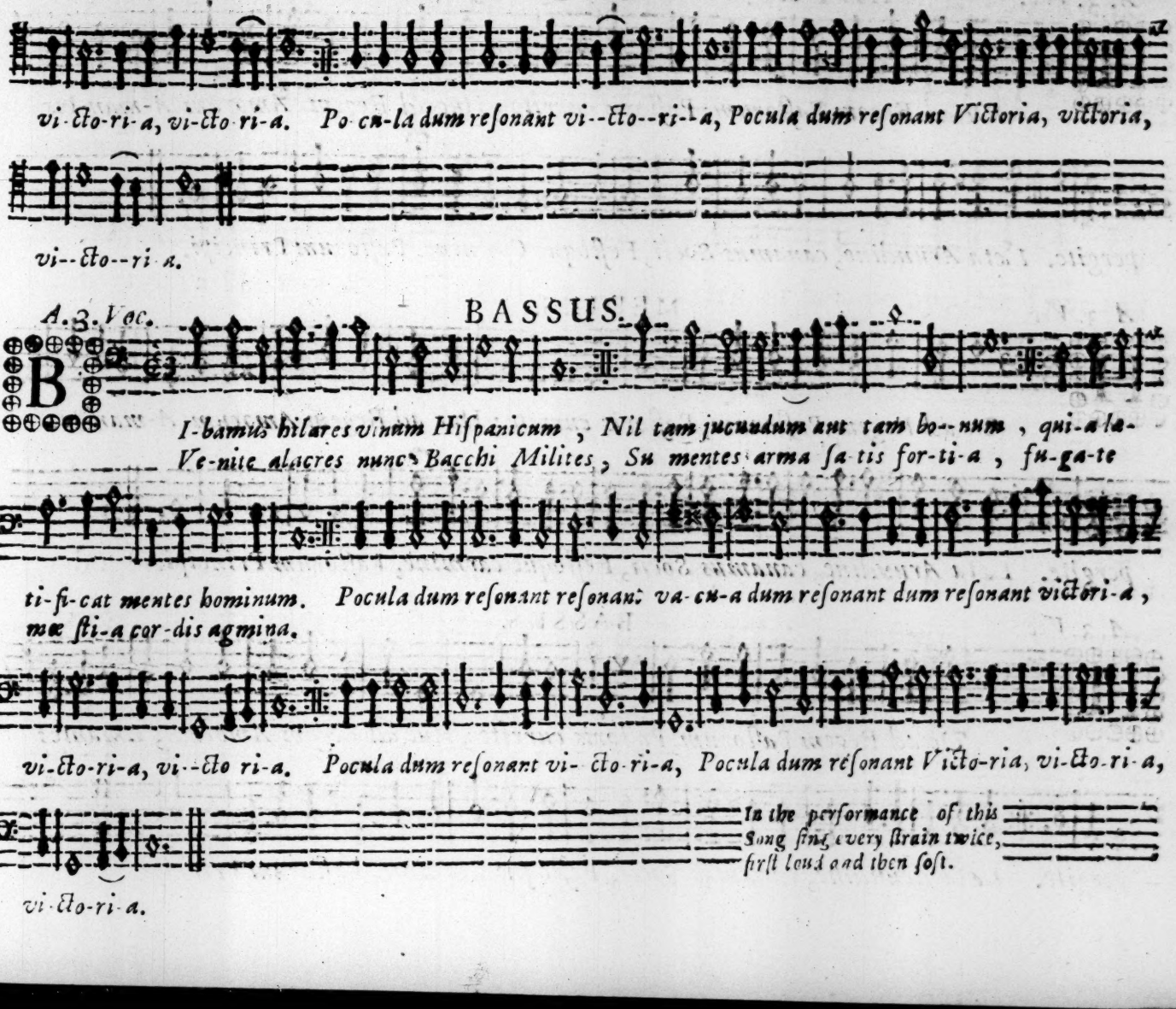

vi-cto-ri-a, vi-cto-ri-a. Pocula dum reſonant vi-cto-ri-a, pocula dum reſonant victoria, victori-a,

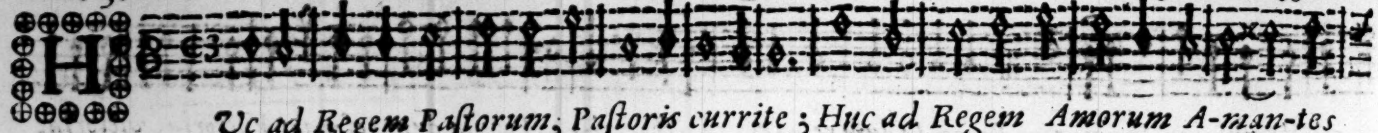

vi-cto-ri-a.

A. 3. Voc. TENOR.


I bamus hilares vinum Hiſpanicum, Nil tam jucundum aut tam bo--num, qui-a læ-
Ve-ni-te alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, Su mentes ar-ma ſa-tis for-ti-a, fu ga te


ti-fi-cat mentes hominum. Pocula dum reſonant re ſo--nant vacua dum reſonant dum reſonant Victoria,
mœ-ſti-a cor-dis ag-mi-na.

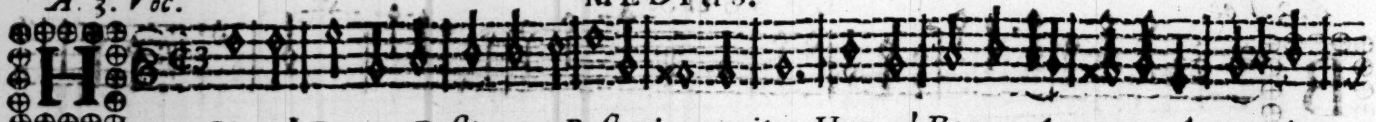

vi-cto-ri-a, vi-cto ri-a. Po cu-la dum reſonant vi--cto--ri--a, Pocula dum reſonant Victoria, victoria,
vi--cto--ri a.
A. 3. Voc.
BASSUS.
I-bamus hilares vinum Hiſpanicum, Nil tam jucundum aut tam bo--num, qui-a la-
Ve-nite alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, Su mentes arma ſa-tis for-ti-a, fu-ga-te
ti-fi-cat mentes hominum. Pocula dum reſonant reſonant va-cu-a dum reſonant dum reſonant victori-a,
mœ ſti-a cor-dis agmina.
vi-cto-ri-a, vi--cto ri-a. Pocula dum reſonant vi- cto-ri-a, Pocula dum reſonant Victo-ria, vi-cto-ri-a,
In the performance of this Song ſing every ſtrain twice, firſt loud and then ſoft.
vi-cto-ri-a.



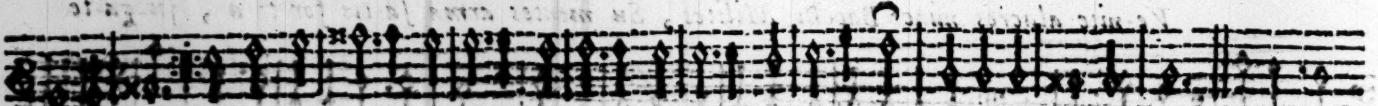
Vc ad Regem Paſtorum, Paſtoris currite; Huc ad Regem Amorum A-man-tes

pergite. Læta Arundine, canamus Socii, Feſtoque Carmine, Paſtorum Principi.

A. 3. Voc. MEDIUS.

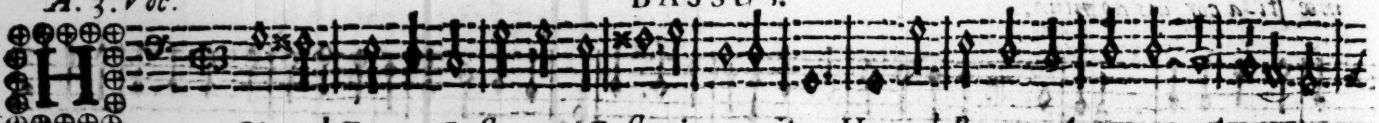


Vc ad Regem Paſtorum, Paſtoris currite; Huc ad Regem Amorum A-man-tes



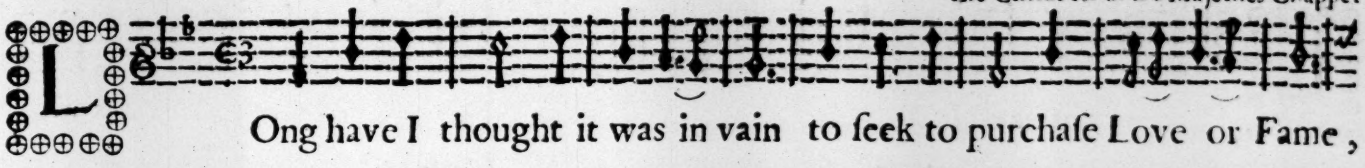
pergite. Læta Arundine, canamus Socii, Feſtoque carmine, Paſtorum Principi.

A. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

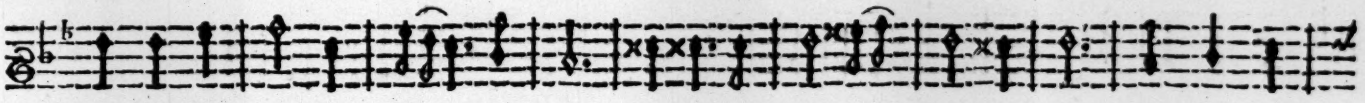


Vc ad Regem Paſtorum, Paſtoris currite; Huc ad Regem Amorum, Amantes

pergite. Læta Arundine, canamus Socii, Feſtoque Carmine, Paſtorum Principi.



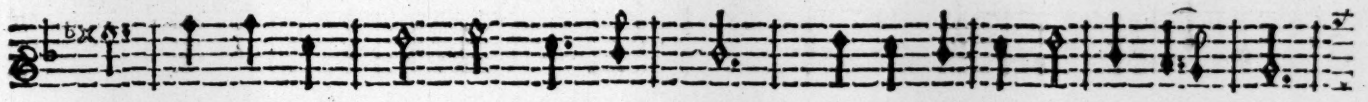
LOng have I thought it was in vain to ſeek to purchaſe Love or Fame,



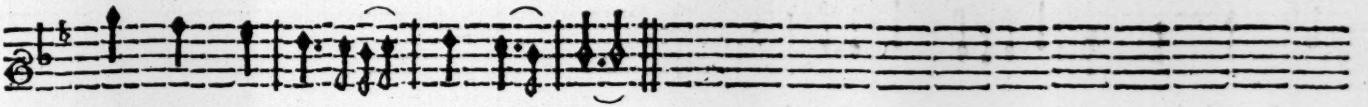
for both a-like would ſlide a-way, or by my own, or her, decay; for Love and

Fame crown'd with ſucceſs, do from Enjoyment both grow leſs. Had the gods ſo

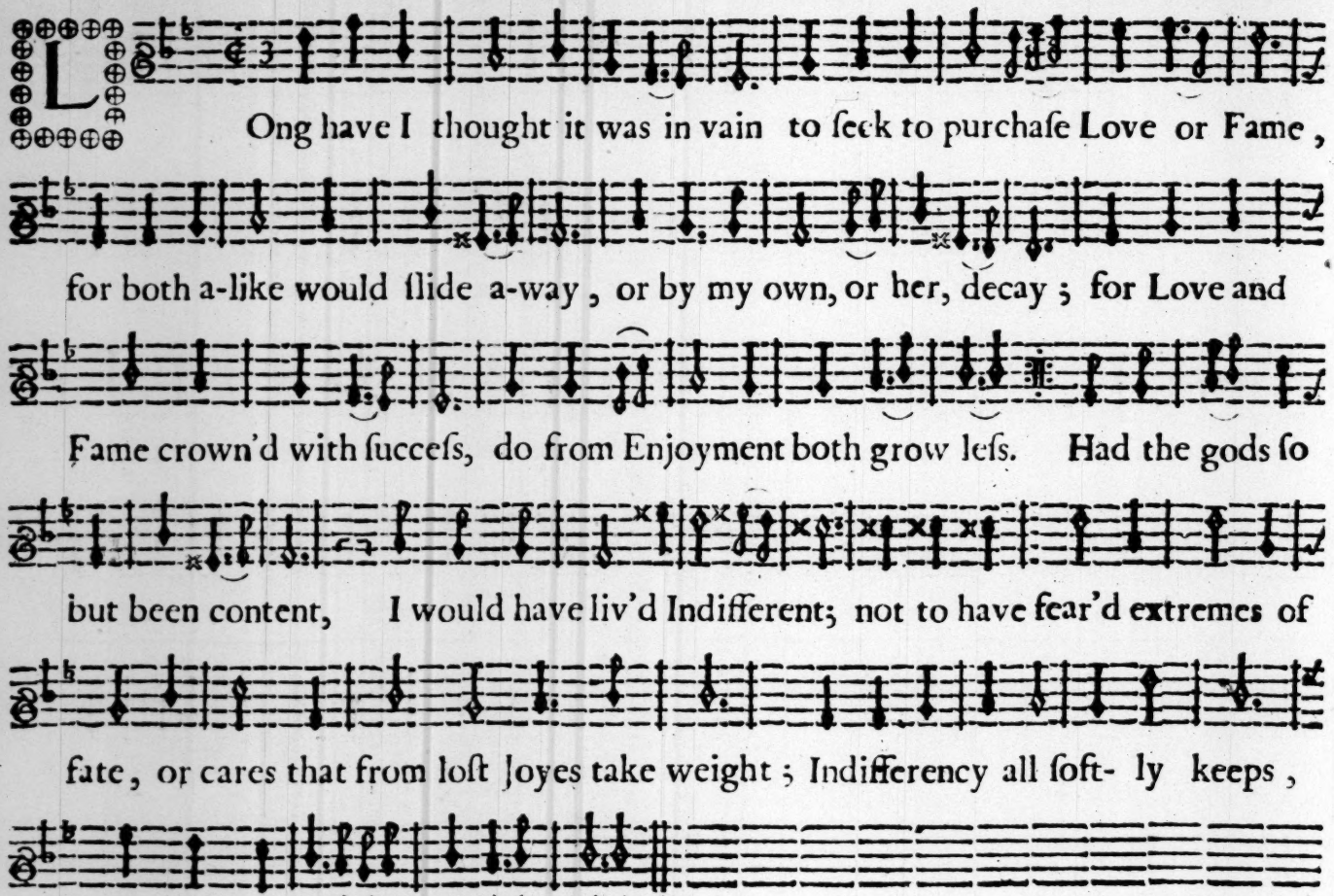
but been content, I would have liv'd Indifferent; not to have fear'd extremes of

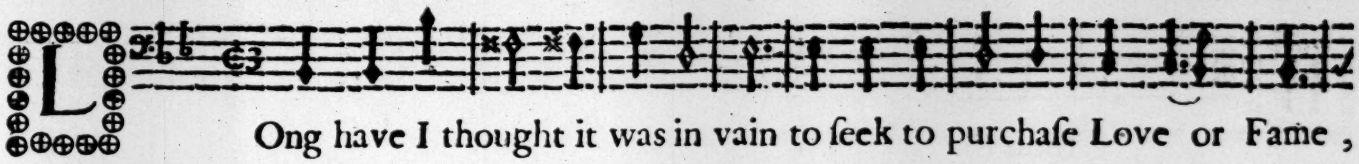


fate, or cares that from loſt Joyes take weight; Indifferency all ſoft- ly keeps,

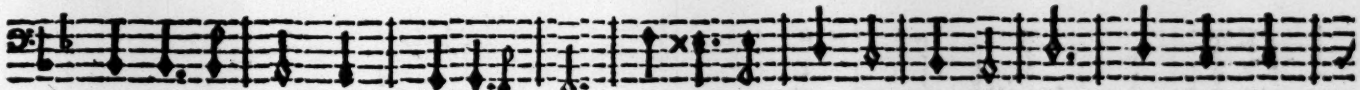


there's none unhap-py while he ſleeps.


LOng have I thought it was in vain to ſeek to purchaſe Love or Fame,
for both a-like would ſlide a-way, or by my own, or her, decay; for Love and
Fame crown'd with ſucceſs, do from Enjoyment both grow leſs. Had the gods ſo
but been content, I would have liv'd Indifferent; not to have fear'd extremes of
fate, or cares that from loſt Joyes take weight; Indifferency all ſoft- ly keeps,
there's none unhap-py while he ſleeps.

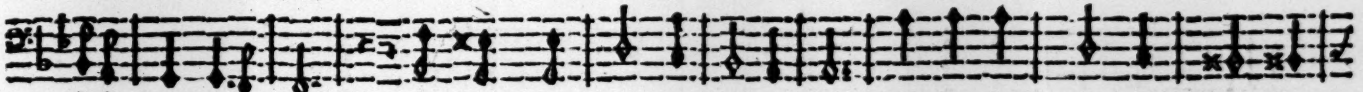


Long have I thought it was in vain to ſeek to purchaſe Love or Fame,



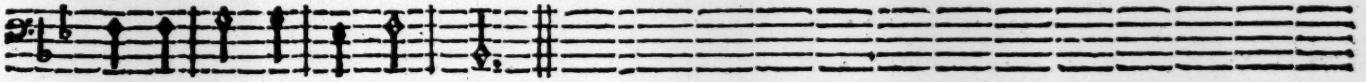
for both a-like would ſlide a-way, or by my own or her de-cay, for Love and

Fame Crown'd with Succeſs, do from Enjoyment both grow leſs. Had the gods ſo

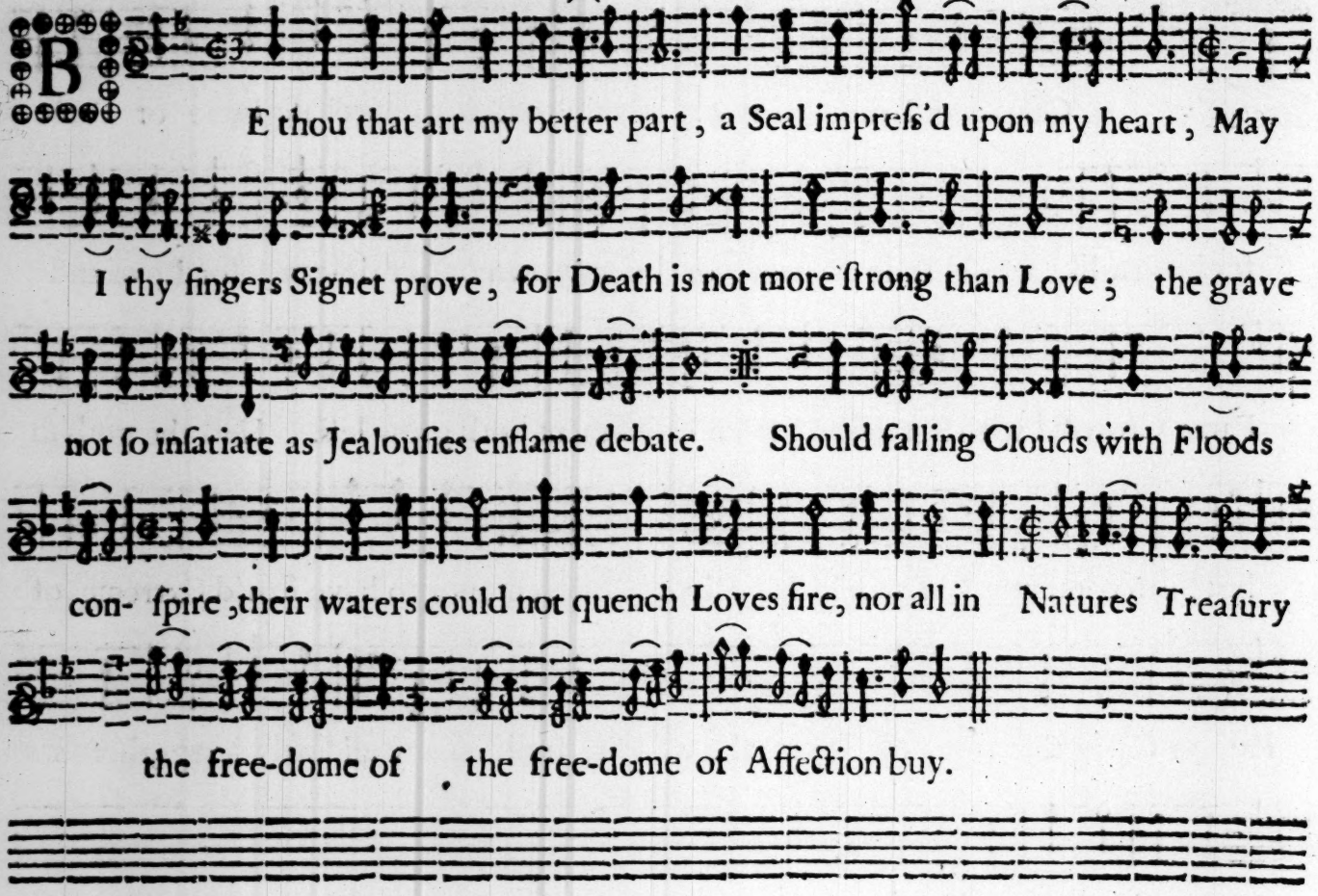


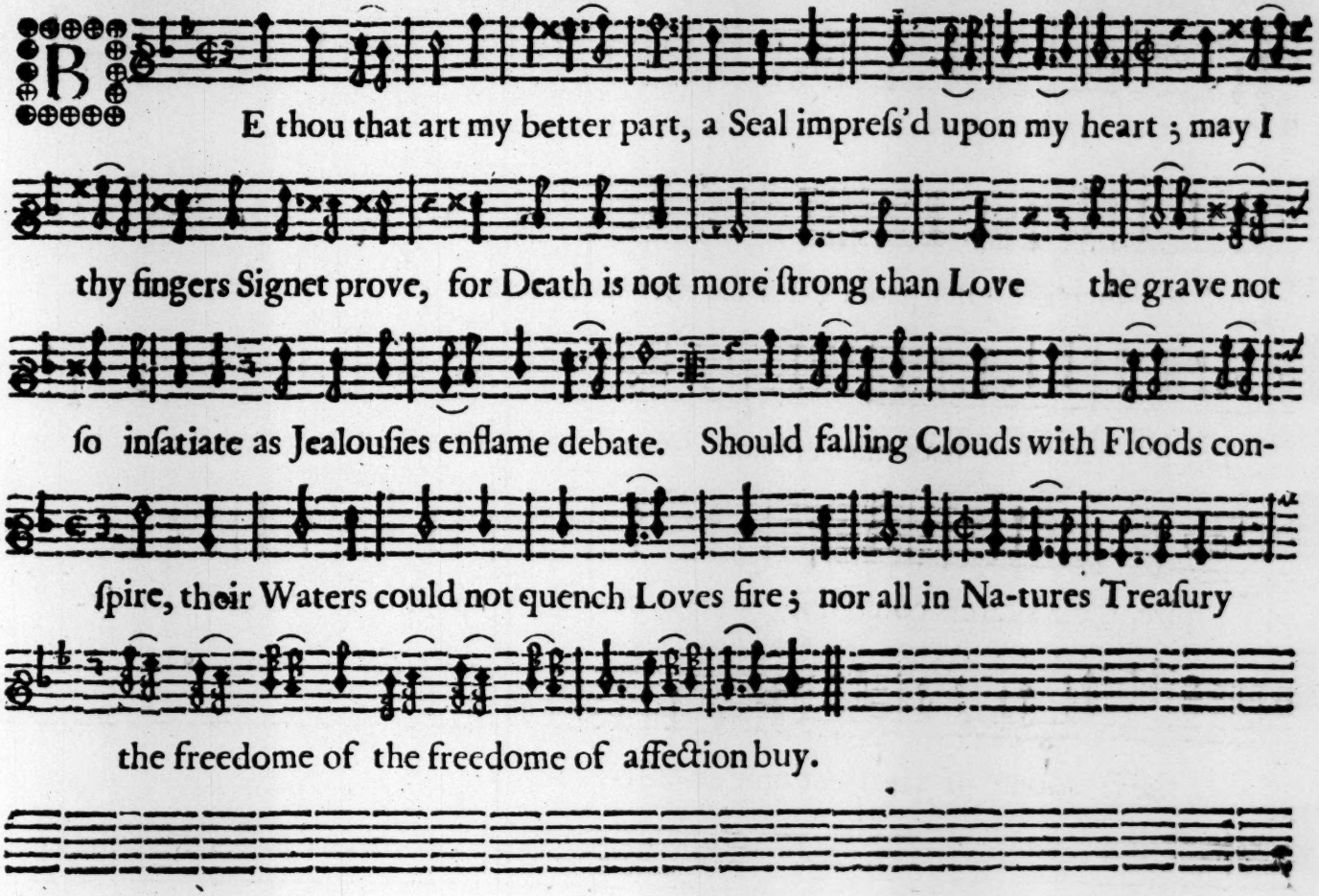
but been content, I would have liv'd indifferent, not to have fear'd Extremes of

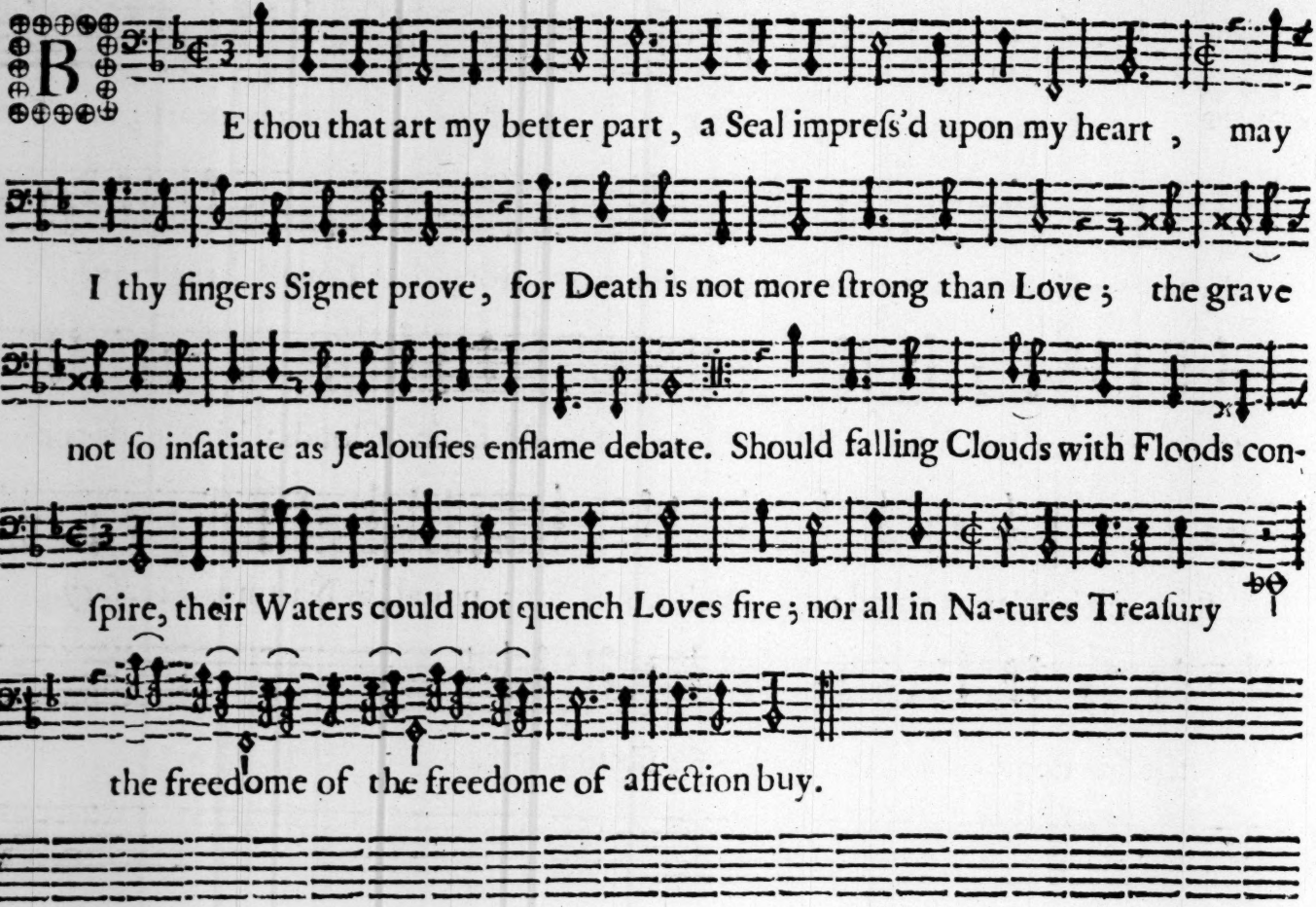
Fate, or Cares that from loſt Joyes take weight, Indifferency all ſoftly keeps, there's

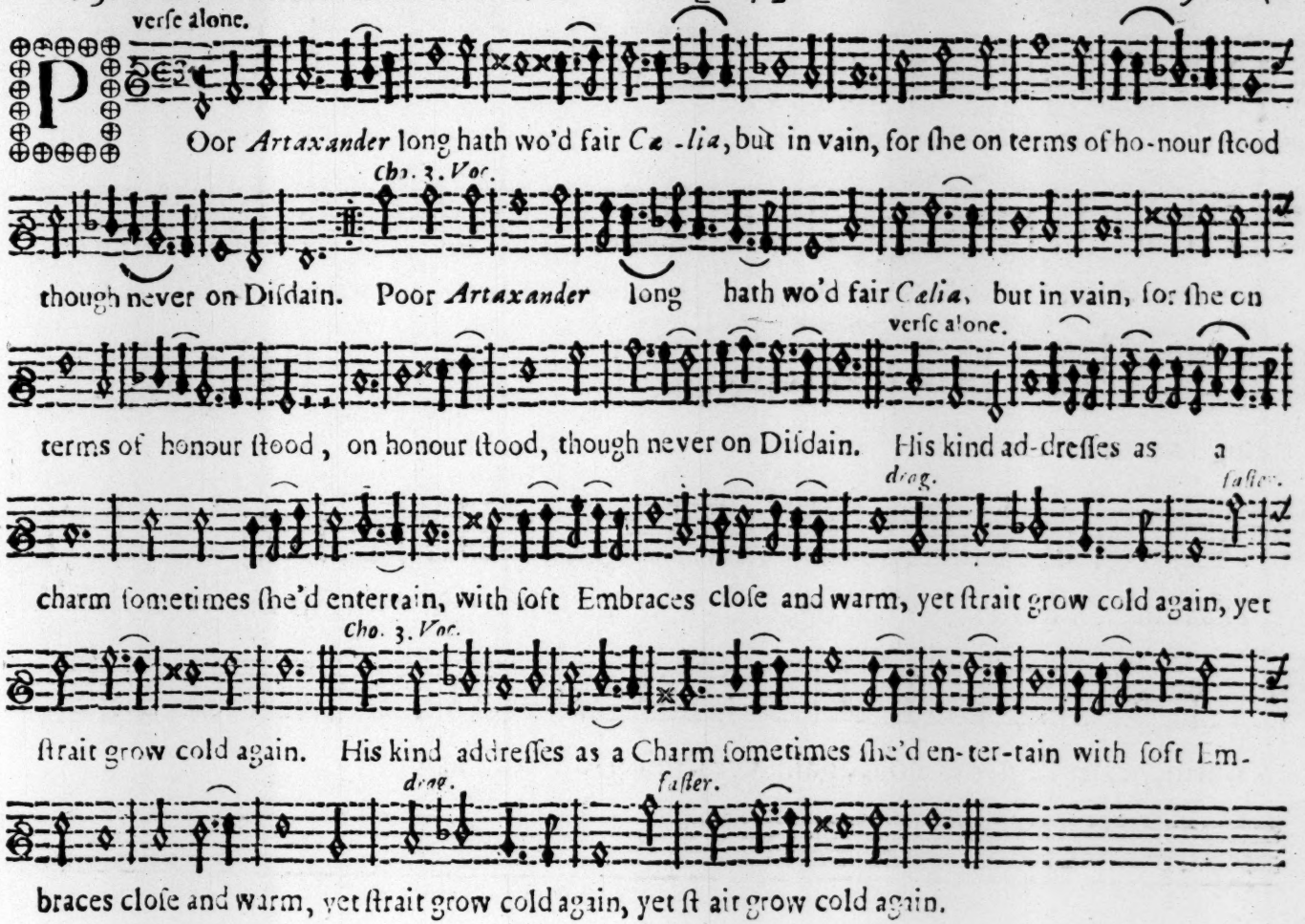


none unhappy while he ſleeps.


BE thou that art my better part, a Seal impreſs'd upon my heart, May
I thy fingers Signet prove, for Death is not more ſtrong than Love; the grave
not ſo inſatiate as Jealouſies enflame debate. Should falling Clouds with Floods
con- ſpire, their waters could not quench Loves fire, nor all in Natures Treaſury
the free-dome of the free-dome of Affection buy.


BE thou that art my better part, a Seal impreſs'd upon my heart ; may I
thy fingers Signet prove, for Death is not more ſtrong than Love the grave not
ſo inſatiate as Jealouſies enflame debate. Should falling Clouds with Floods con-
ſpire, their Waters could not quench Loves fire ; nor all in Na-tures Treaſury
the freedome of the freedome of affection buy.


BE thou that art my better part, a Seal impreſs'd upon my heart, may
I thy fingers Signet prove, for Death is not more ſtrong than Love; the grave
not ſo inſatiate as Jealouſies enflame debate. Should falling Clouds with Floods con-
ſpire, their Waters could not quench Loves fire; nor all in Na-tures Treaſury
the freedome of the freedome of affection buy.


verſe alone.
Poor *Artaxander* long hath wo'd fair *Cæ-lia*, but in vain, for ſhe on terms of ho-nour ſtood
Cho. 3. Voc.
though never on Diſdain. Poor *Artaxander* long hath wo'd fair *Cælia*, but in vain, for ſhe on
verſe alone.
terms of honour ſtood, on honour ſtood, though never on Diſdain. His kind ad-dreſſes as a
drag.
faſter.
charm ſometimes ſhe'd entertain, with ſoft Embraces cloſe and warm, yet ſtrait grow cold again, yet
Cho. 3. Voc.
ſtrait grow cold again. His kind addreſſes as a Charm ſometimes ſhe'd en-ter-tain with ſoft Em-
drag.
faſter.
braces cloſe and warm, yet ſtrait grow cold again, yet ſtrait grow cold again.

Hilton. J.

Altus alone. *Cho. 3. Voc.*

Poor *Artaxander*, &c. Poor *Artaxander* long

hath wo'd fair *Cælia*, but in vain; for ſhe on terms of Honour ſtood, of Honor ſtood,

Altus alone.

though never on Diſdain.

Cho. 3. Voc.

His kind Addreſſes, as a Charm, ſometimes ſhall entertain with ſoft Embraces cloſe &

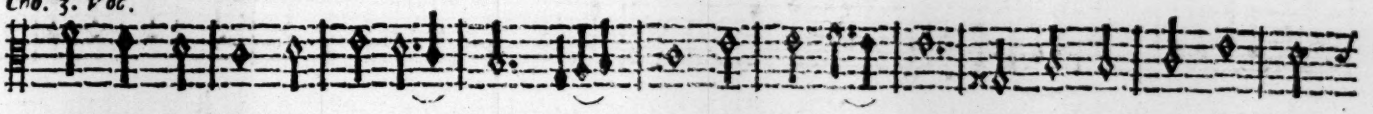
warm, yet ſtrait grow cold again, yet ſtrait grow cold again.

Cho. 3. Voc.

Poor, *&c.* Poor *Artaxander* long hath wo'd fair *Celia*, but in vain, for

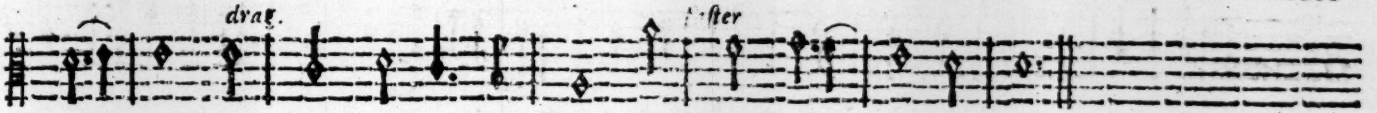
ſhe on terms on terms of honour ſtood though ne--ver on diſdain.

Cho. 3. Voc.

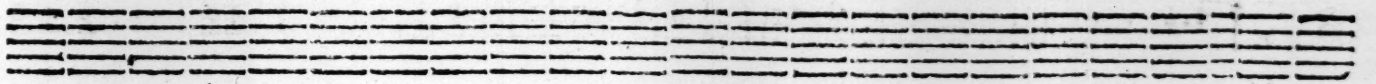


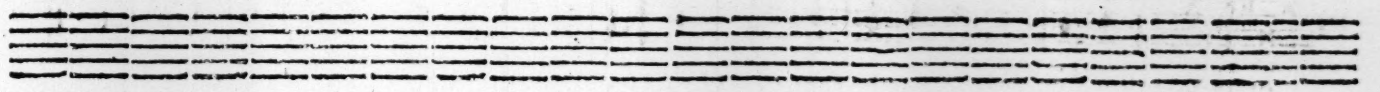
His kind addreſſes as a Charm ſometimes ſhe'l en-ter-tain with ſoft Embraces cloſe

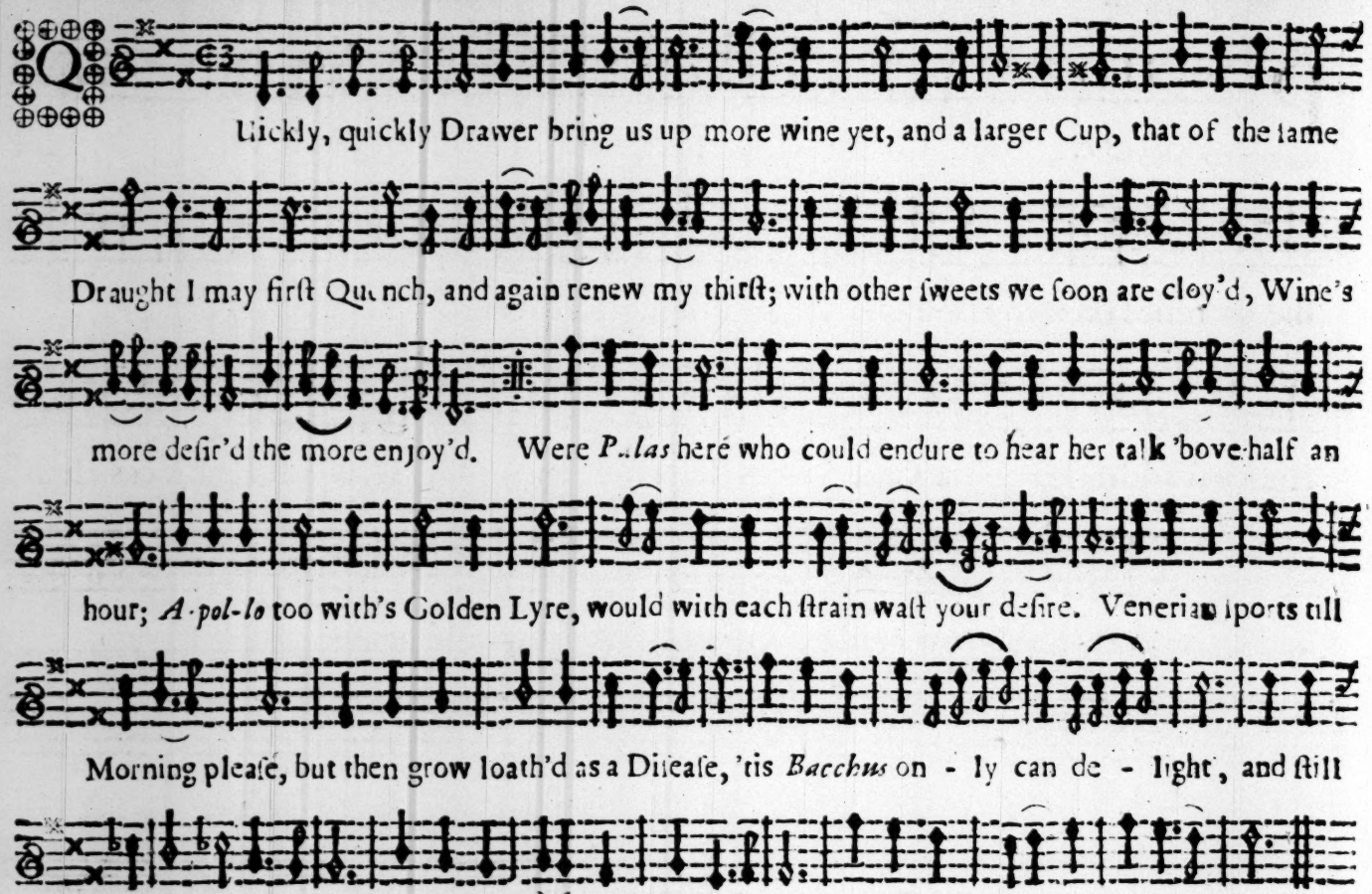
drag. *after*

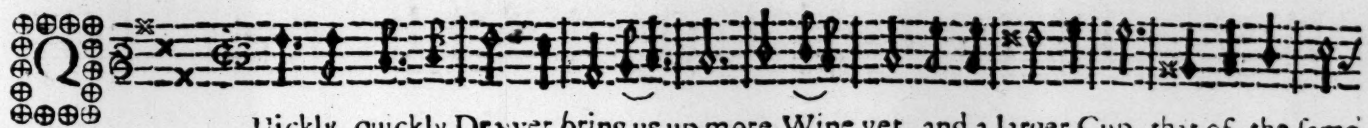


and warm, yet ſtrait grow cold again, yet ſtrait grow cold again.

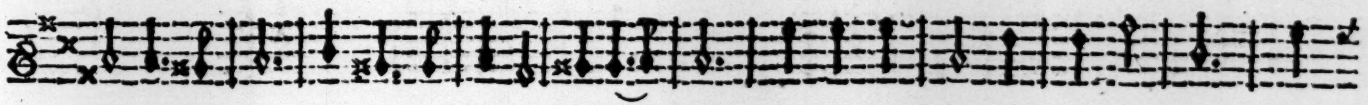





Quickly, quickly Drawer bring us up more wine yet, and a larger Cup, that of the ſame
Draught I may firſt Quench, and again renew my thirſt; with other ſweets we ſoon are cloy'd, Wine's
more deſir'd the more enjoy'd. Were *Pallas* here who could endure to hear her talk 'bove half an
hour; *Apollo* too with's Golden Lyre, would with each ſtrain wait your deſire. Venerian ſports till
Morning pleaſe, but then grow loath'd as a Diſeaſe, 'tis *Bacchus* on - ly can de - light, and ſtill
preſerve the Appetite; oft may he then my Throat ſupply with conſtant Floods to keep it dry.

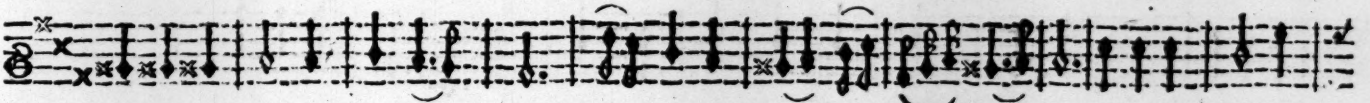


Quickly, quickly Drawer bring us up more Wine yet, and a larger Cup, that of the ſame



draught I may firſt quench and again renew my thirſt: With other Sweets we ſoon are cloy'd, Wine's

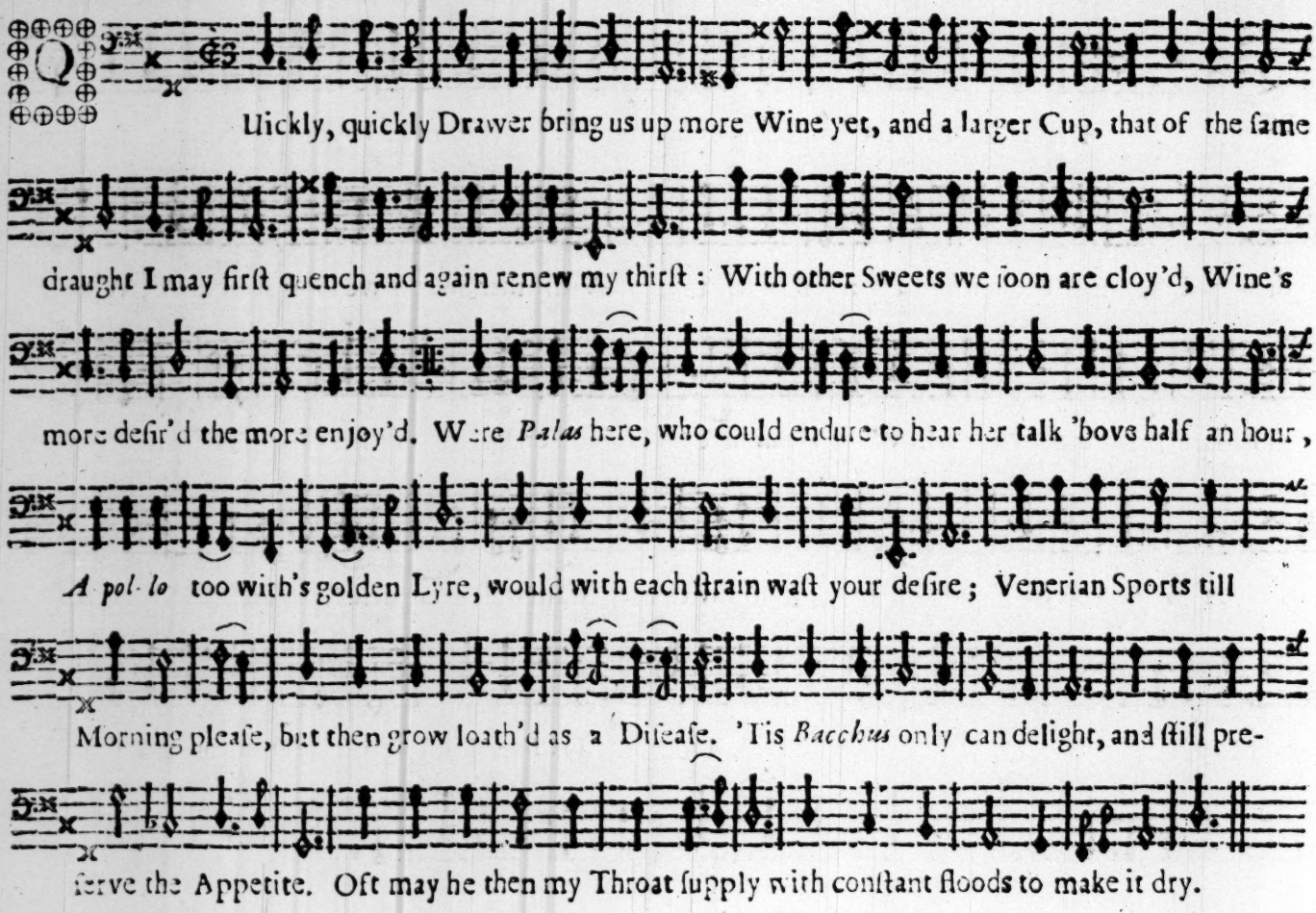
more deſir'd the more enjoy'd. Were *Palas* here, who could endure to hear her talk 'bove half an hour,



Apollo too with's golden Lyre, would with each ſtrain wait your deſire; Venerian Sports till

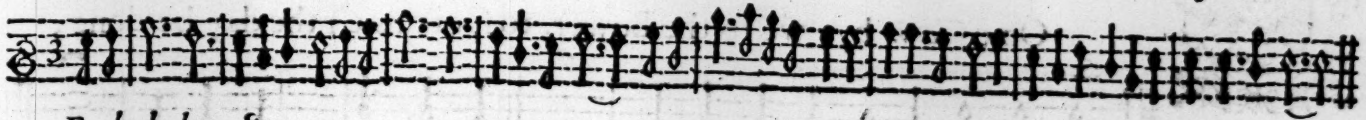
Morning pleaſe, but then grow loath'd as a Diſeaſe. 'Tis *Bacchus* only can delight, and ſtill pre-

ſerve the Appetite. On may he then my Throat ſupply with conſtant floods to make it dry.


Quickly, quickly Drawer bring us up more Wine yet, and a larger Cup, that of the same
draught I may first quench and again renew my thirst: With other Sweets we soon are cloy'd, Wine's
more desir'd the more enjoy'd. Were Palas here, who could endure to hear her talk 'bove half an hour,
A pol-lo too with's golden Lyre, would with each strain wast your desire; Venerian Sports till
Morning please, but then grow loath'd as a Disease. 'Tis Bacchus only can delight, and still pre-
serve the Appetite. Oft may he then my Throat supply with constant floods to make it dry.

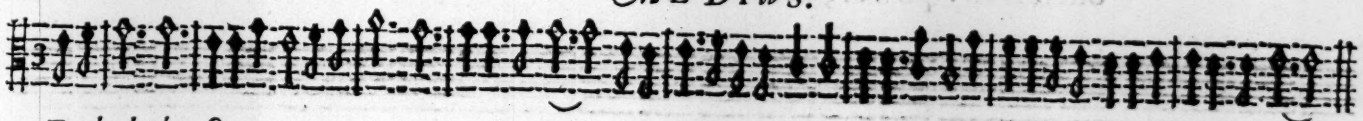
Here beginneth AYRES *for Four* Voyces.

A. 4. Voc. The Waitts. ALTUS Mr. *Jer. Savile.*



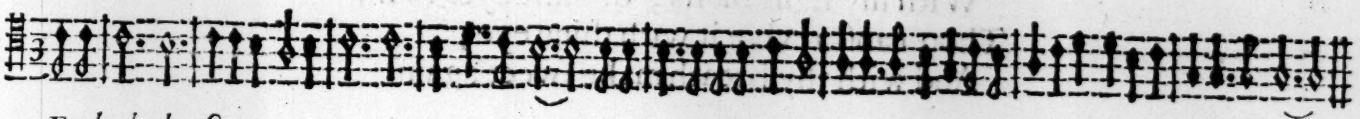
Fa la la la, &c.

MEDIUS.



Fa la la la, &c.

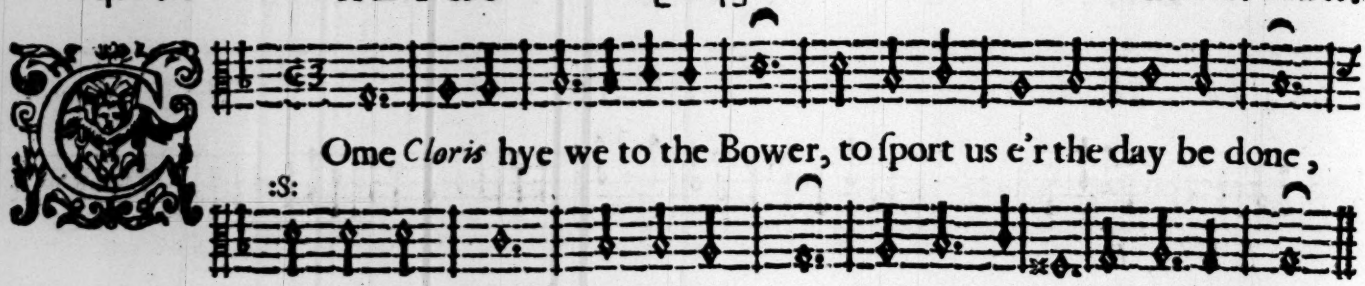
TENOR.



Fa la la la, &c.

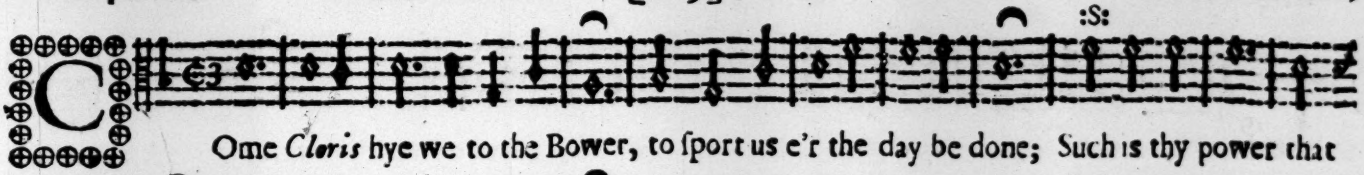
BASSUS.

Fa la la la, &c.



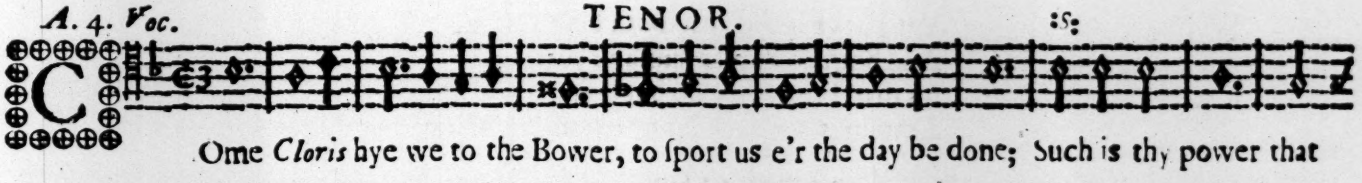
And if a Flower but chance to dye,
With my ſighs blaſts, or mine eyes rain;
Thou canſt revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make ſweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will ſtrive for th' honour, who firſt may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.



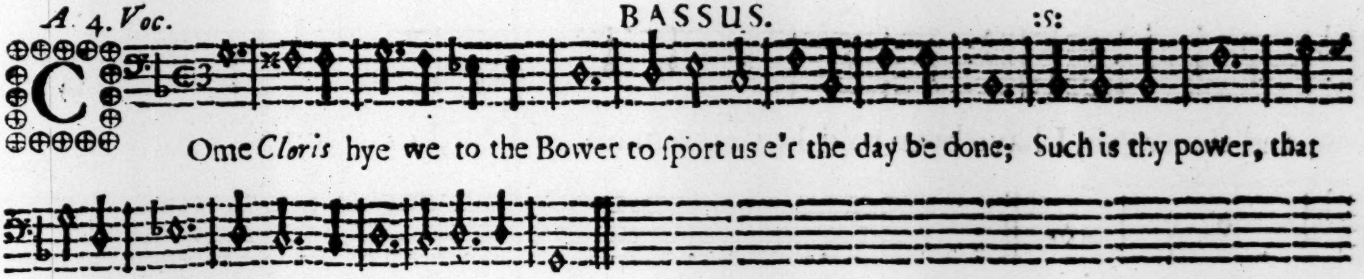
Ome *Cloris* hye we to the Bower, to ſport us e'r the day be done; Such is thy power that every Flower will ope to thee as to the Sun.

A. 4. Voc. TENOR.

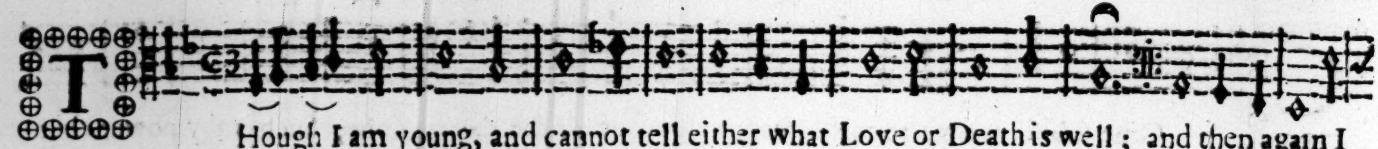


Ome *Cloris* hye we to the Bower, to ſport us e'r the day be done; Such is thy power that every Flower, will ope to thee as to the Sun.

A. 4. Voc. BASSUS.



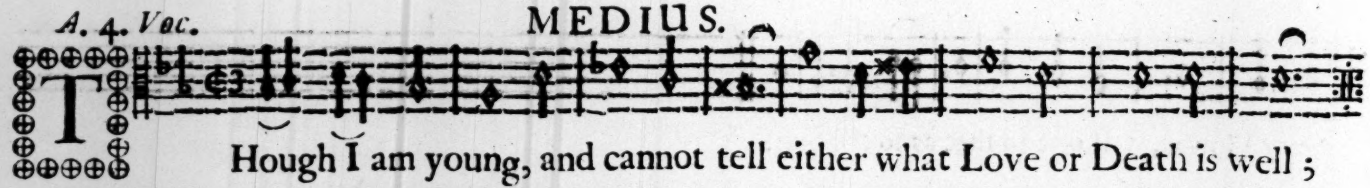
Ome *Cloris* hye we to the Bower to ſport us e'r the day be done; Such is thy power, that every Flower will ope to thee as to the Sun.



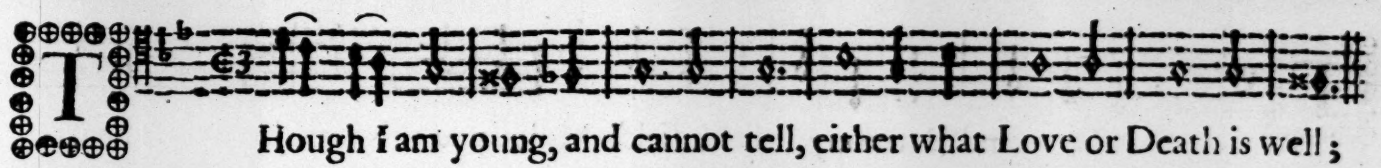
Hough I am young, and cannot tell either what Love or Death is well; and then again I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold.

Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,
And both do aim at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

A. 4. Voc. MEDIUS.

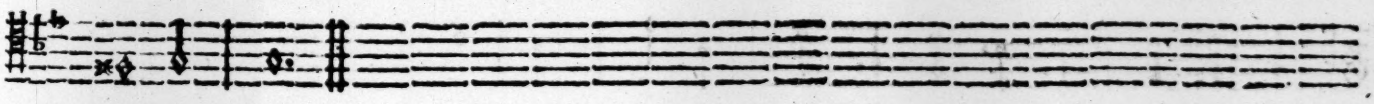


Hough I am young, and cannot tell either what Love or Death is well; and then again I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold.



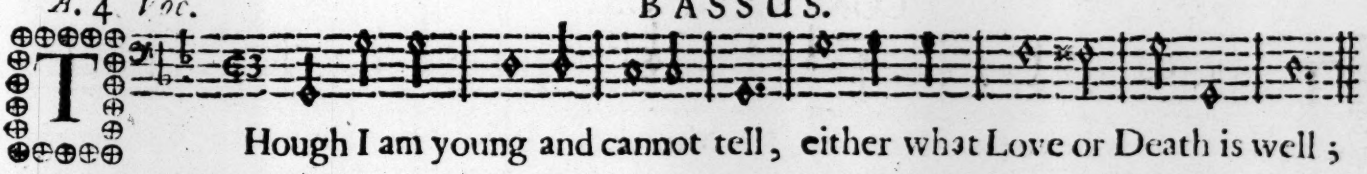
Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what Love or Death is well;

and then again I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat and

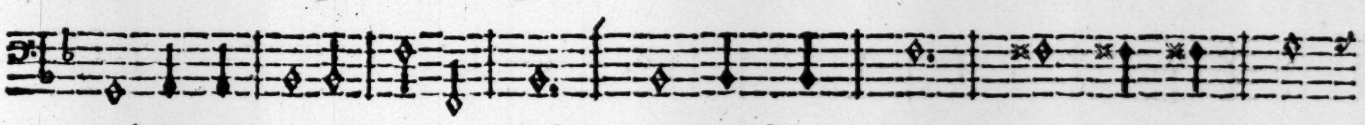


Death with cold.

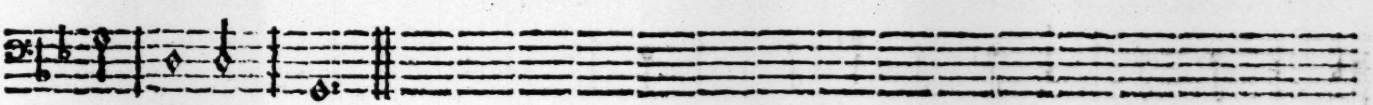
A. 4 Voc. BASSUS.



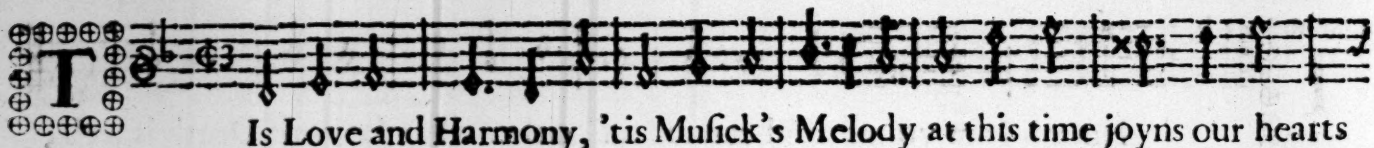
Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what Love or Death is well;



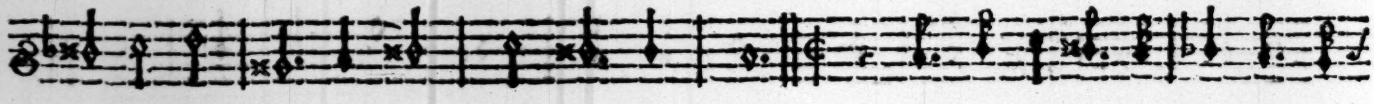
and then again I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat,



and Death with cold.



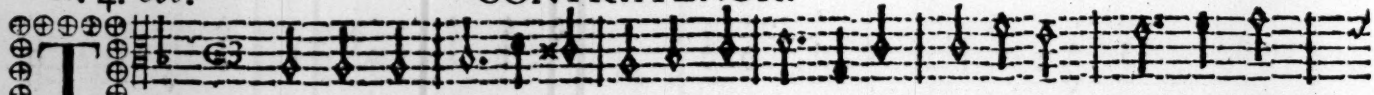
Is Love and Harmony, 'tis Muſick's Melody at this time joyns our hearts



to meet and ſing our parts, and ſing our parts. Then let no man diſturb our de-

light, our content, ſince we come, we come for merriment.

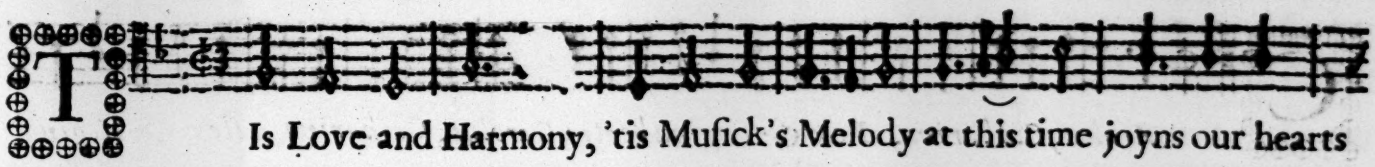
A. 4. voc. CONTRATENOR.



Is Love and Harmony, 'tis Muſicks Melody at this time joyns our hearts

to meet and ſing our parts, and ſing our parts. Then let no man diſturb our de-

light, our content, ſince we come, we come for merriment.



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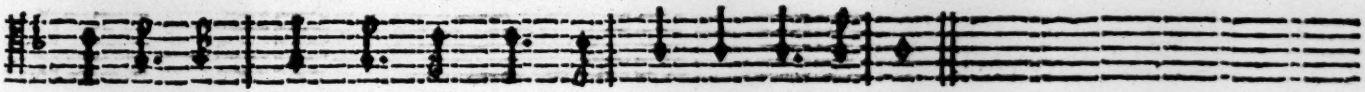
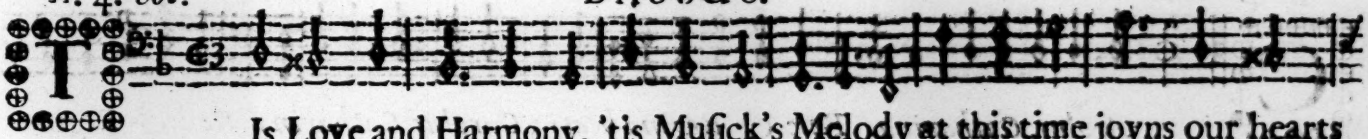


light, our content, ſince we come, we come for merriment.

A. 4. voc. BASSUS.



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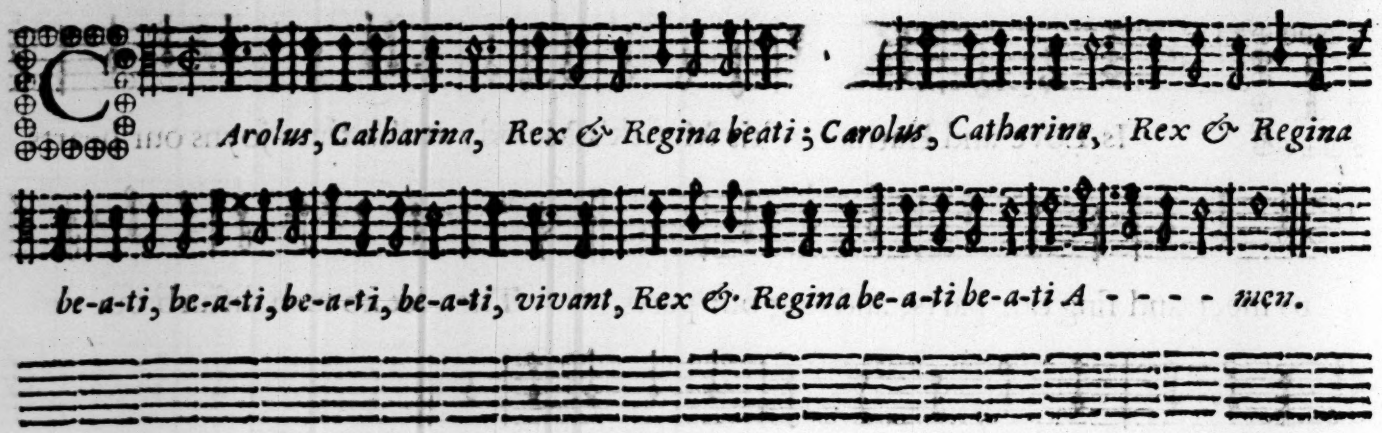
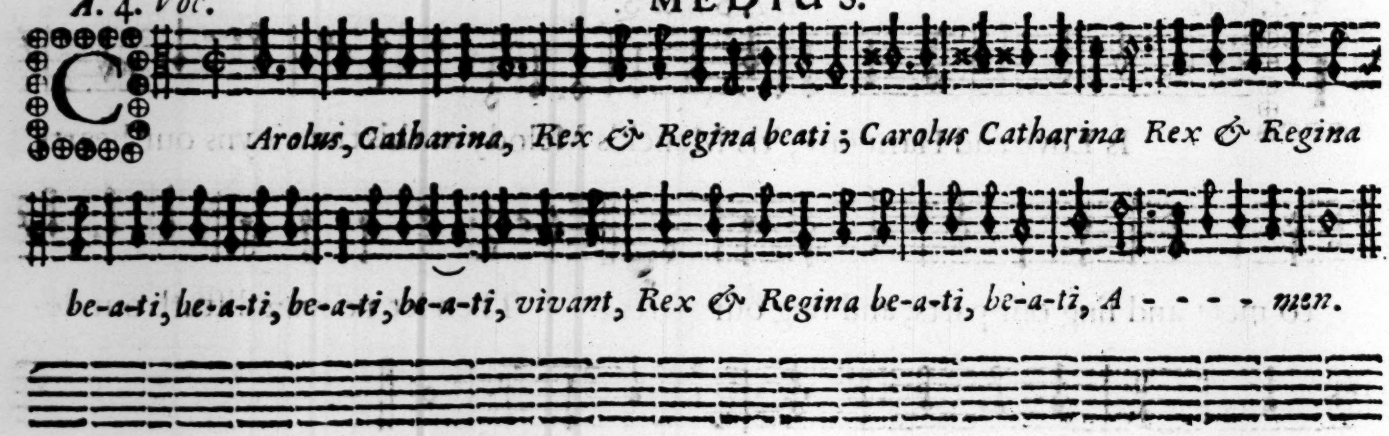
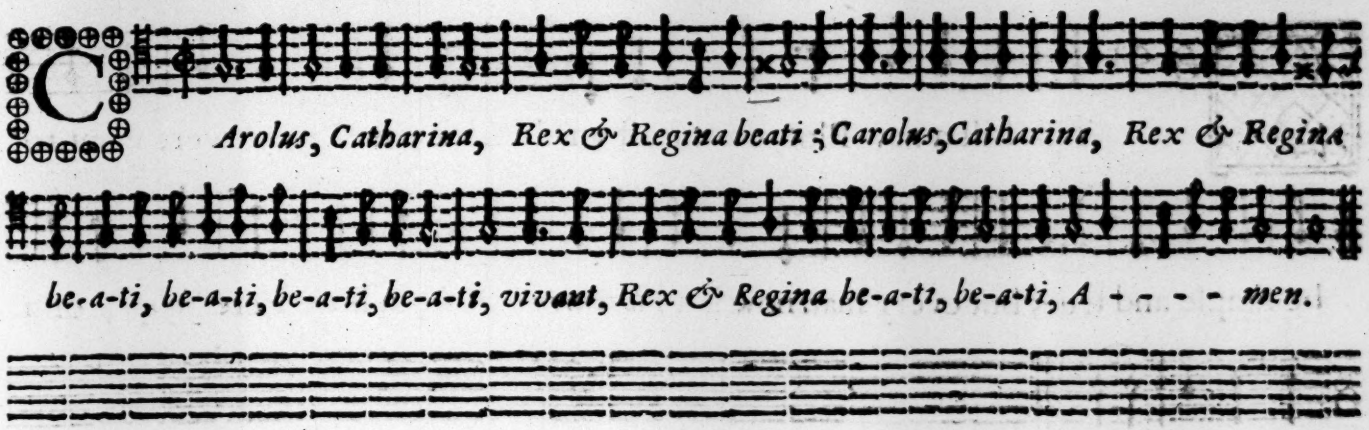
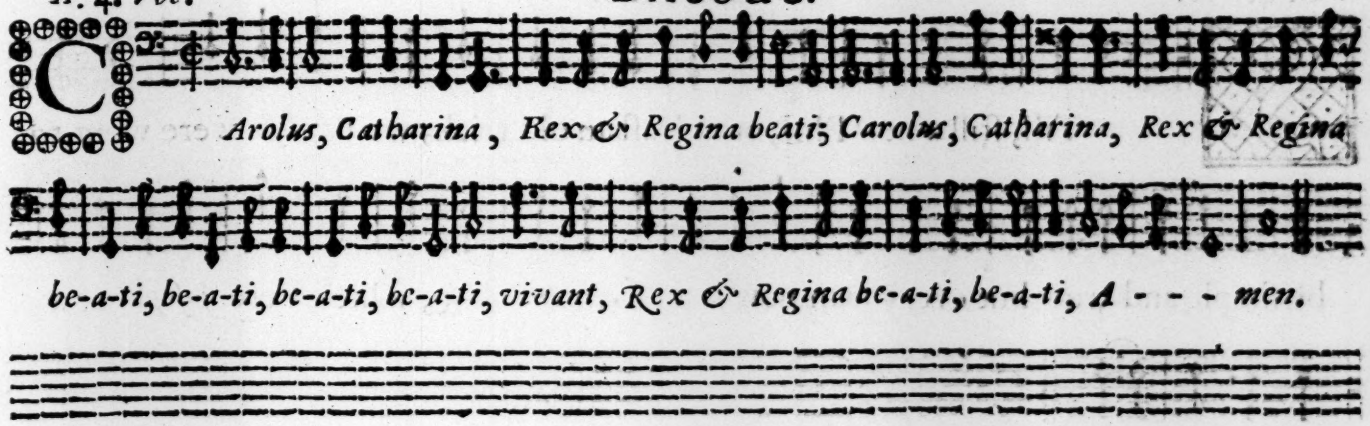


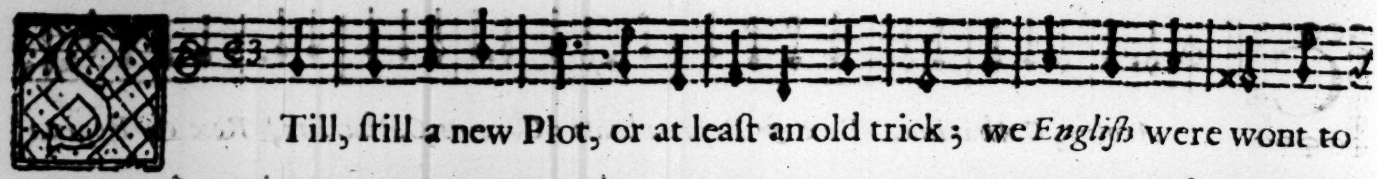
A. 4. Voc. MEDIUS.





A. 4. Voc. BASSUS.



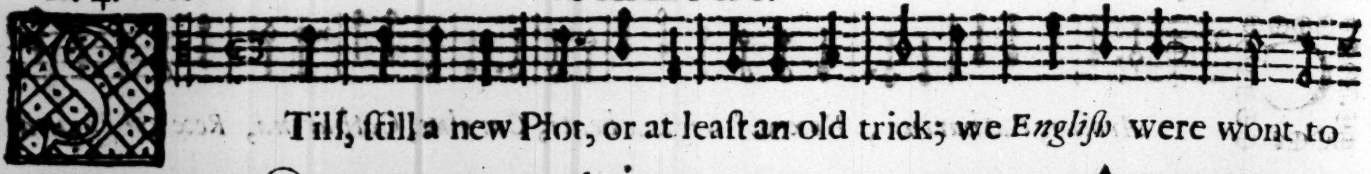


Till, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old trick; we *Engliſh* were wont to

be ſimple and true; but every man now is a *Florentine Nick*, a little Pere *Joſeph*, or a

great *Richelieu*.

A. 4. *Voc.* MEDIUS.



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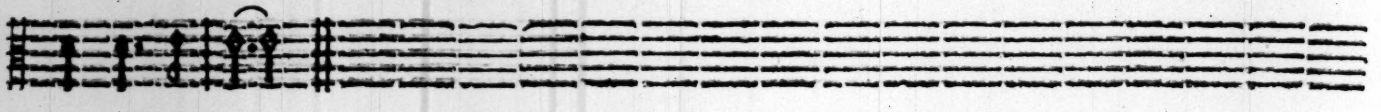
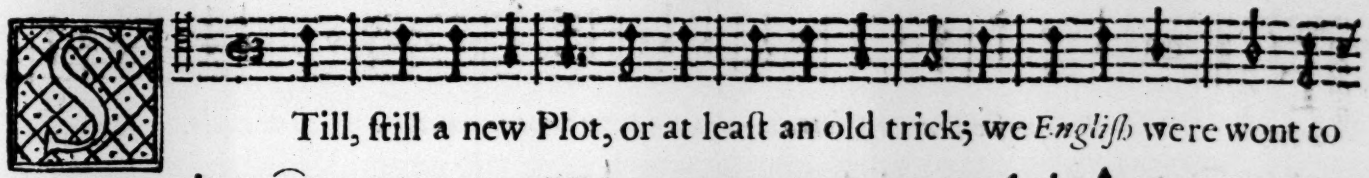
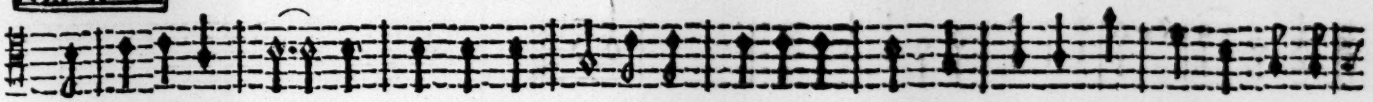


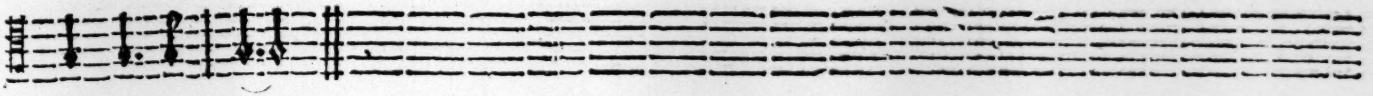
great *Richelieu*.



Till, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old trick; we *Engliſh* were wont to

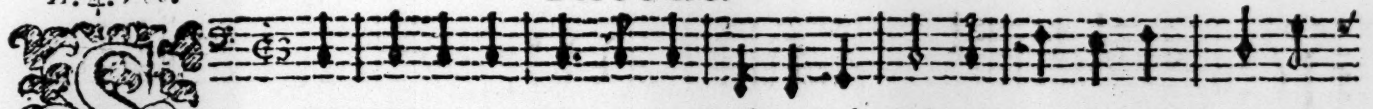


be ſimple and true; but every man now is a *Florentine Nick*, a little Pere *Joſeph*, or a

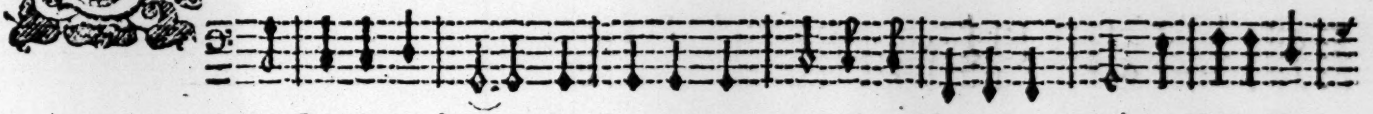


great *Richelieu*.

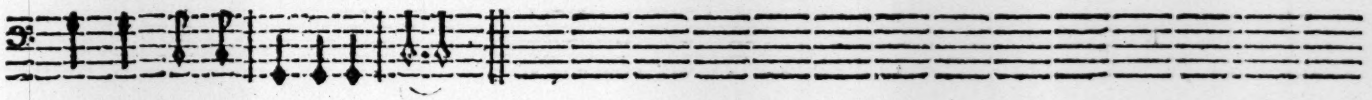
A. 4. Voc. BASSUS.



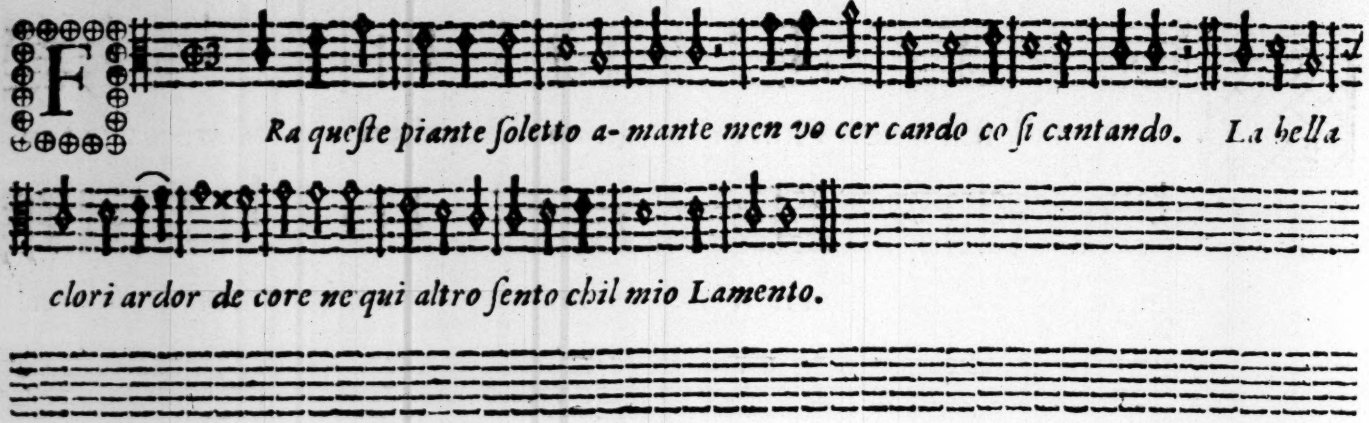
Till, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old trick; we *Engliſh* were wont to



be ſimple and true; but every man now is a *Florentine Nick*, a little Pere

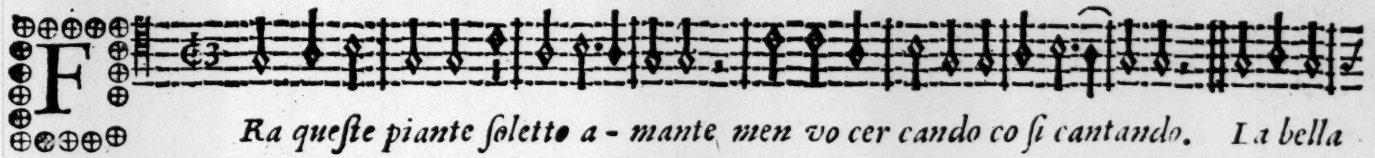


Joſeph, or a great *Richelieu*.

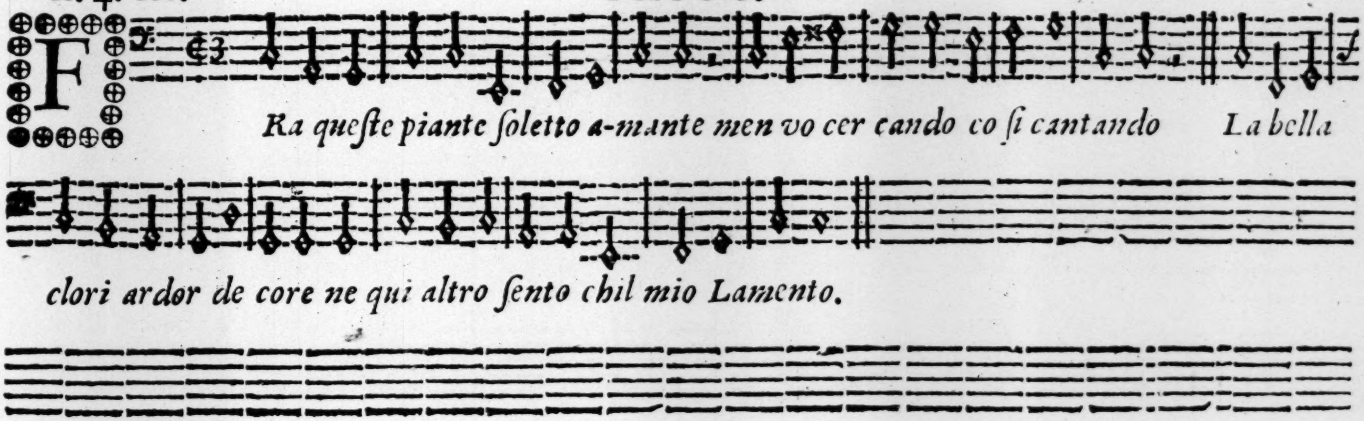

Ra queſte piante ſoletto a- mante men vo cer cando co ſi cantando. La bella
clori ardor de core ne qui altro ſento chil mio Lamento.

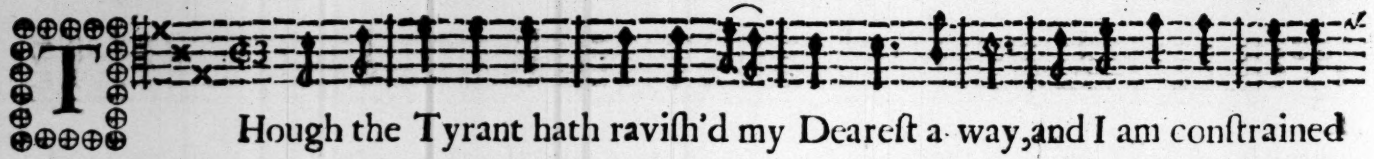
A. 4. Voc. ALTO.

Ra queſte piante ſoletto a- mante men vo cer cando co ſi cantando. La bella
clori ardor de core ne qui altro ſento chil mio Lamento.


Ra queſte piante ſoletto a - mante men vo cer cando co ſi cantando. La bella
clori ardor de core ne qui altro ſento chil mio Lamento.

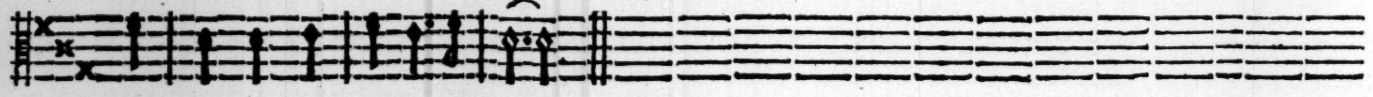
A. 4. voc. BASSO.


Ra queſte piante ſoletto a-mante men vo cer cando co ſi cantando La bella
clori ardor de core ne qui altro ſento chil mio Lamento.



Hough the Tyrant hath raviſh'd my Deareſt a-way, and I am conſtrained

with *Mopſa* to ſtay; yet if *Cælia* remember how faithful I'l be, neither diſtance,

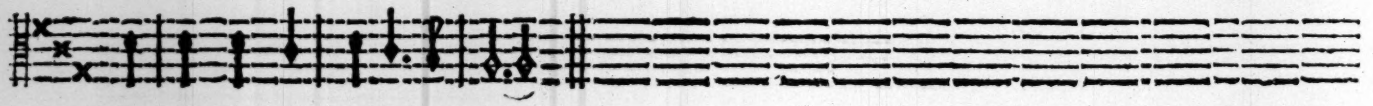


nor abſence, ſhall terrifie me.

A. 4. Voc. MEDIUS.

Hough the Tyrant hath raviſh'd my Deareſt a-way, and I am conſtrained

with *Mopſa* to ſtay; yet if *Cælia* remember how faithful I'l be, neither diſtance,



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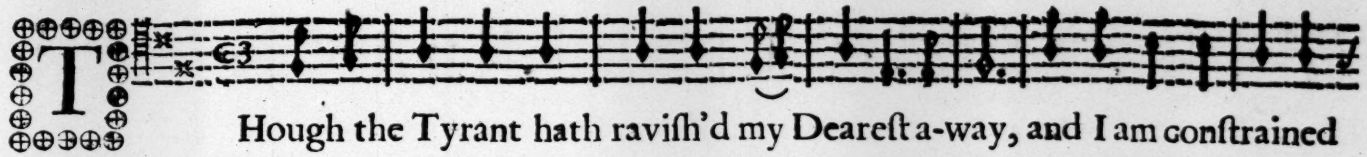

Hough the Tyrant hath raviſh'd my Deareſt a-way, and I am conſtrained

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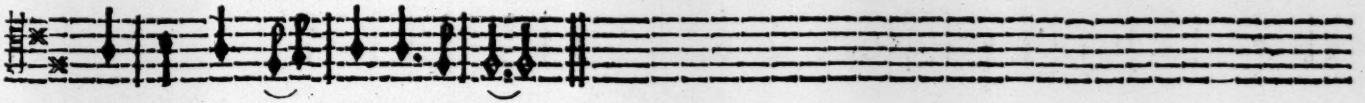
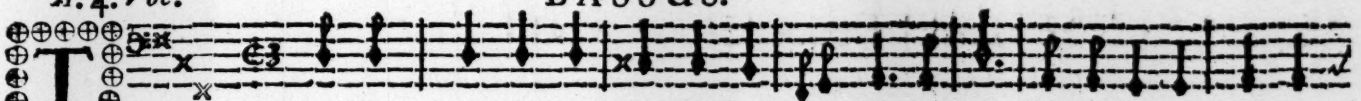


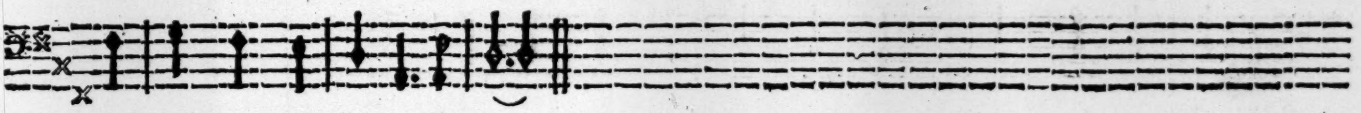
nor abſence, ſhall terrifie me.

A. 4. Voc. BASSUS.

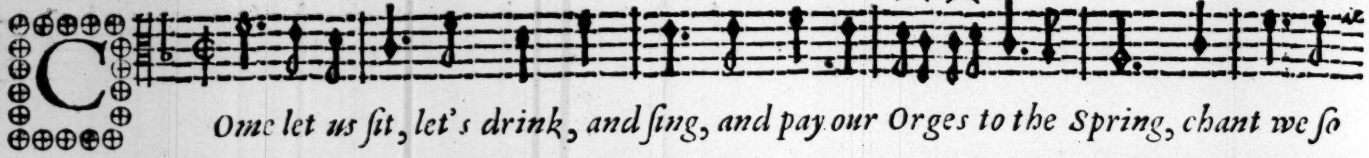


Hough the Tyrant hath raviſh'd my Deareſt away, and I am conſtrained

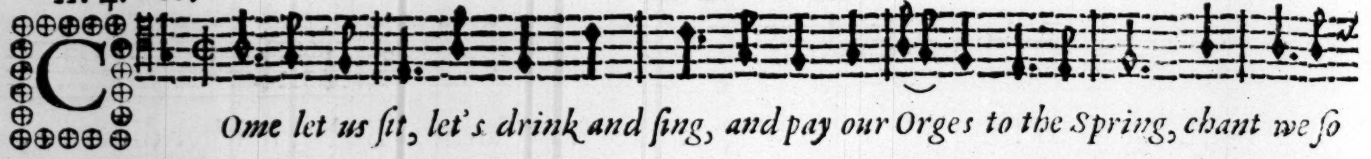
with *Mopſa* to ſtay, yet if *Cælia* remember how faithful Ile be, neither diſtance,



nor abſence ſhall terrifie me.


Come let us sit, let's drink, and sing, and pay our Orges to the Spring, chant we so
loud that all the Spheres, struck mute, may voyces change for ears: Let us be genial and our
Layes, as wanton as the April Dayes. Now while 'tis fresh, while 'tis chearful weather,
O let us now sing all together! O let us now sing all together! let us now sing all together.

A. 4. Voc. TENOR.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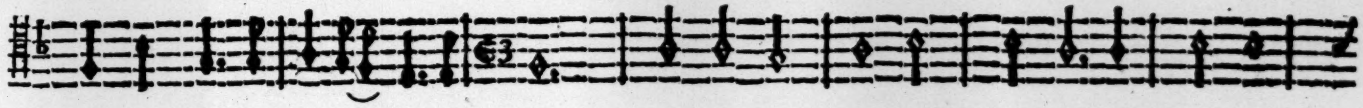


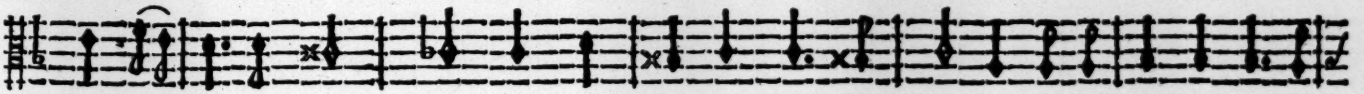
Layes, as wanton as the April *Dayes. Now while 'tis freſh, while 'tis chearful weather,*

O let us now ſing all together! O let us now ſing all together! let us now ſing all together.

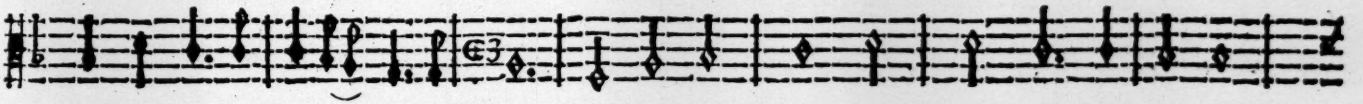
A. 4. voc.

MEDIUS.

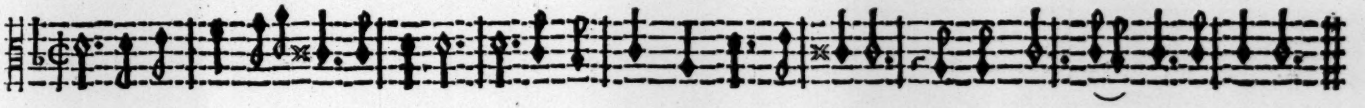
Come let us ſit, let's drink and ſing, and pay our Orges to the Spring, chant we ſo



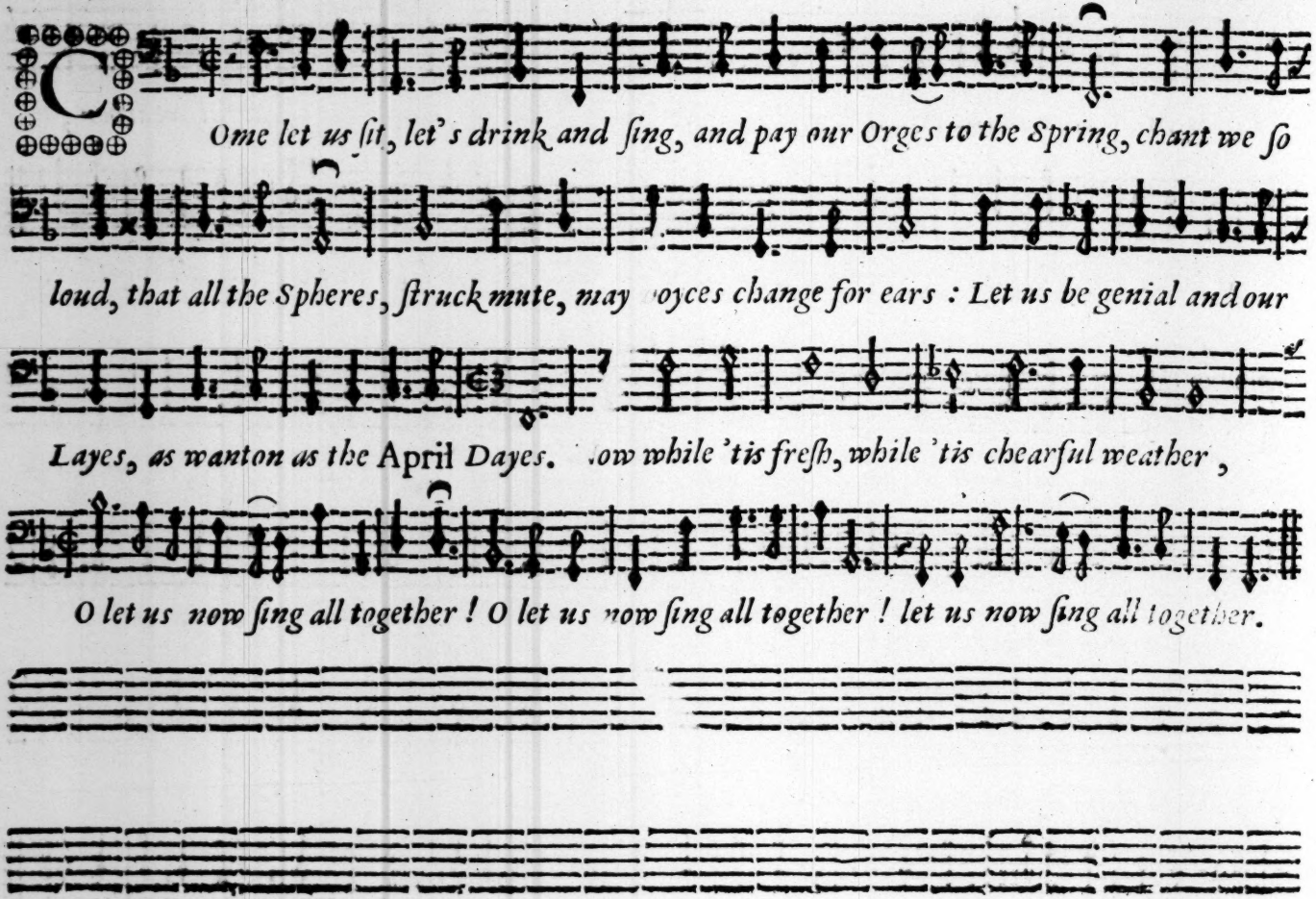
loud, that all the Spheres, ſtruck mute, may voyces change for ears: Let us be Genial and our



Layes as wanton as the April *Dayes. Now while 'tis freſh, while 'tis chearful weather,*



O let us now ſing all together! O let us now ſing all together! let us now ſing all together.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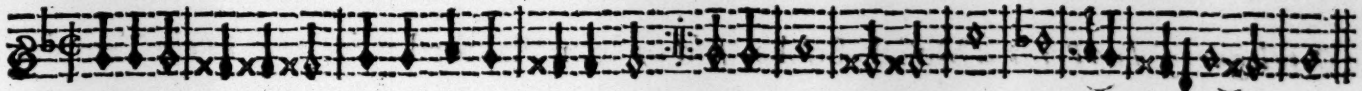
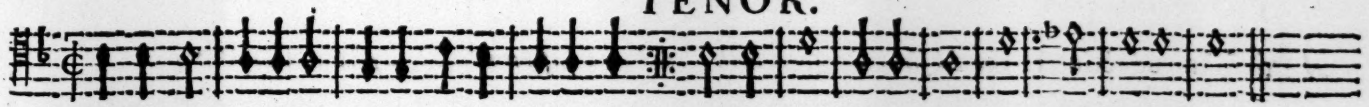


Callino Callino Callino Caſtoze me. Eba Ee E=ba Ee lo lo lo lo læ.

CONTRATENOR.

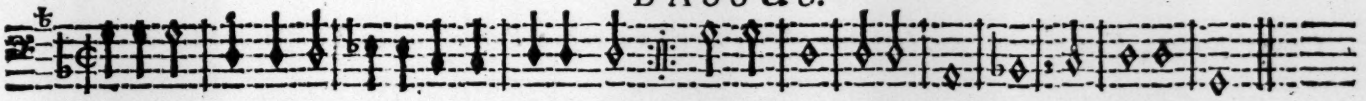
Callino Callino Callino Caſtoze me. Eba Ee Eba Ee lo lo lo lo læ.

TENOR.



Callino Callino Callino Caſtoze me. Eba Ee Eba Ee lo lo lo lo læ.

BASSUS.



Callino Callino Callino Caſtoze me. Eba Ee Eba Ee lo lo lo lo læ.

FINIS.

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